The Outlook

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The cover design of this number, by Edward Edwards, is the result of a searching study of the art of the Alaskan Indians. This art is totemic in character and is expressed entirely by the use of animals. In this design are the Double Thunder Bird and the Dog Fish, and in the outer border is shown a school of Killer Whales. At the top and bottom of the design is shown a mythical being which is believed in by the Indians of Alaska and is supposed to live in the sea. It is also the tradition that this being occasionally comes to the surface of the sea, sometimes as a beautifully decorated house front, at other times as a decorated canoe or in the form of an animal.

THE RAILROAD SECURITIES COMMISSION

Any book which President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale, writes, or any debate in which he takes part, is apt to be straightforward, lucid, and full of human interest. We are not surprised to find these qualities in the report of the Railroad Securities Commission, of which President Hadley is Chairman. It is a pamphlet of about forty pages, and can be read like an essay without a break from beginning to end. It is clear from the brief letter which Dr. Hadley writes to President Taft in transmitting the report that the Commission in its work has collected a great mass of statistics, testimony, railway reports, financial tables, as well as political, economic, and historical literature on the subject. But the report itself is not burdened with any of these details. Figures are mentioned only once or twice in the entire forty pages. In clear and direct language which any layman can understand the report states the facts connected with the issuance of railway securities, the defects of the present method of selling these securities to the public, the remedies proposed for these defects, the advantages of some of these remedies and the weakness of others, and concludes by making recommendations of its own both for immediate and for future legislation. The Commission believes that the most important immediate step to be taken is legislation providing for complete, plain, and uniform publicity under Federal direction regarding existing and all future issues of railway securities. It believes that many of the disorders connected with railway securities are due to the fact that most people misunderstand or fail to consider the difference between stocks and bonds. A bond is a note, a promise to pay a definite sum at the end of a definite time. A share of stock is simply a certificate that the holder is entitled to a share in the profits of the enterprise. The Commission is inclined to advocate the plan that railway shares should be issued without any par value stamped upon them. It would follow in the division of railway profits the method very commonly followed by the ship-owners of New England before the days of the present joint stock companies. A group of men combined and built a ship; the wealthiest might own a quarter of her; there might be others who owned a thirty-second each or a sixty-fourth each. The man who had a sixty-fourth interest in a whaler had a sixty-fourth interest in the profits of her voyage. If these profits were sixty-four dollars, he got a dollar; if they were sixty-four thousand dollars, he got a thousand dollars. The Commission recommends "that the Inter-State Commerce Commission should have authority and adequate funds to make a valuation of the physical property of railroads wherever the question of the value of these roads is, in the judgment of that Commission, of sufficient importance." In brief, the Commission believes that railway securities may be issued as the companies choose, provided that complete publicity is enforced by the Federal Government and an accurate physical valuation is in the hands of the Federal Government. The Government can then regulate rates on a basis of reasonable cost to the road and service to the shipper without regard to the effect of profits upon the price of securities; for the public will then buy the securities without consideration of an artificial par value, but only because those securities entitle the holder to a certain share in the profits which are made public by the Government. In most of the States the present method of protecting shipper, passenger, and investor is to permit the issuance of railway securities only after authorization by a public service commission. Dr. Hadley and his colleagues propose to accomplish the same protection by a slightly different method. They would protect the investor, according to the principle of *caveat emptor*, by publicity and physical value, leaving the volume and price of the securities to be determined by the natural operation of open trade. We do not think the country is quite yet prepared to change the method of issuing stocks and bonds, although the Commission has made a strong case for the plan which it recommends. But we do believe that the country is in favor of complete publicity and of physical valuation, and the Commission's clear report will do much to bring about legislation in this direction.

RECENT COURT DECISIONS IN FAVOR OF THE WORKINGMAN

Several interesting and important "labor" decisions have within a comparatively few days been rendered by the courts. The Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin has declared that the Workmen's Compensation Act passed in that State during the present year is Constitutional. The purposes of the Act were set forth in The Outlook of September 23. Briefly, it provides a method by which the State Industrial Commission may settle any disputes that arise between workingmen and employers in cases of the injury or death of workmen incurred in the pursuit of their employment. Legal trials for damages in such cases have generally entailed great hardships on the workman and great expense upon the employer. Mr. George W. Alger, in an article on the law's delays, cites the case of a brakeman on the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad who sued for damages for personal injuries and who after twenty-two years, during which the case went from court to court, obtained a judgment for $6,500. The expense in lawyers' fees and other costs to the railway was probably far greater than the damages exacted. It is to avoid the individual injustice and social waste of such cases as this, and to abolish as far as possible the great army of dependents created by uncompensated injuries and dragging lawsuits, that the Wisconsin Compensation Act and similar laws in other States have been passed. A striking feature of the Wisconsin case is the philosophical and broad-minded opinion of Chief Justice Winslow. Direct Constitutional prohibitions must be strictly observed, he says, but where the Constitution is left to interpretation it must be interpreted to fit present-day people and conditions. "When an eighteenth-century Constitution forms the charter of liberty of a twentieth-century government, must its general provisions be construed and interpreted by an eighteenth-century mind surrounded by eighteenth-century conditions and ideals? Clearly not. This were to command the race to halt in its progress, to stretch the State upon a veritable bed of Procrustes." This philosophy of constitutional interpretation is, The Outlook has long believed, not only the only workable but the only sound and reasonable philosophy.

OTHER LABOR DECISIONS

The new Employers' Liability Law in New Jersey has for one of its purposes to take compensation for workmen's injuries out of the realm of litigation and to fix such compensation by the administrative or executive function of the courts; and it is therefore in this respect comparable to the endeavor of the Wisconsin law. The law has not yet been passed upon by the highest court or even the higher courts of the State. But in a recent case Judge Martin, of the Court of Common Pleas of New Jersey, has rendered an opinion sustaining the validity of the law. Judge Martin is of the opinion that the police power of the State—that is, the power of the State to protect the health and moral welfare of its citizens as well as their lives and property—is sufficiently broad to authorize the act. On this point he cites Justice Hughes, of the United States Supreme Court, as follows: "In dealing with the relation of employer and employed the Legislature has necessarily a wide field of discretion in order that there may be suitable protection of health and safety and that peace and good order may be promoted through regulations designed to insure wholesome conditions of work and freedom from oppression." Such opinions as these spring from the philosophy which regards the Constitution as a vital and growing rather than a petrified instrument of human law.

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THE SUPREME COURT AND LABOR

Decisions based upon the philosophy of government as defined by Justice Hughes are not confined to State courts. The United States Supreme Court has taken the same ground in sustaining a statute of Arkansas which makes coal and railway companies responsible for damages to employees who suffer from personal injuries due to the negligence of fellow-servants. The old common-law rule was that the negligence of a fellow-servant absolved the employer from responsibility. We have pointed out in The Outlook more than once how that rule, while just in a state of society in which relations are simple and intimate, is unjust in the complex industrial system of to-day. Some eminent jurists, like Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut, for example, have advocated the old common-law rule. But that rule was long ago reversed at the bar of public opinion, and is now rapidly being reversed by the courts. "The Arkansas case," says the New York "Sun," "is one that has been watched with keen interest because it involved the validity of legislative enactments, that are *becoming common*, to abrogate the common-law rule of fellow-servant." In another recent decision the United States Supreme Court has given its support to this philosophy in sustaining the Federal law which creates an eight-hour day for all laborers and mechanics employed on public works in the United States either by the Government itself or by contractors under the Government. Eight hours is defined as the labor day "except in cases of emergency." A contractor building levees on the Mississippi River employed his men more than eight hours a day. The United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana sustained him on the ground that building a levee was a case of emergency. The Supreme Court has reversed the Circuit Court's decision on the common-sense ground that an emergency is a special occurrence, an extraordinary one, one exceeding the common degree. Now building a levee may be a very difficult piece of work, but, as it extends over a long period of time, it is not an emergency work. This decision of the Supreme Court also sustains the philosophy of government that the people through the Legislature have a right to make special rules to promote wholesome conditions of work and freedom from oppression.

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RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE

That a Democratic House of Representatives publicly pledged to economy and retrenchment should propose to increase the National pension expenditure by from fifty to seventy-five millions a year augurs ill for the record of this Congress. It makes the matter worse rather than better to say that the lower house expects the bill to be held up in the Senate or vetoed by the President; insincerity is more reprehensible than extravagance; and, if those observers are right who attribute this action partly to a demagogic desire to gain votes in the next campaign and partly to a desire to put the Senate or the President "in a hole," the men who voted for the bill are guilty of cowardly and contemptible conduct. It should be pointed out, however, that some Democratic leaders, notably Mr. Underwood, and Mr. Fitzgerald of New York, spoke strongly against the measure, and that it was passed with the aid of all but eight of the Republican votes and against a Democratic vote of about eighty. Nevertheless, the control of the House is with the Democrats, and the bill could not have been passed, as it was, hastily and with inadequate debate, had it not been so willed by the party in power. In his speech in opposition Mr. Fitzgerald pointed out that five of the greatest and most warlike Powers in Europe spent for pensions last year thirty-three million dollars less than the United States, while in the last thirty years Great Britain, with its enormous navy and great military establishment, has actually expended for all military and naval pensions nearly three thousand million dollars less than this country. It is true that we do not wish to let other nations set the standard of generosity for our treatment of old soldiers, but the discrepancy is so enormous as to be preposterous. We are now paying out about $160,000,000 yearly for pensions, and there is good reason to think that much of this goes to those whose claims are slight or non-existent. The Sherwood bill, popularly known as the "dollar a day bill," gives a service pension of $15 a month to any soldier who served ninety days, and increasing amounts up to $30 a month for longer service—all without regard to the incurring of wounds or disabilities, the nature and place of the service, and the present condition and needs of the pensioner. No doubt the time may come when the principle of the service pension may be properly applied, but that it has not yet come is shown by the continued enormous burden of the pension legislation already existing on the statute-books.

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A PROGRAMME OF ARMY REFORM

The report of the Secretary of War, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, is an unusually able public document. In pointing out the defects of our present army system it is incisive, and in suggesting remedies it is clear. The recommendations made have, we understand, the approval of General Wood, the Chief of the General Staff, and of the Staff's experts generally. It is interesting to know that some of the changes proposed are directly derived from experiences in the maneuvers of the large body of troops brought together near our Mexican frontier last spring. One serious defect in our present system is pointed out by Mr. Stimson in striking language. Under our division of military posts as it now exists, he says, "we have scattered our army over the country as if it were merely groups of local constabulary instead of a National organization." Many of these posts were established in the old days of Indian warfare, and it is probably true that not a few of them have been maintained for political reasons rather than because there was any need of the posts in the localities where they were placed. At present forty-nine army posts are scattered over twenty-four States and Territories, and about two-thirds of these posts are not large enough to allow of having a full regiment at the post. The result of all this is that, in a perfectly reasonless way, our army is trained expensively and uneconomically, while its efficiency is almost nullified by the fact that it is handled in small detachments instead of such bodies as a commanding officer would have in a campaign. Secretary Stimson believes that by concentration a great saving in money could be made, and at the same time the value of the army as a fighting force be increased enormously. He proposes three main territorial divisions; and he would send the cavalry into the South and Southwest, where they can use their horses in winter as well as in summer. Another radical reform recommended is to keep regiments at their war strength, as there is greater economy in a full company than in one whose ranks are partly empty. This was shown in the recent Texas maneuvers. The new plan is to be put in practice at once in the Philippines. Large regiments, the Secretary says, mean "tremendously increased *morale*, interest, and enthusiasm." Secretary Stimson recommends, also, that the time of service should be made shorter, and that there should be a stipulation in the enlistment by which soldiers who go back to civil life could be recalled to the colors in case of emergency. A Council of National Defense, an increase in the amount of field artillery ammunition, and practical legislation by Congress at the first possible day as regards Panama tolls and operation are advocated. The Secretary's statements regarding the health of the army, the scientific management of the arsenals, the government of Porto Rico, especially the laws regarding the citizenship of Porto Ricans, are of great importance. We hope to say something more regarding some of these subjects that he calls to the attention of the country. The contingency of a war with a first-class power is happily remote, but it must not be lost sight of, and for such an emergency the Secretary declares that our army is practically unprepared.

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A DECREE BY DEFAULT

When the decree of the Federal Circuit Court reorganizing the Tobacco Trust was issued, it was subject to very severe criticism on the ground that it would prove ineffective in reaching the real evils of that Trust. At that time the hope was expressed that the Federal Supreme Court would scrutinize it and possibly modify it. This, however, the Supreme Court has now refused to do. In refusing to take action, does the Supreme Court, it might be asked, mean to express its approval of this scheme of reorganization? Not at all. It simply declares that the independent tobacco companies that petitioned for the modification were not parties to the original suit, and therefore could not bring the decree to the Supreme Court's attention. Inasmuch as the Government has filed no objection, the decree stands; and will stand, unless the Executive, or the Tobacco Trust, or one of its subsidiaries, or Congress, intervenes, or the Supreme Court reviews the decree on its own initiative.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE

No light is thrown by the recent report of the board of naval experts on the perpetrators of the assault on the battle-ship Maine in Havana harbor; but the report confirms beyond question the findings of the board which investigated the disaster in 1898. As The Outlook said at that time, that first report, although based on the evidence of divers rather than upon direct examination, was so positive as to make it obligatory on intelligent citizens to accept it, unless it were shown by indisputable proof to be incorrect. Now the Maine has been so completely laid bare to examination that everything of significance has been exposed to view. The report shows that, as the Sampson board of 1898 declared, the first explosion was exterior to the ship, and that this explosion was followed by interior explosions of the forward magazines; the exact position of the exterior explosion is now found to be near but not exactly at the point indicated by the divers in 1898. The only important new point brought out by the report is the opinion expressed that a low form of explosive, like powder, rather than a high form of explosive, like nitroglycerine, was used in the mine which exploded under the Maine. Probably this is all that will ever be known about the matter. Whenever the subject comes up there are floating rumors as to knowledge possessed by some one or other about the perpetrators of the crime, but so far these rumors have turned out to be mere romance and gossip.

THE PROGRESS OF THE POST-OFFICE

Two important announcements and four interesting proposals are made in the annual report of the Postmaster-General. The first announcement is that, for the first time in twenty-eight years, the revenues of the Department for the fiscal year were in excess of the expenditures. In the year ending 1909 the accounts of the Department showed a deficit of over seventeen million dollars. This year the accounts show a surplus of about two hundred thousand dollars. The revenues for the past year were nearly two hundred and thirty-eight million dollars. The second announcement relates to the successful organization of the postal savings bank system. After a careful test on a small scale for four months, the system was rapidly extended, and is now in operation in practically all of the seventy-five hundred Presidential post-offices. After eleven months of operation deposits in the postal banks have reached a total of eleven million dollars. Preparations are being made to extend the system to about forty thousand fourth-class offices doing a money-order business. The recommendations of Postmaster-General Hitchcock are for the establishment of a parcels post on rural routes and in cities and towns having delivery by carrier; for an increase in the rate for second-class mail matter from one cent a pound to two cents a pound; for a pension system for superannuated employees; and for the discontinuance of the franking privilege. Mr. Hitchcock is to be congratulated upon his report. The elimination in two years of a deficit of seventeen million dollars is a noteworthy achievement. But it should blind neither the Department nor the people, nor more especially Congress, to the fact that there remains wide room for improvement in the fundamental organization of the one business department of the Government. Several years ago an exhaustive investigation by a Congressional Commission, aided by accounting experts, showed conclusively that from a business point of view the organization and methods of the Post-Office Department were chaotic and antiquated. The recommendations of the Commission were embodied in a bill known as the Carter-Weeks Bill, which has made no progress in Congress. Doubtless many of the slipshod and unbusinesslike methods formerly in use in the Department have been improved, in so far as it could be done without Congressional action, under the efficient administration of Mr. Hitchcock. But much of the needed improvement cannot be done without the action of Congress. The provisions of the Carter-Weeks Bill should be made law without delay. Until this is done, and new administrative and accounting methods in the Post-Office Department made possible by Congress, we do not believe that any one can tell why there was a deficit of seventeen million dollars in 1909 and a surplus of two hundred and nineteen thousand dollars in 1911. We do not believe that any one can properly apportion the credit for this achievement between the administrative officers of the Department and certain natural causes.

In two years the revenues of the Department have increased nearly 17 per cent, while its expenditures have increased only 7½ per cent. We should like to know to what extent this difference of rate of increase is due to administrative efficiency and to what extent it is due to the natural capacity of the machinery of a large industrial organization when once established to handle increased business without proportionally increased expenditure.

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THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S RECOMMENDATIONS With three of Mr. Hitchcock's recommendations we are in hearty accord. On the fourth—the proposal for an increase of rate on second-class mail matter—we shall express no opinion until the report of the Commission appointed by the President to investigate the matter shall be made public. The only arguments which we have seen against the parcels post are those of special interests, whether of the express companies or of storekeepers in small towns. We do not believe that the interests of any class in the community should longer be allowed to stand in the way of an extension of the postal service which will be of benefit to all classes in the community. The discontinuance of the franking system by which the Post-Office Department carries mail for the other departments of the Government, including Congress, without expense to the other departments has nothing to recommend it but the fact that it has been long in existence. It is purely a matter of bookkeeping, anyway. The cost of carrying the tons of mail matter sent out by the Departments and by Congress comes, of course, out of the Treasury in any event. But it is elemental that in the financial reports of the Government the cost of such transportation should appear as an expense to the department in question or of Congress, and not as an expense of the Post-Office Department. A pension for superannuated employees would make for justice and humanity and at the same time for efficiency. We do not believe that the American people wish to cast adrift, when their usefulness has ceased, employees who have served them faithfully for years; and we know that it can be nothing but detrimental to efficiency to continue in service employees when they are no longer able to perform the tasks which ought to be required of them. From this dilemma we can see no escape except through some sort of pension system, or perhaps system of insurance.

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THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU We hope that our readers will note particularly what in the course of his article in this issue, Mr. Roosevelt says on page 1014 about the Children's Bureau. A bill to establish such a bureau was passed in the last Congress by the House of Representatives; but it failed to pass in the Senate, not because of any open opposition, but because there was not pressure enough put upon the Senators to enact it into law. Now it is reported that the bill is likely to pass the Senate; but, as this is a new Congress, the bill will have to run the gauntlet of the House of Representatives once more. The Chairman of the Senate committee in charge of the bill is Senator William E. Borah; and the Chairman of the committee in charge of the bill in the House is Representative William B. Wilson. We believe that all of our readers care more for children than they do for hogs or cattle; so we feel no hesitancy in urging our readers to impress upon their Representatives in Congress, and upon the chairmen of the committees in charge of the bill, their sense of the need for this legislation, which will enable the Department of Commerce and Labor to secure and disseminate the same kind of information about children that the Department of Agriculture now gathers and supplies to farmers concerning their live stock.

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RECENT DISCUSSIONS OF THE TRUST PROBLEM When an eminent lawyer, an eminent business man, and an emident professor of economics agree on certain fundamental features in a constructive policy toward the trusts, their conclusions should command public attention. Mr. Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, is a lawyer who not only has advised corporations as to what is legitimate and legal, but has prosecuted successfully the most powerful of corporations for doing what is illegal and illegitimate. Mr. George W. Perkins is a business man who has not only successfully administered the most extensive business affairs, but has proved by his conduct his interest in the effect of business organization upon human welfare. Dr. Henry R. Seager is Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University, New York, and he has not only written on economic subjects from a theoretical point of view, but has also had practical experience in dealing with economic questions as a member of the famous New York Commission on Employers' Liability and Unemployment. Secretary Stimson made a speech on the trust question, Friday evening of last week, in New York City. Mr. Perkins made a speech earlier in the month at Youngstown, Ohio, on the same subject. And Professor Seager publishes in the December issue of the "Political Science Quarterly" an article on the recent trust decisions. These three men approach the subject from three different points of view; but on two great fundamental aspects of the question they reach virtually the same position. Mr. Stimson expresses his first conclusion, in part, as follows:

> The old rules of fair play in trade under the common law are no longer adequate. The entry of large business into the game has made necessary some changes in rules. . . . Our twenty-five years' experience in the judicial interpretation of the Sherman Law has brought to light and analyzed almost every form of the unfair competition by which a monopoly has been ultimately reached, and this series of decisions offers unusual material for the use of the legislator. . . . All of these methods by which can be recognized the illegal purpose of crushing out a competitor and controlling the market heretofore shared with him should be carefully defined and punished.

Mr. Perkins declares that "business must give up its improper, harmful practices," and enumerates certain specific acts which he believes the Anti-Trust Law should prohibit. Professor Seager declares that "it would seem appropriate to specify what would be deemed in restraint of trade or tending toward monopoly." As to the form of penalty, opinion is not unanimous, the business man favoring imprisonment, the professor the annulment of the corporation's charter. The important point is that all three men agree that illegal practices should be defined and described. In the second place, all three agree that besides this repressive action there should be constructive legislation for the formation of what Professor Seager calls "a permanent industrial commission," what Mr. Perkins calls "a court, commission, or board" in connection with the Department of Commerce and Labor, and what Secretary Stimson describes as "a Federal administrative bureau which, either by charter or license, will prescribe the conditions upon which combinations of business men can engage in inter-State commerce." There are details upon which these three men do not wholly agree; there are other details on which they are in remarkably substantial agreement. But what is significant is neither their agreement nor their disagreement on these minor aspects of the trust question, but their absolute agreement on these two fundamental points. The trust question is a mixture of law, business, and economics; and when three experts in these three departments agree upon a general trust policy, the people will be wise if they give heed to their conclusions.

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SEATTLE AND VENICE

Not long ago a New York gentleman who was visiting Venice encountered in the Doge's Palace of that wonderful city a party of young women from the Pacific Coast who were making a tour of Europe under the charge of an educational chaperon. He overheard this lady giving the group in her charge a brief résumé of the history of Venice. She concluded her remarks somewhat in this fashion: "Venice was not only a great promoter of the arts, but was an influential commercial center. Here came the ships from western Europe and the ships from China and the Indies, making Venice the great market place for the civilizations of the Occident and Orient. In fact," she concluded, with real eloquence, "Venice was the Seattle of the mediæval world!" The civic pride which led to this comparison is not as amusing as it seems at first. It was exactly this pride, based upon faith in the city and ambition for its development, that built Venice. Unless all indications fail, the same admirable pride is going to make Seattle not only a great commercial center, but one of the beautiful cities of the world. There has just come to our notice a very handsomely printed and illustrated quarto volume which contains the report of the Municipal Plans Commission of Seattle. If the plans of this Commission go no further than the paper they are printed upon, they at least indicate a splendid civic ambition on the part of the citizens of that thriving and beautifully situated community on the shores of Puget Sound. It is something, for a city which only a few years ago was a frontier town, to produce a volume which is so beautiful in its arrangement and typography. We doubt if the printers and stationers of Paris can issue anything better of its kind. The volume contains not only sketches and plans illustrating the Seattle Commission's proposals, but reproductions of photographs showing how other cities in the world have beautified their civic and commercial centers. One page, for example, contains three pictures of great railway stations in Paris, Basle (Switzerland), and Antwerp (Belgium), with the plazas and avenues which have been created to give them architectural beauty. The proposed central railway station and the Central Avenue approaching it, which have been designed for Seattle by its Plans Commission, will be, if carried out, as beautiful as any of those which have been chosen from European cities as examples. The Commission has not merely contented itself with going to Europe for evidences that it is possible to combine commercial efficiency with architectural beauty; it shows what has been done in Cleveland, Philadelphia, Montreal, and other cities on this continent. Photographs of the Seattle water front in 1870, and, after a lapse of only forty years, in 1910, are reproduced to disclose what wonderful strides have been made in less than half a century. There is good ground for hope that a similar energy and growth, based upon a knowledge of the architectural and topographical arrangement of the great cities of Europe, may make of Seattle in the next half-century a source of artistic pride, not only to her own citizens, but to the entire country. European criticism in the past has said, with some justice, that the people of the United States have been so engrossed in chasing the almighty dollar that they have not had time to observe some of the common decencies, to say nothing of the uncommon beauties, of life. Such a volume as that issued by the Seattle Municipal Plans Commission goes a long way to rob this criticism of its justification.

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HOW THE PLANS WERE MADE The Commission was created by an amendment to the city charter of Seattle in the spring of 1910; it employed as its expert engineer and director Mr. Virgil G. Bogue, and it has spent in the preparation of the report $50,000. That it is not merely an impractical vision of idealists is sufficiently indicated by the fact that Mr. Bogue is both a landscape architect and a practical engineer of distinction. He began his career in landscape architecture on the staff of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, Sr., who created Prospect Park, Brooklyn, one of the most beautiful parks in this country, if not in the world, and he has been identified as constructing engineer with some of the most difficult railway enterprises in the United States and in South America. He has proved in his own experience that art and utility are not antagonistic, but are co-operative in the best sense of the word. The members of the Commission represent all walks of life in the city of Seattle. It is significant that in its creation such bodies of citizens were represented as the Chamber of Commerce, the Central Labor Council, the Institute of Architects, the Carpenters' Union, the Steam and Street Railway Companies, the Bar Association, the Clearing-House Association, the Manufacturers' Association, and the Society of Civil Engineers. The Commission is composed of twenty-one members, eighteen of whom recommend for adoption the plans which Mr. Bogue has prepared for the development of Seattle. We heartily congratulate both the Commission and the city upon this admirable example of civic enterprise.

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THE DURBAR The Durbar, held near Delhi on Tuesday of last week, was probably the most brilliant spectacle of its kind the world has ever seen. A Durbar was originally the audience-room of an Oriental monarch, then it became the audience itself; and never in the history of India has an audience by a royal person been planned on such a scale, or brought together such a multitude, or been so magnificently adorned as that at which the King and Queen of Great Britain were acclaimed Emperor and Empress of India. This title was one of the brilliant devices of Disraeli to capture the imagination of India and possibly to please Queen Victoria. There has always seemed a touch of unreality in it as borne by sovereigns of broad-based authority and representing such a colossal reality as the British Empire. At the first Durbar, held in 1877, Queen Victoria, represented by the British Viceroy, Lord Lytton, was proclaimed Empress of India in the presence of sixty-three reigning princes, who paid homage to her Imperial representative. Fifteen thousand troops of the British-Indian army were massed under arms, and a great multitude of native Indians inclosed the viceregal party in a mass of color. On the first day of January, 1903, at the second Durbar, King Edward VII was acclaimed Emperor in the presence of one hundred princes and forty thousand troops; the King and Queen being represented not only by the Viceroy, but by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. An army, under the command of Lord Kitchener, was massed about the party, and it was estimated that nearly two hundred thousand Indians were present. At the third Durbar, held last week, the scale both of numbers and of magnificence was still more imposing. At least one hundred and fifty native princes paid their allegiance; and for the first time the sovereigns themselves were present to give the splendid ceremony an added impressiveness.

THE SPECTACLE

As it was impossible to provide either for the guests or for the audience in the city of Delhi, a camp was built, of the dimensions of a large city. It was divided into streets and avenues, and covered twenty-five square miles on a plain lying outside the walls of Delhi. The arrangements for sanitation, for electrical lighting, and for providing running water curiously illustrated English efficiency in the midst of Oriental splendor. Each prince was attended by a great retinue and had his own camp; the King's camp included a huge tent, capable of seating three thousand, richly decorated. The ceremonies took place in two amphitheaters, one inclosed within the other; the larger one seating eighty thousand spectators, the smaller twelve thousand, while a greater crowd constituted a standing audience. The smaller area was a mass of princes, nobles, and officials glittering in silk, velvet, and cloth of gold, and marvelously jeweled. The King and Queen, wearing their crowns and appareled in the purple and fine linen required by the etiquette of the occasion, were received with enthusiasm by the vast audience. The Durbar was opened by the Master of Ceremonies, and the King's speech followed, after which all India, in the person of its princes, nobles, and officials, paid homage to the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor's proclamation was read, and at its conclusion a mighty shout of "God save the King!" went up from the vast audience. The interest of the day, aside from the splendor of the spectacle, centered in the King's grants and concessions made in commemoration of the occasion. These included a royal gift of about two million five hundred thousand dollars to promote popular education, the remission of a multitude of debts due to genuine poverty, the release of a large number of prisoners, grants to native soldiers and non-commissioned officers, and, most important of all, the announcement that the seat of government will be transferred from Calcutta to Delhi, and that a Governorship of Bengal will be created. Under Lord Curzon Bengal was divided and placed under two Lieutenant-Governors; a policy which greatly exasperated the people of the province, which has been the seat of the most acute phase of the recent disorder. Under the new arrangement Bengal is reunited; and, although the transfer of the capital from Calcutta to Delhi will be resented, it is believed that the restoration of the unity of the province will do much to modify the anti-English feeling.

ATHLETICS AND INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION

Baron d'Estournelles, the French statesman and publicist, is, as our readers know, one of the foremost advocates of international arbitration. Not long ago he made a tour of the United States lecturing upon this subject, and an article by him was published in The Outlook expressing some of the ideas regarding international arbitration which had grown out of his visit to this country. He is now contributing to "Le Temps" (the Times), of Paris, one of the most respected and influential of European journals, a series of articles recording his impressions of the manners, customs, and political and social life of the United States. In an interesting article of this series he gives an account of his visit to the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wisconsin. He finds the city and the University picturesque and pleasing to the eye; "its monuments, Capitol, observatory, libraries, and laboratories and museums are close to one another in the midst of trees and parks, with the little houses of the professors and the dwellings of the students, the playgrounds, and the University clubs—all these in an amphitheater above the lake, which one sees extended like a beautiful carpet of blue, gray, silver, and vermilion, the color changing with that of the sky." Baron d'Estournelles believes "in the influence of water upon human education," and is delighted with the fact that the young people of the University of both sexes swim, row, and skate; "flocks of striped sails cross and recross each other's path, fly and pursue, even when the lakes are frozen." His unflagging advocacy of the substitution of arbitration for war shows itself in his comment upon this life of the Wisconsin University students upon their lake. "In summer there are flotillas of canoes which venture far out, or, ascending the currents, disappear one by one, each in the port of its choice, in the shade of the banks. Children, young people, young girls, thus can with perfect freedom under the sky propel with their paddles the fragile shells of varnished wood in a navigation that is entirely pacific"—a kind of navigation which Baron d'Estournelles thinks is much preferable to the navigation which says, "Let us provide the greatest number of ironclads." He discusses with approval the relations of the University to the State Government and the fact that the University authorities make the science of political economy a living and human science. But what especially interests him is the life of the students, which is a sort of microcosm of their political and social life hereafter in the State. He finds that even the American National game of baseball suggests some thoughts on international arbitration.

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THE GAME AND THE UMPIRE

Baron d'Estournelles is himself an accomplished athlete, and it is apparent that the American game of baseball appeals to him because it demands a combination of military qualities with the principle of arbitration. His description is so entertaining, and so suggestive of the fact that the virile lover of peace loves also the courage and bodily skill displayed by the soldier, that we quote it in full:

> On each of the contesting teams [or, to give the exact military phrase which Baron d'Estournelles employs, *in each camp*] the principle rôles are taken by specialists—on one side the "pitcher" and the "catcher," and on the other the "batter." Placed in the center of the diamond, the pitcher hurls the ball, with the force of his arm, toward his partner, the catcher; the latter, with one foot placed on one point of the diamond and armored from head to legs, and particularly protected by especial gloves and a strong mask, receives the ball just as one sees the athletes in the circus stop the ball discharged from a cannon. But between the pitcher and the catcher stands the batter firmly braced upon his legs. He awaits the ball in its passage, and with a masterful stroke of his bat he endeavors to drive it to the greatest possible distance. If he succeeds, he throws his bat to the ground, and, profiting by the brief instant while the ball is in the air, he rushes to first, to second, to third, and even to the fourth base, if he has the time. But look! One of his adversaries on guard has leaped into the air and caught the ball on the bound. He throws it to the guardian of one of the bases, thus furnishing him with the projectile which is necessary if they would stop the rush of the invader. Will the latter have the time to reach the base, to touch it, to make another? Behold an entire city, a throng of spectators, forty thousand in number, who are spectators of this tournament, who applaud and encourage, becoming wild in their enthusiasm or exasperation! More often than not, that he may arrive more quickly and escape a touch with the ball, the runner hurls himself at full length, that he may touch the base even with the end of his finger. Has he touched it, or has he just missed it by a mere nothing? Then what cries, what gesticulations, what distorted faces, what passion, among this public which has not been able to distinguish from the distance whether the base has been touched or missed by the fraction of an inch! In these sensational matches, when two celebrated teams are contesting, when one city is pitted against another—Brooklyn against St. Louis, for example—when two champions, two "giants," two prodigies of baseball, are face to face before their anxious partisans, there the crowd cannot possibly hold itself in. But behind the catcher stands a young man different in most respects from everybody else, who stands still. He is covered with a long coat, with a chest protector and a mask. He is watching, and at the climax of the dispute, when the crowd is threatening to precipitate itself from the benches upon the arena, he intervenes. By a single signal he causes the shouts to cease, brings back calm and silence; he decides who has gained or lost. Who, then, is this mysterious personage, this man of such extraordinary authority? He is the umpire. And whence comes this umpire? He is chosen from among the students, or perhaps upon great days from among the most esteemed professionals who are the best judges. Perhaps he has been brought on from Boston or Chicago, and he is paid like a man who has a reputation to preserve. I have myself made use of him more than once as an illustration, to the intense joy of my audience; I have demonstrated that if it is possible to arrest in an instant the motion of the actual players and instantly to calm a crowd stimulated by the spectacle, it should be much less difficult to arrest two peoples of the same civilization when their rulers are getting ready to mobilize them for war. It is a question of education and of governmental responsibility, a question of mutual interest and of discipline, in both cases.
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> My demonstration having made the tour of the United States with me, its applicability was called in question by some, who pointed out that the umpire was sometimes maltreated by the rabble. "Kill the umpire!" has recently been heard. There is no doubt of these facts, and here, as elsewhere, the condemned criminal is not deprived of his privilege of cursing the judge; but it nevertheless is no less true that the entire foundation of baseball (no less popular than the bull-fights of Spain and much more widely extended) rests upon the absolute

respect and unquestioned authority of umpiring, and this is an excellent discipline, whether physical or moral.

We are glad to adopt Baron d'Estournelles's metaphor. What the advocates of arbitration are trying to do is to take the kill-the-umpire spirit out of international relations.

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ELGAR'S CONCERTO AND THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA

Two new instrumental compositions of Sir Edward Elgar have been played in this country this season. His "Second Symphony" was performed by the New York Symphony Orchestra in New York, and his violin concerto by the Thomas Orchestra (Mr. Albert Spaulding being the soloist) in Chicago, Boston, and New York. Elgar's distinction was recognized when his greater choral works were first produced; but his eminence in the orchestral field has been clear ever since his beautiful "Variations" first captivated an audience. Because his "Second Symphony" bears on its title-page two lines from Shelley, all the newspaper critics (under the instigation of Mr. Walter Damrosch, the conductor of the Symphony Orchestra) went off in a mad chase to find a literary meaning in the music, and thereby were able to write many inches of matter. The concerto fortunately bears only a dedication, and so people have been allowed to listen to it as music. For that relief there is cause for gratitude. This concerto is the work of a thoughtful and gifted musician; but it does not possess the hearer at once, as, for instance, the profound but sensuously beautiful violin concerto in D Major by Brahms does. If the Brahms concerto may be likened to a great Gothic cathedral, this concerto of Elgar's might be likened to a pleasant, homelike, and stately manor-house. There is less in it that is characteristically Elgaresque than, say, in the prelude to "The Dream of Gerontius" or in the "Variations." Its difficult solo part was played by Mr. Spaulding with dignity, purity of tone, technical skill, and, what is most important of all, musicianly sense. A word should be added in praise of the great orchestra that bears the name of Theodore Thomas, which brought this concerto out. Its sonorous string choir, which has a quality of its own, is well balanced by the wind, both wood and brass; and its precision, "team work," and abounding spirit of life place it high in rank among the orchestras of the world. At this same concert its virtuosity was displayed in its spirited performance of the difficult "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, and its resources of beautiful tone were disclosed by its great response to Mr. Stock's discerning and sympathetic rendering of the liquid "Second Symphony" of Brahms. The orchestra and its conductor were warmly welcomed in both Boston and New York. It is highly gratifying to Americans that the conductor of the Chicago orchestra should be, not an imported conductor, but a musician raised from the ranks of the orchestra itself. Trained under the leadership of Theodore Thomas, Frederick Stock has proved himself not merely a worthy successor of that great conductor, but a creative director himself. Chicago is proud of its orchestra, has supported it handsomely, and is justified in its pride and in its support.

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BRUCKNER'S "FIFTH SYMPHONY"

Another work played last week for the first time in New York was Bruckner's "Fifth Symphony," by the Philharmonic Orchestra under the leadership of its new conductor, Josef Stransky. This composition by the chief symphonic disciple of Wagner, though composed in the eighties, is not familiar in America. It should not be neglected, as it has been. Its defects are obvious, but its beauties are obvious as well. It is like a piece of sculpture that has been broken and inexpertly repaired; but one is glad that the pieces have not been lost, and that there is at least a semblance of a beautiful whole. Mr. Stransky, who was a pupil of Bruckner's, made this symphony appear at its best. It is time that music-lovers forget the warfare between the followers of Brahms and the admirers of Bruckner. It is not necessary to displace Brahms from his place of immense superiority in order to enjoy what Bruckner offers.

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A NOTABLE PASTORATE

The resignation of the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, for forty-five years pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in Hartford, Connecticut, ends a ministry not only of notable length but of notable effectiveness. From his student days in Yale Mr. Twichell has been a marked man in Connecticut, and for many years past in a much larger section of country. During his undergraduate days he was a member of the University crew; a man of many resources, abundant life, and great moral and social energy, he is a natural leader of men. As the chaplain of a New York regiment during the Civil War he endeared himself to a host of men, who found in him those elemental qualities of courage, energy, and devotion which make the most highly trained man brother to the most uneducated man. From the beginning of its history Hartford has been notable as the home of strong preachers, and in more than one instance of great theologians. Thomas Hooker was a tower of strength in his day; and among American thinkers there has been none of more fertile mind than Horace Bushnell, nor has any theologian exerted a wider and more liberalizing influence. Mr. Twichell's dominant interest has not been theological, but practical and evangelical. A man of broad sympathies, generous impulses, and abounding vitality, his pulpit has stood for simple teaching, for brotherliness, and for practical service. During the later years he has entered into a great heritage of respect and affection, the fruition of his lifelong fidelity and devotion to his people and the community, and of his generous, frank, and manly character.

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THE NEW CONGREGATIONALISM There is no Congregational Church; there are Congregational churches, each local church being entirely independent ecclesiastically of the other churches; hence the old English name for the denomination, "Independents." It is true that these churches confer together in Councils, Conferences, and Associations. But these bodies have no more authority over the local church than a bankers' association has over a local bank. They advise; they do not legislate. So long as the main work of the church is confined to its own parish, this method does very well, and has some great advantages. Each church can adapt its creed, ritual, and methods to its own community without consulting any other church, and, there being no *power* in the ecclesiastical assemblies, there is little room in the denomination for ecclesiastical politics. The work outside the parishes has hitherto been done by voluntary societies, which appeal to the churches for funds, but are not under the full control of the churches, and are still largely independent in their administration. But with the relative decrease of local work and the relative increase of home and foreign missionary work, there has arisen in the denomination a feeling of a need for a greater organic unity. The report of a Commission of Nineteen, appointed by the National Council to consider this subject, lies before us. Its task was one of difficulty: to promote a better organization for co-operative work without impairing the liberty of the individual church. Congregationalists are referred to this report, which can be obtained by sending address and two cents postage to the Congregational Commission on Polity, Sublette, Illinois. To non-Congregationalists it must suffice here to say that the report deals with three problems in a manner which seems to us at once simple and efficacious. It proposes, first, that the National Council shall have greater permanency given to it by electing only one-half its members for each session, by electing the Moderator of the succeeding Council at the close of the preceding one, and by electing the Nominating Committee in sections, four at each session of the Council, to give to it and to the Council greater stability. Second, it would give the Council an important share in electing the members of the Missionary Societies, and that there shall be created a Home Board of Missions, in which all the Societies shall be represented, and which shall elect a Board of Managers for the purpose of bringing the work of the Societies into greater unity of operation. Third, it proposes to create a paid Secretary of the Council, who shall give his whole time to the interest of the churches, "in no supervisory fashion, but in fraternal helpfulness." The Commission does not recommend a creed, but it precedes the proposed amended Constitution of the Council by a simple and non-theological statement of evangelical faith and Congregational polity. The report is now before the churches. It will be presented to the National Council at its meeting in 1913; meanwhile it will doubtless be freely discussed by the Societies, the State and local Associations, and by the churches. Without undertaking to pass in judgment on its details, it seems to us to be a wisely planned movement in the right direction.

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AN OPEN CHURCH The celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield's pastorate at the Presbyterian church on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street in New York City brought out some interesting and significant facts. This is decidedly a downtown church, not in a poor neighborhood but on the edge of one, with a few fine residences, occupied by old families, in the vicinity, but mainly dependent for both its financial and its spiritual support on what Abraham Lincoln well called "the plain people." It is, however, in no sense a mission church, nor likely ever to become one. During Dr. Duffield's pastorate an endowment of $370,000 has been raised, and the average congregation has increased from two hundred to seven hundred. In his anniversary sermon Dr. Duffield thus defined his purpose:

> People have often said that it is impossible for a great church to be a success below Fourteenth Street. My answer is that the saloon is a success below Fourteenth Street, and where there are people to be ruined there are people to be saved. The general policy that I hope to see developed is the placing of a great, wide-open church against a great, wide-open saloon. Make it absolutely free to everybody, and make it provide for the social, mental, and physical wants of the community around it as well as for the spiritual needs. Give the best where the life of the city is hardest. The church must become a home for the people whose only homes are so fast becoming flats, floors, and rooms, and create for them a bright and hospitable center of life, where they shall at all times find genial companionship, and abundant opportunity to hear good music, to enjoy intellectual stimulus, to receive athletic instruction and manual training, as an essential part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

In accordance with this policy the church is open during the week as well as on Sundays, and the chapel is open on week evenings for club meetings, and is often found too small to accommodate all who come. The maintenance of the Church of the Ascension (Episcopal), under the rectorship of the Rev. Percy Grant, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street, of the University Place Presbyterian Church, on the corner of University Place and Tenth Street, and of Grace (Episcopal) Church, on the corner of Broadway and Tenth Street, all testify to the same fact, that a downtown church can be maintained by the right methods, provided the neighborhood is in any sense residential. In the light of these successes it is folly to affirm that a church must be moved or abandoned because the surrounding population has changed.

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FISK UNIVERSITY

Many of our readers will recall the romantic campaign of the Jubilee Singers nearly forty years ago, by which they raised $100,000 for Fisk University. The money so laboriously earned was well expended. The Negro school, started a year after the close of the Civil War, has developed into a true university. That it deserves the name is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that the General Education Board, which is very conservative in its judgments, vouches for the standing of this University by its offer of $60,000, provided the University will raise $240,000 more before October, 1912. The time is short, the task difficult. Two circumstances make it specially difficult. The interest of the public is more in vocational and industrial education for the Negro than in the so-called higher education. And there is more than one Negro university in the South which is really simply a high school. Thus Fisk University has to create an interest where it is lacking and to remove a suspicion which is not wholly unfounded. Neither obstacle ought to operate against Fisk University. If the Negro race is not to be absorbed into a deteriorated white race, nor to remain a burden of ignorance and poverty upon the country, if it is to preserve its race integrity and its race existence, it must have leaders of its own: doctors to practice in its families, teachers for its schools, ministers for its churches, writers to interpret it to itself and to the community. And Fisk University—this The Outlook affirms from direct knowledge—is doing this work of educating leaders, and is doing it well. Evidence of this is furnished by the fact that it has the cordial sympathy and the moral support of the citizens of Nashville, who are familiar with its work. One offer of aid has especial interest as coming from a Hebrew to a Christian college. Mr. Julius Rosenwald, of Chicago, has offered to be one of four to give $12,500 each for current expenses, payable in five yearly installments. Any reader who desires more information on the subject can obtain it by writing to Mr. H. L. Simmons, 95 William Street, New York City, or to the President, the Rev. George A. Gates, D.D., Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee.

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ANOTHER NEW KIND OF MISSIONARY MEETING

Our report lately of a plan adopted by the Ladies' Missionary Society of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, to make its missionary meetings more interesting and valuable, has brought to us a report of a plan, different in its method but having the same object, which has been adopted by ten Protestant churches of Albany acting in co-operation. The plan has several advantages: it secures the co-operation of the churches; it preserves the neighborhood character of the service in each church; it furnishes real instruction and information to the laity in lieu of a meeting liable to be characterized by a spurious and factitious emotionalism; and it gives to each minister the opportunity to do a piece of original study, and an incentive to the study in the assurance that he can make good use of his work. The plan is best told in the words of our correspondent: "Ten of us got together in the fall and considered how we might help forward the spirit of amity and unity among the different denominations in the city. This scheme commended itself to us as of value in many ways and as immediately feasible. Each minister was to prepare an address or lecture upon one of the missionaries selected. Friday evening is the general time for the week-night service in Albany. So it was arranged that on the third Friday evening in each month, from October to July, these ten ministers should exchange pulpits. Each one should give his missionary address in the church to which he went. And each one should appear in his own church last. So by this plan each man is to make the circuit of the ten churches, and each congregation will hear in the course of the year of the lives and labors of ten missionaries who have wrought nobly for the advancement of the Kingdom. We arrange to have one of the laymen take the introductory part of the service, which is greatly shortened to give as much time as possible to the speaker. The lectures are running about forty-five minutes on the average. The scheme is meeting with the enthusiastic approval and support of the churches. It attracts because each man is making a special study of his missionary. It also introduces an element of variety into the week-night meeting. It also brings the ministers and people of the different churches together." Following is the list of missionaries selected: Guido Verbeck, David Livingstone, Cyrus Hamlin, Henry H. Jessup, William Carey, Robert Morrison, Adoniram Judson, John Eliot, John G. Paton, Jacob Chamberlain.

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THE DISTRIBUTION OF IMMIGRATION For generations one of the recognized problems of American immigration has been its distribution. The necessity for a more general diffusion has been even more evident within the last decade, during which period there has been a transfer on a large scale not only of immigrants but of our own citizens from the ranks of the food-producers to those of the non-producers. As readers of The Outlook are aware, the subject of getting people "back to the land" is occupying the thought of many public-spirited Americans. One of the most promising steps for securing these ends was the organization at Washington, on November 17, of the National Conference of Immigration, Land, and Labor Officials. This body is made up of officials of the different classes named representing the Federal Government and Atlantic, Middle, Western, Pacific, and Gulf States. The Honorary President is T. V. Powderly, head of the Division of Information of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization; the President, John R. Cummins, of the Industrial Commission of Wisconsin; and the Secretary, Miss Frances A. Kellor, of the Bureau of Industries and Immigration, of New York. Several State representatives of agricultural interests are members. The resolutions adopted were of marked interest. It was stated that the objects of the Conference were the arousing of public sentiment favoring increased Congressional appropriations to enable the Federal Division of Information to induce admitted foreign-born and native people to leave congested centers and go to agricultural and other industries; the creation of State bureaus of immigration which should be equipped with powers for the protection of immigrants and the promotion of measures for their education and assimilation; and the fullest co-operation between the several State bureaus thus established and between the State bureaus and the Federal Division of Information. The Executive Committee was instructed to prepare, in co-operation with the Chief of the Federal Division of Information, amendments to the law which would serve to enlarge the powers of the Division in dealing with inter-State problems affecting the distribution, protection, and welfare of admitted aliens and other residents, and to enable it to establish branches in centers of distribution. The opening of free labor employment bureaus by the States and the enactment of laws safeguarding laborers in search of employment were also recommended. One of the chief obstacles to a proper dispersion of immigrants has been the lack of a definite, workable plan. The Conference which has just been formed is in a position to devise a practicable one and to put it in operation if its adoption can be secured.

THE LARGER CHRISTMAS

In the beautiful story of the Nativity a little spot on the surface of the world lies in radiant light; all the rest lies in shadow. In the ears of a few listeners the music of angels singing lingered for a moment; everywhere else there was discord. There were good men and tender-hearted women on the earth when the star led the Wise Men to Christ; but peoples were estranged and alien to one another; cities hid themselves behind massive walls, and great gates were bolted at night against enemies who might break over the city like a furious storm in the darkness, broad-winged with terror and death. There was a brief hush in the tumult of war, but no inward desire for peace; a short armistice, but no growing sense of the horrors of war. A man might travel far from the golden milestone in the Roman Forum, but his road was a narrow line of light through vast regions shrouded in darkness and full of hostile peoples. There was a pause in the ancient struggles long enough to carry the good news of the birth of Christ far and wide; but deep-rooted antagonisms held their way and every nation was enemy to its nearest neighbor.

Wars and rumors of wars still fill the air with the ominous roar of cannon and bring dread and the bitterness of hope deferred to the hosts of those who long for the peace that rests on justice. But what a throwing open of closed gates makes music in the ears of those who pray for the coming of the day of the Lord of peace! And how wonderfully through all the confusion and conflict the hearts of the peoples go out to one another and nation cheers on nation in the struggle for the liberation of humanity! Old barbarisms still linger, and greed of land and lust for prosperity still find too large a place in the councils of the nations; but the protest against national selfishness grows more and more authoritative as the world becomes more and more a neighborhood. When Christ came, the world was a vast fortress; to-day it is a neighborhood; to-morrow it will be a brotherhood.

When the light shone on Bethlehem, a man's neighbor was in the next house and of the same religion; all other men were aliens to him. His chief duty was to care for his own, and, if his prosperity outran his own needs, for those who stood near him. To-day all men are his kin, and they that suffer at the ends of the world are his neighbors. Then, if he were obedient to the rule of his religion, he gave a tithe; to-day, if he lives in the spirit of his religion, all that he has he holds in trust. The sorrows of the world are his sorrows, and the burdens of the world are his burdens. The old lines of separation between people are still on the maps, but they are fading in the thoughts and hearts of men; and the old limitations of sympathy and responsibility are fading with them. A deeper meaning has put new duties into the old words of relationship; the mother has other children than those of her own household, the father other obligations than those to his own family, the brother other ties than those that bind him to his own kin.

The world has a long way to go before peace and good will are the laws of life, and all men are brothers in a society in which a man's rank is determined by his service and the honor paid him is the measure of his unselfish integrity; but the circle of life has widened from the manger in Bethlehem until it touches the farthest horizons, and in the Christ the world sees more and more clearly the goal to which it moves.

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ALASKA

Mr. Hulbert's article in this issue is the first installment of his report to the readers of The Outlook. On their behalf he has been making a study of conditions in Alaska. In the course of this study he has spent much time in Alaska and at the National capital. The place, the people, and the documents that are involved in what we call the Alaska problem have been the subject of his first-hand investigation. The place he has visited. The people he has talked with. And the documents he has scrutinized. As the reader will discover, Mr. Hulbert has an eye that can see not only the commercial value of material things, but the unmeasurable value of beauty in landscape, and he shows appreciation not only of the physical benefit that comes from the use of wealth, but also of the moral benefit that comes from its right use.

Those who follow this report of The Outlook's investigation in Alaska will, we hope, keep certain things in mind:

First, we hope they will keep in mind that this study has been made with the determination both on the part of The Outlook and on the part of Mr. Hulbert to ascertain the facts and to report them honestly. Controversy has so long hung like a fog over Alaska and its problems that it has become difficult for some people to believe that any one can desire to know the facts and to report them. On the one hand, those who have seen nothing in Alaska but an opportunity to enrich themselves and their associates have come to believe that those who wish to interfere with their plans are unscrupulous as to method. On the other hand, many of those who have been roused to indignation over the danger that the development of Alaska will be based not on equal opportunity and the public good, but on privilege for a few, have sometimes spoken and acted as if those who did not agree with them in all particulars were leagued with the enemies of the public. The Outlook knows whereof it speaks in this matter, for its course has brought upon it criticism from both extremes. It is a criticism that we welcome. Error we cannot hope wholly to avoid. But no error on any material fact has remained or will remain uncorrected after discovery. This has held true in all its account of Alaskan matters in the past, and it will continue to hold true. We may add that The Outlook has assured Mr. Hulbert freedom of expression in statement both of fact and of opinion. We have reason to believe that there is a fair chance that this report of Mr. Hulbert's will come near to expressing the consensus of opinion of all who have a disinterested concern for the proper solution of Alaskan problems.

In the second place, we hope our readers will remember that the past is past. In this series of articles The Outlook is not undertaking to rewrite the history of Alaskan affairs. It intends to refer to the past only as it throws light upon the present and the future. It will not undertake to argue over the question, for example, of the proper disposal of the Cunningham Claims; but it does refer to the story of those claims in so far as it illustrates present conditions. It does not undertake to repeat the discussion over the action in eliminating from the National Forest the land about Controller Bay; but it will refer to this action in so far as it will be necessary to do so in order to indicate what the present situation is. As regards these and other matters, The Outlook has found no occasion to modify in any substantial respect the position which it has taken in the past; but that is not of importance now. What is important is that present conditions should be publicly understood and that the future action of the Government should be based on a knowledge of facts and an understanding of the principles involved.

In the third place, we hope that the readers of this report will bear in mind that one assumption underlies our treatment of Alaska: that is, the assumption that the natural resources of Alaska belong to the American people; and in that statement we wish to include not only those resources that are yet undiscovered, but even those which have come into the hands of private parties. Our whole civilization is based upon this assumption. The right of eminent domain is not one that can to-day be questioned. That right applies to the land and all that it contains. Like other rights, this right should be exercised with discrimination and judgment. But it is not one that can be renounced. This is a point we do not propose to argue. It is one that we shall assume.

In the fourth place, we hope our readers will distinguish between the duty which the Nation owes to a State and that which it owes to Alaska. There are questions concerning natural resources in a State which the Nation must leave the State to deal with, inasmuch as the time for the Nation to deal with those particular questions there is past; but the questions concerning natural resources in Alaska are all National questions, because, while a State is an adult, a Territory like Alaska is not, and in the near future will not be, grown up.

Fifth, we hope that our readers will not forget the distinction between the prospector and the exploiter. Much confusion in the discussion of Alaskan questions arises from the fact that people too often identify the owner of mining claims, for example, with the pioneer. It is important to keep these two classes of people distinct. It is true that many of the owners of claims and of properties in Alaska have been explorers whose hard work brought this wealth to the knowledge of the American people. But in many cases this is not so at all. And the admiration which one rightly has for the enterprising prospector who undergoes hardship in the first efforts at subduing a wilderness should not be expended upon those who stay at home and speculate upon the pioneer's ventures. There are many Alaskan claimants who are not Alaskans; and, conversely, there are many Alaskans who are not Alaskan claimants. The Alaskan claimant, whether he be a pioneer or not, is entitled to a square deal; but he should not, simply because he happens to be an owner of Alaskan property, be rewarded for the hardships and the enterprise of others.

We hope, in the sixth place, that the readers of this report will remember that it is not always easy to draw the line between fact and opinion. For example, the question as to the amount of coal that exists in Alaska is a question of fact; but, as a practical question, it involves opinion. There is a certain and definite amount of coal in that great Territory; but only a part of it is visible and directly ascertainable. How much there is in Alaska that is capable of being used is not absolutely and directly known; it can only be estimated. To estimate that requires the exercise of judgment based upon more or less fragmentary examination and experience. The statement, therefore, as to how much coal there is in Alaska, and what its value is, is not purely a statement of fact, as it might appear to be. It is a statement partly based on fact and partly based on opinion. There are other questions concerning Alaska that are likewise a compound of fact and opinion. In following this report the reader will do well to keep this in mind.

Finally, we urge our readers to keep firmly fixed in their minds this principle, namely, that the right course to pursue with regard to the resources that belong to the public does not depend upon the amount of the resources in question. Whether the coal in Alaska is worth a million dollars or a billion dollars does not affect the question of its ownership. If the people let that coal fall into the hands of those who will use it without regard to the public interest, they will make a grave mistake. It is true that the consequences of their mistake will not be so directly injurious if the coal is of small value as they would be if it were of great value, but it will be a mistake nevertheless. What we need to do in Alaska is to avoid the errors into which we have fallen with regard to the resources of the rest of the country, for this Nation should have learned by this time that it is simpler to avoid known errors than, after falling into them, to attempt to remedy their ill consequences.

The more specific questions relating to Alaska we shall discuss from time to time as the other installments of this series appear.

THREE NOVELS OF NOTE

In this vigorous New World, where the spirit of Futurism broods over the depths and shallows of life, there is a feeling in some quarters that when a man has shot his bolt he ought to go to the rear and prepare for death, that age is an impertinent intrusion of mortality on the playground of a young and hilarious democracy; that experience, which Tennyson pictured as an arch through which a receding world lies in a vast landscape, must be discarded by straightening the path of life along the line of the short cut; that the first view of things is the moment of inspiration, and after a man has looked at life from the narrow summit of youth he should come down and make room for the next ardent climber. There are flaws in this theory, but, having discarded experience, history no longer troubles us. The fact that Shakespeare was a greater dramatist when he wrote "Macbeth" than when he wrote "Love's Labor's Lost," and a greater poet when he wrote "As You Like It" than when he wrote "Romeo and Juliet," does not count. Is not Shakespeare a "crumbling idol"?

These reflections occur to the reader when he turns the leaves of those novels of the season which have come from writers who have served their apprenticeship. We may be reluctant to admit that in a country in which all men are born free and equal, and every man has a right to utter those thoughts which may be too deep for his own tears but often draw tears from others, skill does count, and that something comes with time and toil which the genius of youth cannot command. Here, for instance, is Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest story, "The Case of Richard Meynell" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), a book which young writers may study to advantage. The substance of the novel is of a weight and seriousness which escape didacticism only by strong, expert handling. There is not a touch of rawness in the story; its power is tempered at all points by a ripe culture. The portentous theological discussion that runs through it is translated into terms of human experience and transmuted in an adventure of the spirit, and the landscape is sketched with delicate and beautiful skill. The story bears on every page the impress of rich and ripe contact with the best in thought and art and life.

Robert Elsmere was the forerunner of Richard Meynell. On his sensitive mind the radical conclusions of what has been called the higher criticism broke with full force; he accepted the most radical positions of that criticism without bringing criticism to bear on the processes or results of a movement which was in one aspect liberalizing and vitalizing and in another disintegrating and destructive. A man of sensitive rather than independent nature, Elsmere went out of the Church and died. Twenty years later Meynell repeats the experience, but in a different temper and a militant attitude. Dissent from the creeds no longer means a lonely struggle; it means organization, bold definition of a point of view for which the Church must make room—a point of view to which Mrs. Ward applies the word Modernism. It means a resolute attempt to claim and hold the rights of recognition and membership by a large group of men whose position, vaguely defined for the most part, is suggested by Meynell's words, "We see a Christ stripped of Jewish legend, and Greek speculation, and mediæval scholasticism, moving simply and divinely among the ways of his Jewish world, a man among men."

Mrs. Ward traces the growth of this movement within the Church of England, its brilliant leadership and effective organization, the rising tide of enthusiasm which lifts it to the dignity of a national movement, the great meetings, and the appearance of the movement in Parliament, with a force of conviction that compels the reader from time to time to remind himself that he is dealing with fiction, not history. As a novel "The Case of Richard Meynell" has notable points of excellence; among them trained skill of characterization. There are some lay figures in the drama, but for the most part the actors live and move like real persons. There is plenty of action, for the story of religious experience is paralleled by a love story and by a somewhat melodramatic tale of a beautiful, headstrong young girl goaded to desperation by the discovery of her illegitimacy. Like its predecessor of twenty years ago, to which it is in a general way a sequel, "The Case of Richard Meynell" was evidently written with genuine feeling and with deep insight into certain forms of religious experience; it is, in parts, an eloquent and even noble story; but it fits too closely a phase of thought; it is too intense; and, in spite of extraordinary skill in making theological discussion vital and interesting, it is overweighted on the intellectual side.

From this fault Mr. De Morgan's new novel, "A Likely Story" (Holt), is conspicuously free; it has the intimate, offhand, colloquial familiarity of its predecessors. It is the work of a man whose writing career is a matter of only six or seven years, but in that time he has published five long stories. He is therefore an expert and shows the quiet confidence, the ease of mood, of the experienced novelist; no novelist is more at home with his readers than Mr. De Morgan. The title of the novel is a bit of humor, for most of the first third of the story is told by the portrait of a beautiful Italian girl of the sixteenth century; the second third is an account of a domestic quarrel between a London painter and his wife, told from almost as many points of view as the tragedy of Pompilia in "The Ring and the Book;" while in the last third the misunderstanding in the studio is cleared up by the tale told by a photograph of the portrait. It will be seen that Mr. De Morgan brings in the usual element of mystery; incidentally he gets a great deal of fun out of the endeavors of the Psychical Society to clear up the mystery.

The disciples of Mr. De Morgan will find no serious fault with the construction of the story, because they are indifferent to the architecture of a De Morgan romance so long as they can get within the sound of his voice. They care very little for the way in which he tells his tale; in "A Likely Story" it is the old way of using the dialect, the colloquialisms, and the accent of the people in the story; this is one reason why some of us delight in the long, unconventional, loose-jointed novels: we get so close to the people. The critic who works by rule will mourn over this impossible, confused, and loquacious tale; but those who know the spell of Mr. De Morgan's talk will not bother about rules and models and literary traditions. But, please, Mr. De Morgan, don't spend any more time on trifling family quarrels!

In Mr. Robert Herrick's latest story, "The Healer" (Macmillan), the reader is dealing with the work of a novelist of great ability and absolute sincerity. No novelist has studied American society, in the wider meaning of the word, more seriously or dispassionately. Indeed, the uncompromising integrity of Mr. Herrick's observations has overweighted some of his novels with detail, and his frankness has occasionally introduced episodes which violate the reserve bred in the bone of the English-speaking peoples.

In his latest story Mr. Herrick has kept his material well in hand and secured an extraordinary concentration of interest. The central figure, a young surgeon healed of some moral ailment by the curative influence of life in the deep woods and the spending of his skill freely on lumbermen, is drawn with fine imagination, insight, and a skill which steadily brings out the lines of strongly marked character. The contrast between this shaggy prophet of the art of healing, whose great natural gift is reinforced by expert training, and the girl whose life he saves and of the group of luxury-loving people by whom she is surrounded, is graphic in its sharp contrasts of aims and habits; and the drama of slow but inevitable estrangement between an uncompromising idealist who must give his power freely or lose it, and the pretty, comfort-loving woman who feels that he must sell it as other men do, is developed with genuine feeling. The love story in the wilderness which prefaces the tragedy of separation is told with charming delicacy, and breathes the very air of the woods; the wild doctor is still in full possession of his imaginary wife; and, shut away from other influences, she is lifted to the level of his ideal.

But there is never any real bond of union between them. He is an idealist with a strong dash of egoism and something of the fanatic in his nature; he loves an imaginary woman because she shares his ideals, but he has no interest in the real woman when he is forced to see her, and his idea of marriage, in the last analysis, is the same selfish conception which comes to light in the divorce cases: there is no sacrificial element in it, no sense of deep spiritual obligation to give and give and give to the end of the story. The wife, after passing through the flame of romance in which her lover enfolds her, is a matter-of-fact, prudential mother, whose sole idea of a successful life is to live as do the prosperous people who surround her. She is too limited to help her husband with comprehension and sympathy; he has the ability to help her, but lacks the sacrificial spirit. The story of the adventurous man who must have sea room and the prudent woman who wants to sit at ease by the fire is admirably told in "The Healer," and the woman is a familiar American type. But is not Mr. Herrick away from the fact in setting this man and woman on the stage as types of the masculine and feminine spirit?

IS THERE A HIGHER LAW?

A correspondent puts with ability the case against Cardinal Gibbons in a letter from which we make the following extract:

> The Outlook informs us that Cardinal Gibbons holds that the limits of civil and ecclesiastical government are "well defined; that within its domain the civil government, in all matters which do not violate the moral law, is supreme; that within its sphere the Church is supreme."
>
> Does not this rule exclude the people from jurisdiction over matters and things that are violations of the moral law? Is not this rule a bold and audacious challenge of the sovereignty of the American people as enshrined in our Declaration of Independence? a bold and audacious denial of the right of "the people" to form government on "such principles" as shall seem best to them—the people, not popes or bishops or kings? Is not this rule a denial of the right to thus build our government? Acting under this sovereignty, have not the people written it in our Federal and State Constitutions? Is it not shining there like fixed stars in the dome of our republican government—that these Constitutions and the enactments thereunder are the "supreme law of the land"? Is there room still above this ultimate law for a law made in the Vatican?

This writer thus raises squarely the issue: Is there any higher law than the law which Congress makes and the Constitutions which the people make? To that question The Outlook answers with a vigorous Yes! There is a higher law. And the country needs nothing more than the affirmation of the sovereignty of that law by press and pulpit, by teacher in the school, parent in the family, statesman on the platform.

There is a law of gravitation, the law that all bodies are drawn together in a certain well-defined ratio. This gravitation is the force which binds the universe together. Man did not make it. Man cannot unmake it. He can violate it and suffer the consequences. Or he can obey it and apply it and gain the advantages of it. But it is a law higher than any he can make.

There are certain laws of social gravitation which bind human society together. Man did not make them; man cannot unmake them. He can violate them and suffer the consequences. He can obey them and apply them to the constant changes of human society and get the advantages of obedience. But they are laws higher than any he can make.

Congress cannot *make* laws. All it can do is to discover and apply laws already existing. There are higher laws—higher than Congressional statutes or Constitutions of State or Nation.

The supreme authority does not rest in the people. The majority are not God. Votes of a majority are only a convenient way of finding out what are the laws of the social order and how they should be applied. Majority rule means, not that the majority are omniscient or should be omnipotent, but that the common people are better guides to the discovery of the laws of the social order than any oligarchy, whether ecclesiastical or hierarchical. But whenever, if ever, the majority thinks itself the final authority, a foundation is laid for a despotism quite as unendurable as that of any autocrat that ever lived.

Mobocracy is worse than autocracy; and mobocracy is simply the majority acting without regard to any other law than that of its own self-will.

A good compendium of the moral law is contained in an ancient code with which our readers are familiar. In this code are the four following fundamental laws of the social order:

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness.

There are more mobs and murders in the United States than in any other civilized country except perhaps Russia. Murder is adopted as a scientific profession by hired assassins in a so-called labor war. The recklessness of life is astonishing. More men were killed in one year on our railways than in the Russian army in the battle of Mukden, the greatest battle of modern times. Our factories and mines are robbing children of their childhood and women of their womanhood. We are grinding up women and children to make cheap goods—an expensive cheapness.

Why?

Because we do not believe in a higher law. Because the mob thinks it may burn a defenseless Negro if it is sure that a jury will not convict the murderers; because murderers masquerading as workingmen think murder is right if they can escape the detectives; because there are railway officials who think it lawful to refuse to employ safety appliances on their railways, provided they can evade or overturn the Congress-made law; because there are employers who think it lawful to destroy the lives of women and children if there is no law on the statute-books of the State to prohibit this form of killing.

In the decade ending in 1906 divorces in the United States were granted at the rate of two hundred every court day in the year. Adultery is a profit-making trade in our great cities—sometimes a slave trade.

Why?

Because there are men and women who think there is no law against the unrestrained indulgence in their passions provided a Reno law permits it; and other men and women who think there is no law against more flagrant self-indulgence if statutes do not prohibit it, policemen do not prevent it, and society disregards it.

There are men, once eminent financiers, who are to-day serving their terms in State prisons for robbing the men and women who trusted them; and others who gamble in breadstuffs while the children in the tenements cry for bread; and others who sell worthless stocks to the unwary and pick their pockets with a valueless certificate; and others who sell poisonous adulterations in lieu of health-giving food and curative medicines.

Why?

Because the lawyers the financiers employed were not shrewd enough to show them how they could rob with impunity; and the lawmakers can find no way to make gambling with breadstuffs illegal; and selling worthless stocks to unwary purchasers is not legal fraud; and the discovery of adulteration is difficult. And these plunderers of society know of no law which they need obey if they are shrewd enough to evade the man-made laws. They do not know that there is a higher law which no man can evade.

The "yellow press" is worse in America than in any other country, except perhaps Japan.

Why?

Because there are journalists who would scorn to sell rotten fruit yet who do not hesitate to sell rotten gossip; and men who would never feed their bodies with gatherings from the gutter yet who do not hesitate to feed their minds with it. They do not know that there is a law, Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

There is a law higher than any Congress can make; an authority higher than any majorities can confer. The will of the majority is not the supreme law. When the will of the lawmaker comes in conflict with this higher law, loyalty demands disobedience to the lower law. It was loyalty which made

Daniel disobey the Court-made law and go to the lions' den. It was loyalty which made the Protestants disobey the Church-made law in Spain and go to the stake. It was loyalty which made the lovers of their fellow-men disobey the Congress-made law and help the escaping slaves to Canada.

This higher law the Church interprets for some; the Bible interprets for others; the conscience interprets for still others. The Outlook welcomes all three interpreters, and counts no one of them infallible. We welcome them even when we think their interpretation wrong; because the country needs nothing more urgently, nothing perhaps so urgently, as faith in the Higher Law—faith that legislatures and congresses and popular majorities can never make a moral law; it can only discover and apply the laws that are already made. We do not believe in the infallibility of either the Roman, the Greek, the Anglican, or the Protestant Church; but we welcome the co-operation of all four in the endeavor to teach the American people that there is a higher law than any which majorities can enact, and so to inspire democracy with the spirit of loyalty and of self-restraint.

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CAN WE KNOW ANYTHING?

The New York "Times" recently contained a report of a lecture by Dr. Max Verworm, of Bonn, before a Columbia University audience. The report represents the lecture as directed to a denial of the doctrine of personal immortality. But, if the report represents Professor Verworm correctly, he did more than deny immortality; he denied the possibility of all knowledge except that directly derived from the observation of phenomena. It represents him as saying that science to-day is not concerned with finding a cause for phenomena, but is satisfied to study the events of life and the accompanying conditions. We do not hold Professor Verworm responsible for an abbreviated report of his biological address in a non-scientific paper; but what he is here reported to have said is said by a certain school which gets rid of spirit in man and of God in the universe by the simple process of getting rid of the idea of cause and effect. Americans have a fondness for novelties. This, however, is not a novelty. It is not an attitude of modern science. It is borrowed from ancient Greece—a people and an age which knew no science, in the modern sense of that term, and almost nothing, as we now know it, about the forces of nature or the laws under which they operate. We do not believe that it can be said to be the view of modern science, though doubtless some scientists hold it. It certainly is not the view of modern philosophy, though some philosophers hold it. But if the scientists and the philosophers generally held it as an abstract theory, they would not act upon it as a practical belief. And no academic argument would lead the plain people to accept it.

Education is not a mere collection and tabulation of phenomena. Its object is not merely to satisfy a superficial curiosity. Observation is not man's sole faculty. Education seeks to understand the meaning of phenomena; their significance, their relation to life, their relation to one another, their common parentage. It assumes, therefore, that they have relation to one another; and the simplest of all relations is that of cause and effect. To deny that man can know that there is such a relation of cause and effect is to tell the miller that he cannot know that falling water causes his mill-wheel to revolve; the forester that he cannot know that if he cuts the tree off at the root the attraction of gravitation will cause the tree to fall; the physiologist that he cannot know that the bite of one kind of mosquito will cause malaria and the bite of another yellow fever; the physician that he cannot know that ether will cause a loss of consciousness. It is to tell the educator that he cannot know that a course of education faithfully pursued will cause intellectual development; or the moralist that injustice will cause anger, and love will cause love. "Education," says Professor Huxley, "is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws." If we cannot know that certain causes produce certain effects, there are no laws: in nature no physical laws, only occurrences; in life no moral laws, only conventional proprieties. And there can be no fashioning of the affections and the will to move in harmony with law; that is, there can be no education and no religion. "From the empirical standpoint," says a writer in the Encyclopædia Britannica, "the statement of such a 'law' does not contain the word 'must;' it merely asserts that such and such series have been invariably observed;" and "the moral law is merely a collection of rules of conduct based on an infinite number of special cases in which the convenience of society or its rulers has subordinated the inclination of individuals."

We do not believe that this is the theory of modern science. It certainly is not the theory of applied science. Modern material civilization rests on the assumption of the invariable law of cause and effect. It was not the theory of Huxley; and he was not only an eminent scientist but also an eminent biologist. It was not the theory of Darwin, whose great contribution to the sum of human knowledge was his interpretation of the causes which have led to a variation of species. It is not the theory of Haeckel, who is generally counted an atheist, but who affirms an intelligent vital principle informing material organisms and directing them to a purpose. "We designate as *organisms*, or *organic bodies*, all *living creatures*, or animated bodies; therefore all plants and animals, man included; for in them we can almost always prove a combination of various parts (instruments or organs) which work together for the purpose of producing life." Life cannot be *produced* if there is no relation of cause and effect. Purpose cannot exist if a wisely chosen cause cannot be depended on to produce a predetermined effect.

Science is not content merely to record its observation of physical phenomena and their conditions. It seeks to deduce from that observation knowledge concerning the cause or causes of those phenomena and the laws which control and the purpose or object which directs them.

Philosophy is not content merely to record its observation of men and their ways. It seeks to deduce from that observation knowledge concerning the cause or causes of their ways, the laws which govern them, and the directing purpose behind their separated lives.

Science seeks to know the cause of physical phenomena; philosophy seeks to know the cause of vital phenomena; both point unerringly to a Cause behind all causes, an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed. And religion, seeing in the laws of nature and the laws of humanity an interpretation of a Lawgiver, seeks to fashion the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.

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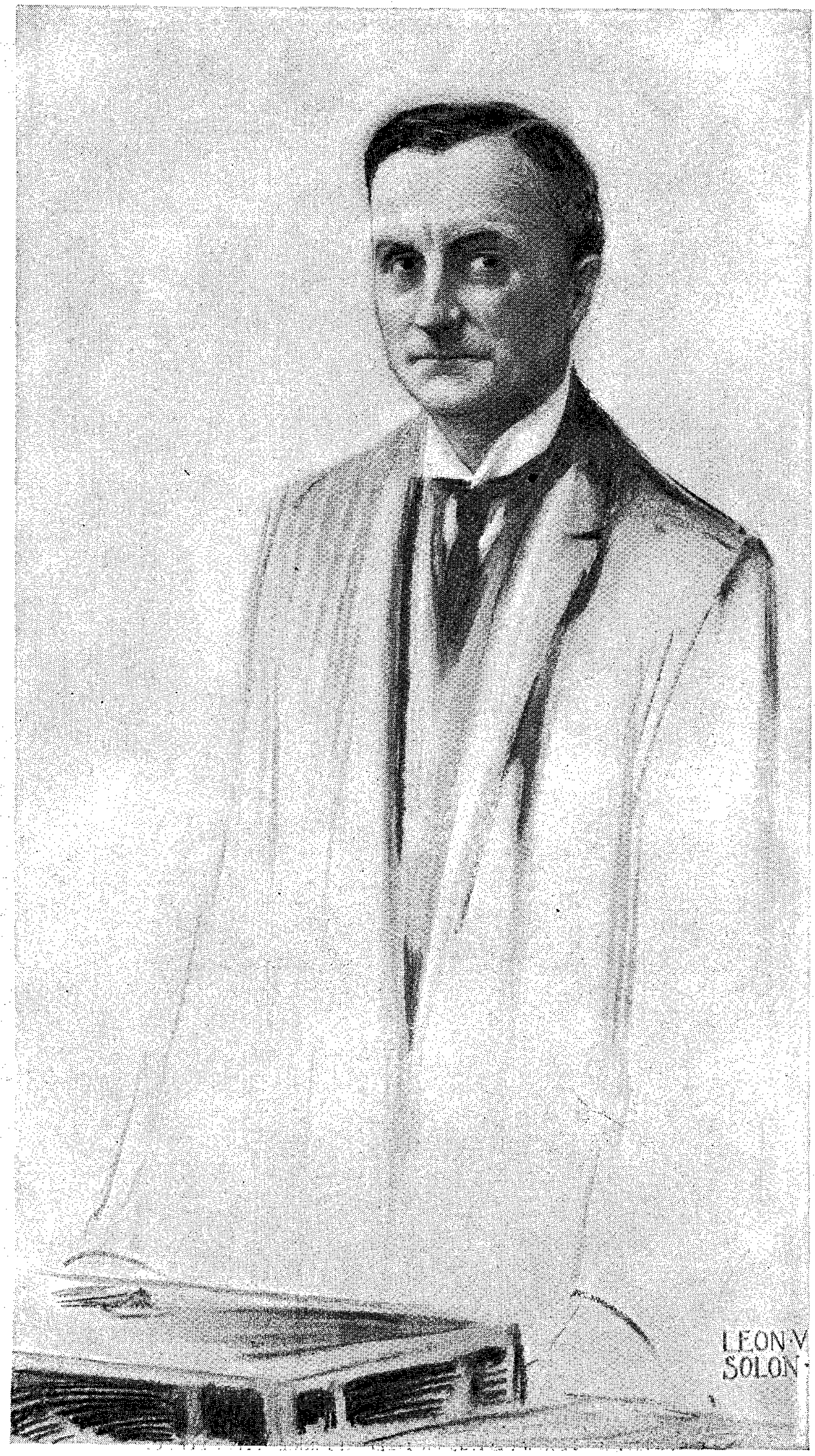
THE HEAD OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE

SIR EDWARD GREY, whose portrait we print on the page opposite, is the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His recent speech in the House of Commons reviewing the diplomatic exchanges between Germany and Great Britain last summer, when the Moroccan question was in an acute stage, brought him prominently before the eyes of the world. The response of all parties in Parliament and outside of it to his temperate, conciliatory, but inflexible statement of England's course and England's policy showed that he possessed to an unusual degree the confidence of the British people, regardless of partisan lines.

Sir Edward Grey is typical of what Englishmen like to think is best in the British public service. He is not a born leader of men like Mr. Lloyd-George; he has not the fastidious cultivation and philosophic training of Mr. Balfour. But he is a fine, manly, able gentleman, whose service to his country is due not to ambition but to a disinterested sense of public duty; who endeavors to combine high ideals with practical common sense; and who is entirely fearless in doing what he regards as right. He is an Englishman devoted to England, but he sincerely and in good faith endeavors to keep British foreign policy towards other nations on the same ethical plane on which he would keep his own conduct towards other individuals. His speech has in it the ring and the power of Palmerston in Palmerston's heroic days, and back of it lies, to an infinitely greater extent than was true of Palmerston, the sincere purpose to do justice as well as to exact it. Sir Edward Grey is a particularly good representative of the type of public man that England now most needs, for he is pre-eminently the democratic imperialist in English public life. He combines the Liberal view, that is, the democratic view, of internal affairs with a full recognition of the duty that England has to live up to the traditions of world empire, and to accept the obligations that accompany such large and binding traditions.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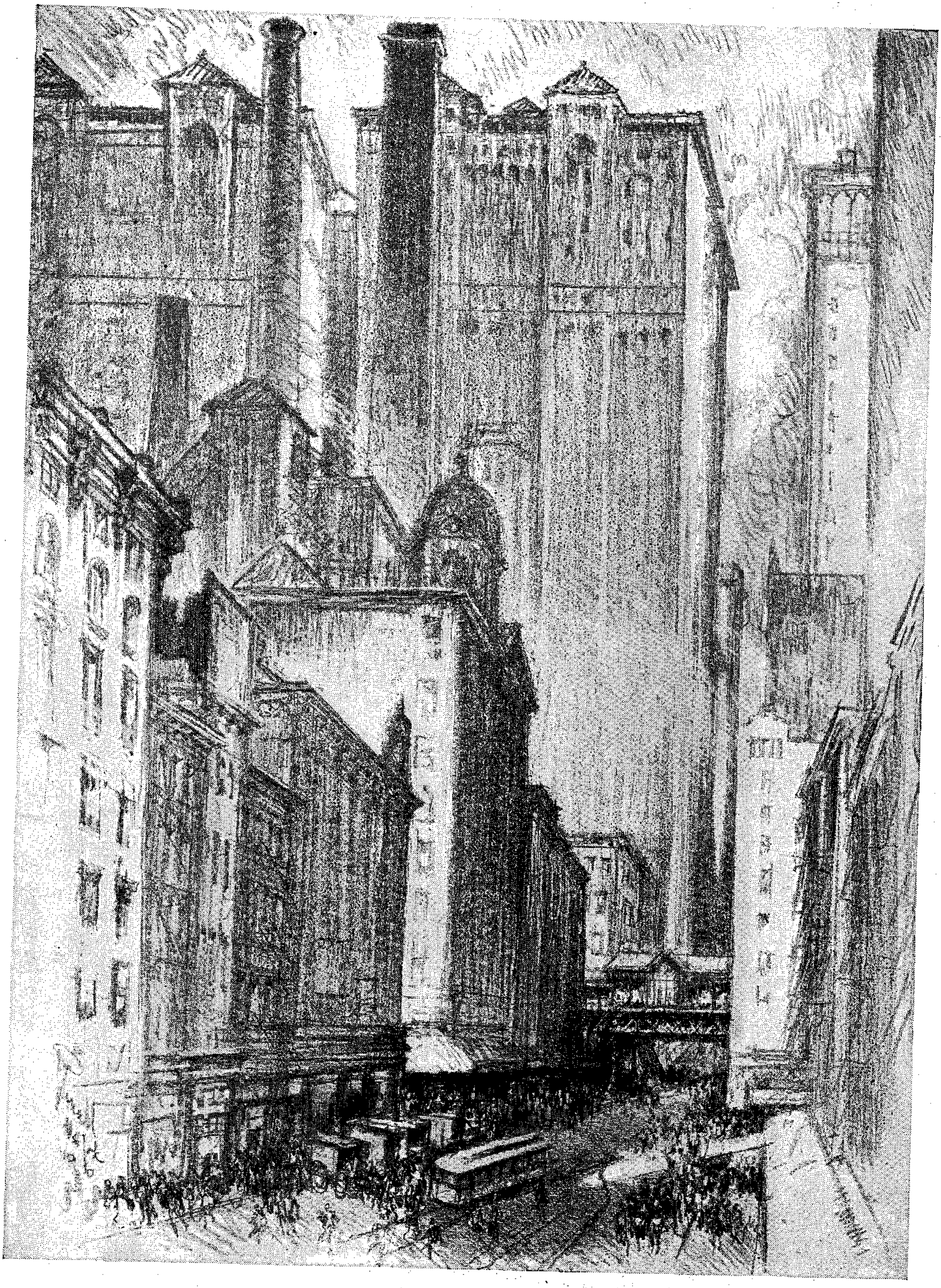
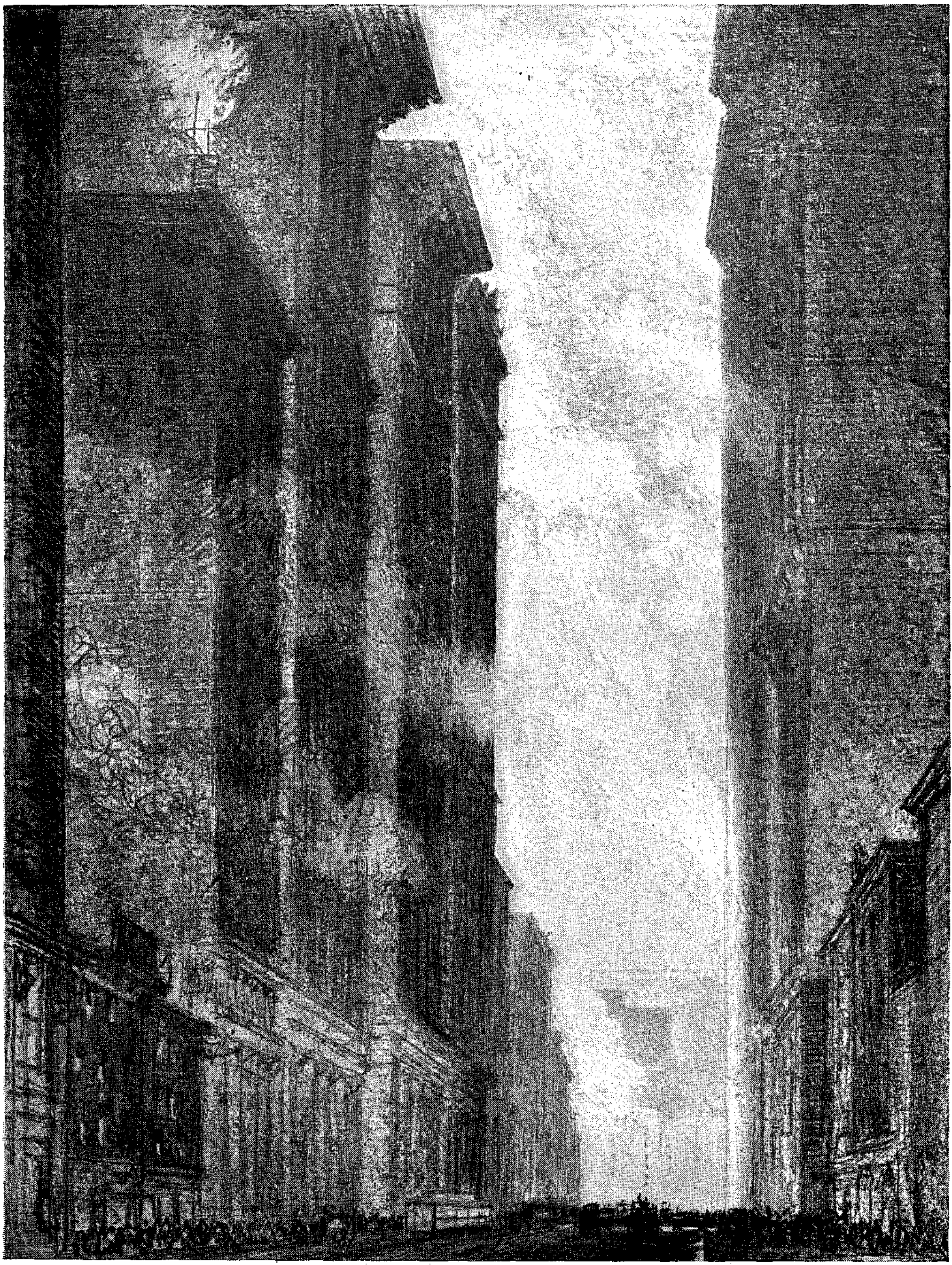
SIR EDWARD GREY

Drawn for The Outlook by Leon Victor Solon



THE PRECIPICE

A lithograph drawn for The Outlook by Joseph Pennell—showing Cortlandt Street below the Hudson Terminal Building, New York City



THE CAÑON

A lithograph drawn for The Outlook by Joseph Pennell—showing Fourth Avenue, looking south from Twentieth Street, New York City

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THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

Walter L. Fisher, who has long been an active leader in the Conservation movement, is the member of the President's Cabinet who has final authority regarding the public lands in Alaska

WHAT IS REALLY GOING ON IN ALASKA

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY

W. D. HULBERT

WHO AS SPECIAL COMMISSIONER FOR THE
OUTLOOK HAS BEEN MAKING A STUDY
OF ALASKAN CONDITIONS ON THE GROUND

INTRODUCTION

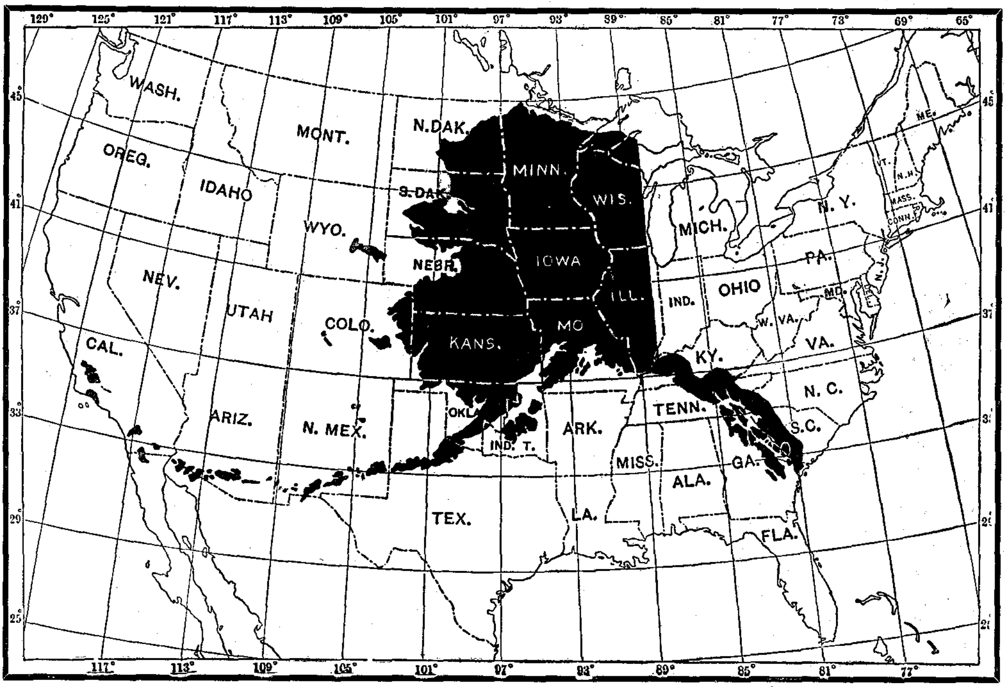
WHAT do we really own in Alaska, and what is it really worth? How much have private interests got hold of, and how much of right or of wrong has there been in their methods? How far are we ourselves to blame for Alaska's troubles? What ought we to do to bring about the speedy development of her resources, and, at the same time, to secure the blessings of Conservation to ourselves and our posterity? What sort of government ought she to have? What are the relations between her people and the big special interests? What's the matter up there, anyway?

These are a few of the questions that make life a burden for the investigator who journeys to the farthest Northwest in the hope of finding out what is really going on. He puts them to every Alaskan he meets, and every one knows all the answers, and every one is anxious to talk—only every one gives him an entirely different story from everybody else. For a time he almost despairs of ever getting to the bottom of things, and almost he wishes that he had never let The Outlook send him on such a wild-goose chase.

But just as Alaska's mountains loom slowly through Alaska's drifting mists, so by and by the truth seems to rise dimly out of the chaos of contradictions. And presently he makes up his mind that Alaska and the Alaskans are "most remarkable like you," and that their problems are not so very different from those of other people. The greed of the land-grabber, the blunders of a well-meaning Government, the overshadowing power of capital, the disadvantages of being "dead broke," the evils of machine politics, the mischief-making of the demagogue—all seasoned with more than the usual allowance of human nature, and all heightened and exaggerated by audacious misrepresentation—

It sounds a little familiar—don't you think so?

There are some differences, however. This is a bigger land than "back East"—big mountains, big rivers, big glaciers, big storms, big stories, big-hearted men and women. It's a newer land than the East. It is fresher from the hand of God. When the sun shines, it is beautiful beyond all human telling—beautiful enough to break your heart. When the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HOW LARGE ALASKA IS

sun doesn't shine, it is dark and gloomy and lonely and overwhelming, and again it breaks your heart, but not with loveliness. The percentage of insanity is high in Alaska. But perhaps the greatest difference of all is that most of Alaska still belongs to all of us collectively and not to certain individuals personally. For I may as well say it now as at any time—not one acre of coal land has as yet passed finally out of the grip of the General Government. Some of the copper is gone, and much of the gold, but more will be found. And the farm lands are still ours—such as they are—and the fish in the sea, and the seals on the islands, and the forests on a thousand hills, and the rocks, and the ice, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain, and the fog. Yes, and the troubles too, for we are the ones who must say what shall be done with all these things, and just now affairs have pretty well come to a standstill. They're all waiting for us.

And now I shall make a confession.

By the time the investigator has been a little while among the friendly, free-handed, open-hearted people of Alaska—not the typical "Alaska coal claimants," mind you, for most of them have never been in Alaska at all, but the *people* of Alaska, including a few claimants who are not true to type—by the time he has tasted their hospitality, broken their bread, eaten their beans, slapped their mosquitoes, stood around in their rain, listened to the story of their disappointments, and caught some faint glimpse of life on our last frontier, he is about ready to say within himself: "Well, pshaw! If they want it so bad as all that, let's let them have it."

And if he does not go so far as that, he is pretty sure to say that some of them, at least, are entitled to all the sympathy and encouragement that we can give them.

But "all we can give them"—what does that mean?

Is it not our duty to think not only of the Alaskan of to-day, but also of the Alaskan of to-morrow, and of five years hence, and of ten years, and even of the next generation? And how about the people of "the States"? Alaska was bought with their money in the time of their adversity. Must not their interests, too, be considered? And must we not beware lest, in trying to be good to the Alaskan, we give Alaska itself into the hands of Wall Street? Aye, there's the rub.

On the other hand, Alaska needs Wall Street, or at least she needs the capital that only two can give her—Wall Street and Uncle Sam. And if Uncle Sam will not help her, should not Wall Street be given a chance—with proper limitations and restrictions? If so, what should those limitations and restrictions be? Or suppose we could set them both at work at once, in friendly rivalry, to see which could do the better—how would that answer?

It is a complicated problem that we have on our hands, and we shall be very fortunate if we can say, when we have finished with it, that we have done justice, and loved mercy, and kept ourselves unspotted from the world. We have made a good many mistakes in Alaska already, and we shall probably make a few more before we get through. But it is laid upon us to do the best we can, and to do it, if possible, before the present generation of Alaskans passes over the great divide.

If what I shall say in the next few weeks throws any light on the situation, I shall feel that I have not lived entirely in vain.

FIRST ARTICLE

WANTED: A NEW DEAL IN THE COAL FIELDS

FOR a thousand miles northwestward from Seattle your steamer traverses an almost unbroken chain of inland channels and harbors, sheltered from the open ocean by a long line of islands. First it is Puget Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca; then the British Columbian waters; and then, after some hundreds of miles, you cross the international boundary and enter southeastern Alaska. Everywhere the walls of these channels and straits and sounds are steep and high, and generally they are clothed to the timberline with forest growth, thin and scattering in the exposed places, but dense and heavy in some of the depressions, and almost always enough to cover the dull gray and brown of the rocks. Now and then you pass a snowy peak, or catch a distant glimpse of the high ranges—splendid battlements of white between the blue and the green. If the sun shines, it is gloriously beautiful. If it doesn't, the world is a study in gray—gray sky above and gray water below, with gray islands and headlands and mountains coming out of the gray mist before you, drifting slowly by, and vanishing into the gray void astern.

By and by your vessel swings out through a narrow rocky portal, and suddenly you are on the open sea. That long, long wall of islands that has stood between you and the ocean has come to an end at last, and to port lies the whole Pacific, while to starboard is one of the most cruel coasts in the world—a wild confusion of rocks, snow-fields, forests, marshes, and jagged mountains. The greatest glaciers on the globe lie along this shore, and some of them flow straight down into the sea, so that the breakers wash the feet of the blue ice-cliffs.

Three hundred miles of this sort of thing, and then a long, narrow island thrusts itself some twenty miles out into the ocean, at right angles with the coast, ending in the great cathedral-like mass of Cape St. Elias, with the Pinnacle Rock standing guard in front. You swing round it, and before you lie the low, flat shores of that notorious sheet of water, Controller Bay, with steep, wooded hills on one side, a huge glacier on the other, and in the background the white wall of the Chugach Mountains.

The nearest wharf at which a steamer can tie up is at Cordova, on an arm of Prince William Sound, sixty miles away as the aeroplane flies and a hundred and twenty by sea; but ten miles northwestward from the entrance of the bay is the little town of Katalla, with an open roadstead in front and Ragged Mountain behind. If the sea is rough, your steamer makes no attempt to land you, but carries you on to Cordova. If it is calm, she creeps in as close to the town as she dares and drops anchor, and presently a large gasoline launch comes out and takes you ashore. It was thus that Secretary Fisher and his party were landed from the Admiral Sampson last August, and it was thus that a revenue cutter picked them up a few days later and carried them on to "the westward."

If it is winter, you will have to walk from Katalla to the coal-fields. If it is summer, you can hire a launch to take you down the shore, over the bar between Strawberry Point and Kanak Island, across one end of Controller Bay, past Dick Ryan's cabin on Pile-Driver Point, past "the English Company's" establishment at Chilkat, and up Bering River to Bering Lake. The distance is something under twenty-five miles, and the expense will be about fifty dollars, but it will be worth while, if only for the picture you will see—that is, if the weather is fine, as it was when I was there. It was raining on the sea and on the bay, but as we started up-stream the clouds broke and the sun shone out on the broad marshes, green as only Alaska grass can be—on the cottonwoods looking down at their own images in the quiet water at their feet—on the forested hills and the level line of the glacier—on the lake, "girt round with rugged mountains" and fair as Constance itself—and on the great white Chugach Range far ahead, glistening and gleaming against the blue like the ramparts of the New Jerusalem. I wish I knew how to tell you about it. I have seen a good many rivers in my time, but never another as marvelously beautiful as the Bering on a sunshiny day. Unfortunately, the days are not usually sunshiny, for the rainfall is something over a hundred and thirty inches a year—enough to cover the whole country eleven feet deep.

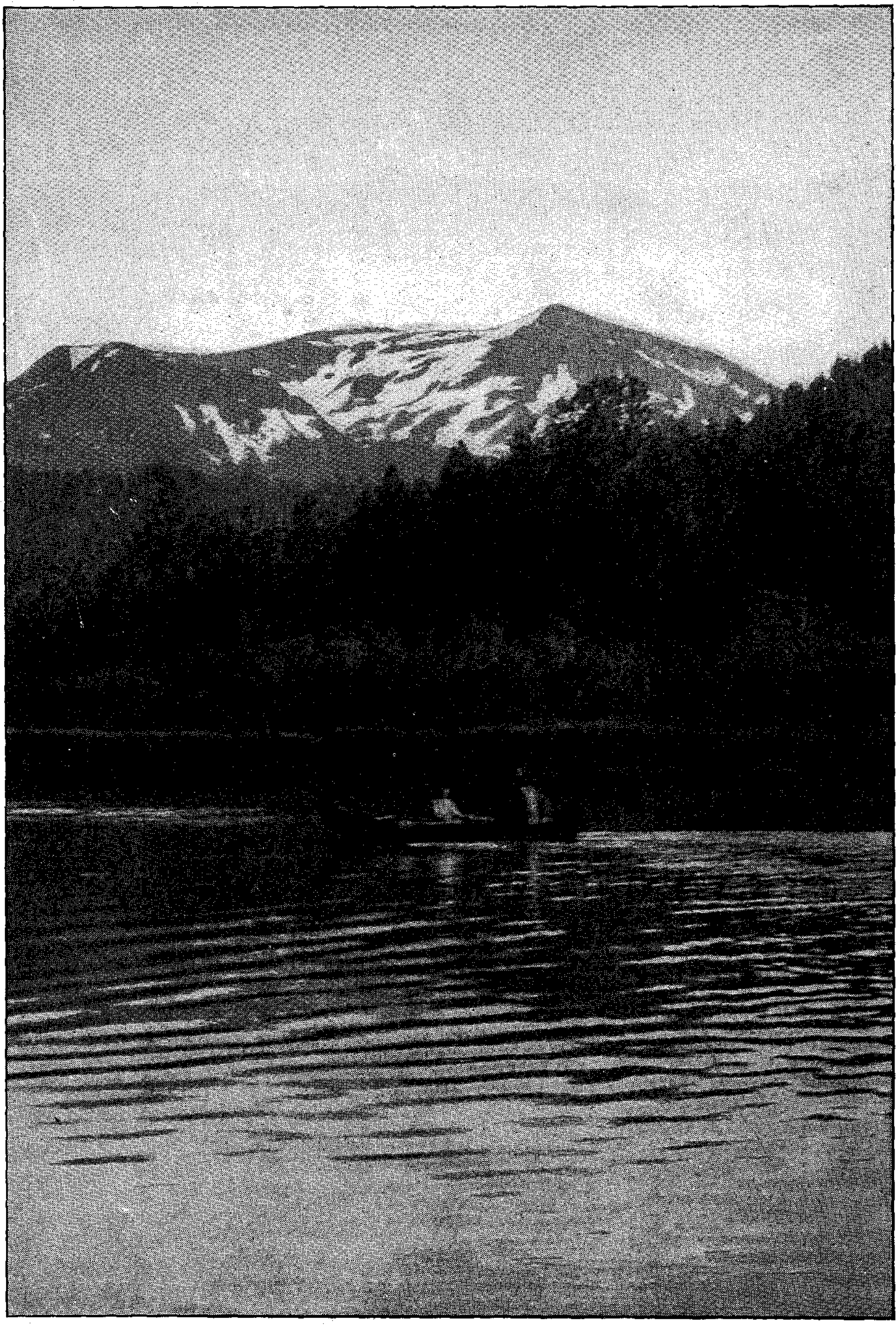
On the northern shore of the lake lie the nearest of the coal-beds. A few years ago some thirty tons was taken from them and put aboard the battle-ship Nebraska, where it was tested side by side with the famous Pocahontas, of West Virginia, which Uncle Sam particularly likes to use on his men-of-war. To all appearances it yielded nearly twenty per cent more energy than the Eastern fuel.

Above Bering Lake the river is too shallow for a regular launch, but you may be able to get Louis and Frank to take you on to Stillwater Creek in their big dugout canoe, the Kushtaka, that goes by gasoline. You will probably stick in the mud now and then, and Louis and Frank will have to step out into the river, in their high rubber boots, and help the Kushtaka over the bars, but if the water is fairly high you will get there in the course of time. "Mayor" Wise, who lives alone on his solitary homestead, chief executive and sole inhabitant of the city of Stillwater, will give you a hearty welcome and a hot supper, and perhaps before you go to bed he will get out the phonograph and set it singing—

"Not because your eyes are curly,
Not because your hair is blue."

You can paddle a little farther up the creek, if you so desire, and from your canoe you will get your first glimpse of the Cunningham Claims, but navigation soon ends, and then you will have to walk, no matter what the season. And it will be hard walking, too—up and down steep, rugged slopes, through tangled underbrush, over treacherous moss, and along icy stream-beds, till you get up above the timber-line and reach the flower-strewn moss and tundra. There it will be a little easier. But it will not be very far, at any rate, for the whole Bering River coal-field lies in a half-circle around Stillwater, within a radius of ten or fifteen miles.

There are a great many coal deposits scattered over Alaska, but the contents of most of them are either lignite or very low-grade sub-bituminous. Lignite is lighter in weight than true coal, and is often dark brown instead of black. Sometimes it shows the grain of the wood from which it has been formed. It takes fire readily and burns fiercely for a short time, but it soon dies out, leaving a large residue of ashes. It is said to yield excellent gas, and some day, when gas engines have taken the place of steam, it may be a valuable source of power, but at present it is so nearly worthless that it will not pay for transportation to any great distance. The sub-bituminous is a little better, but not very much. Coal is being mined to-day in the State of Washington, within fifteen miles of Seattle, that is decidedly better than most of that in Alaska. But the Alaskan deposits, as a whole, are so vast that there is still room for a great deal that is really good. At Cape Lisburne, for instance, there are said to be



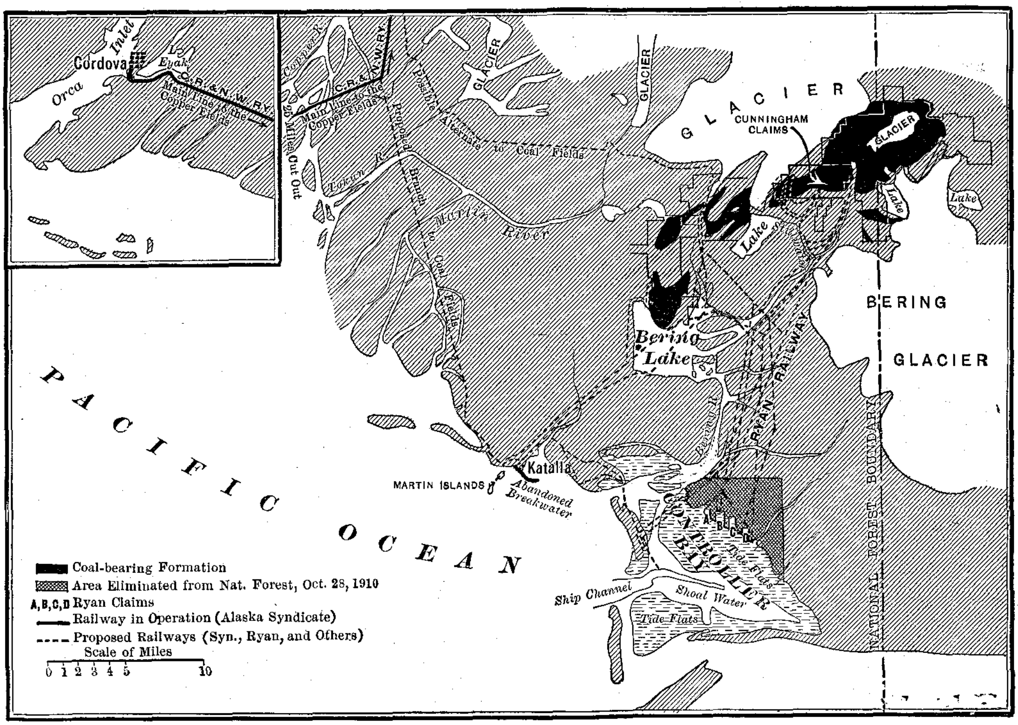
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

FROM YOUR CANOE YOU WILL GET YOUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE CUNNINGHAM CLAIMS beds that would be very valuable if they were nearer the market. Unfortunately, Cape Lisburne is up in the Arctic Ocean, above Bering Sea, and is shut in by ice for nine or ten months of the year. There have been stories of a number of other rich finds, but so far as is definitely known there are only two fields of really high-grade coal that are within reasonably easy reach. Of these two the Matanuska is probably the best, and it is the one to which Secretary Fisher wants the Government to build a railway; but the Bering River is a little nearer and has thus far attracted a great deal more attention.

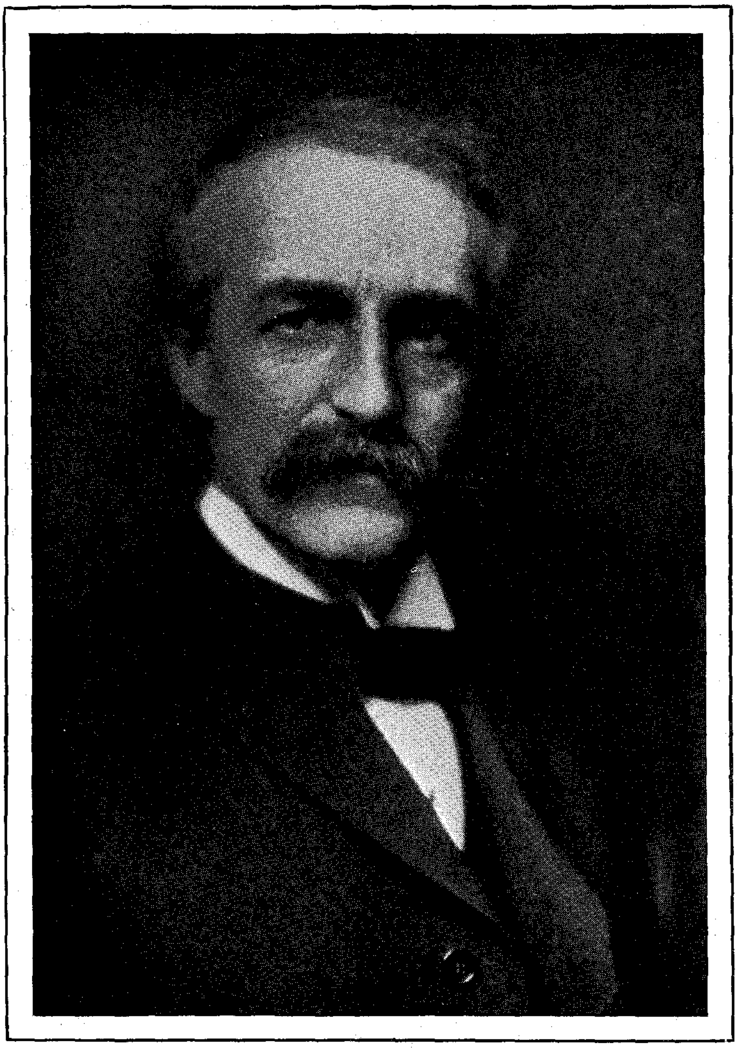
All the coal in this field is found in a certain geological formation to which the Government geologists have given the same name that Louis gave his big canoe—the Kushtaka. It does not cover the whole region, but crops out in detached areas of different shapes and sizes, aggregating about forty-seven square miles, or thirty thousand acres. These areas have been traced by the Geological Survey, and are shown in black on the map below. The workable veins do not cover the whole of them, however, for in some portions the seams are thick and easily accessible, while in others they disappear entirely. On the other hand, there may be some veins outside the black spaces that are not yet known to the Survey. Practically all of the known veins are covered by coal claims, as well as a great deal of other land which probably contains no coal at all.

The actual value of the field is a point on which there has been great difference of opinion. We must protect our property, no matter whether it is valuable or not. We cannot permit anything to be stolen. But it is worth while to try to get some definite idea of what it is worth—if we can.

The test on the Nebraska showed that the semi-bituminous coal of the southwestern portion of the field is excellent for steaming purposes, and it is believed that it will also make good coke, which is very much needed on the coast for smelting copper. In the other end of the field, toward the northeast, there are veins of anthracite, the chemical analysis of which is almost as good as that of the best Pennsylvania hard coal. Between the two is a belt of "semi-anthracite"—a soft coal which burns without smoke and gives out a great deal of heat. There seems to be no doubt that all these coals will show a higher analysis and better heat-producing qualities than anything that is now being mined anywhere around the Pacific Ocean, from the


Cordova
Inlet
Orca
L. Eyak
C.R.&N.W.RY.
Main Line to the Copper Fields
Copper R.
Possible Alternate to Coal Fields
Proposed Branch to Coal Fields
25 Miles Cut Out
Tokun R.
Martin River
GLACIER
GLACIER
GLACIER
CUNNINGHAM CLAIMS
GLACIER
Lake
Lake
Lake
Bering Lake
RYAN RAILWAY
BERING GLACIER
NATIONAL FOREST BOUNDARY
Katalla
MARTIN ISLANDS
Abandoned Breakwater
CONTROLLER BAY
A B C D
Tide Flats
Ship Channel
Shoal Water
Tide Flats
PACIFIC OCEAN
Coal-bearing Formation
Area Eliminated from Nat. Forest, Oct. 28, 1910
A,B,C,D Ryan Claims
Railway in Operation (Alaska Syndicate)
Proposed Railways (Syn., Ryan, and Others)
Scale of Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5 10

CONTROLLER BAY, THE BERING RIVER COAL-FIELDS, AND THE RAILWAYS



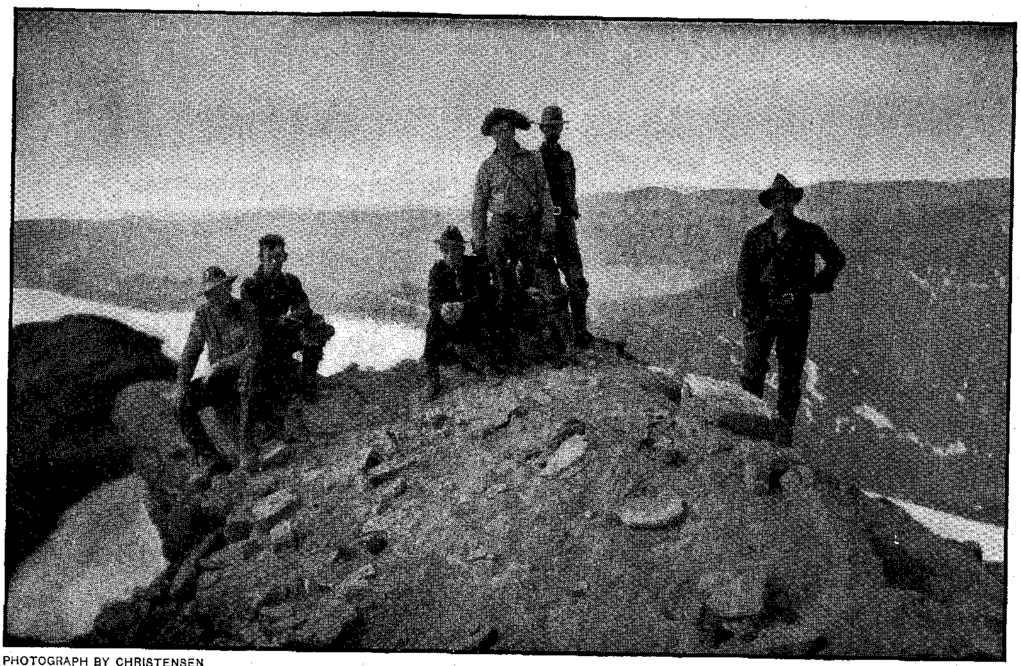
GIFFORD PINCHOT, FORMER UNITED STATES FORESTER

Who has been vigilant both as public officer and private citizen in protecting the people's property in Alaska, and who has consistently advocated the retention of the ownership of the coal-fields by the United States Government and the leasing of the rights to mine the coal

North Pole to the South, and from Alaska to New Zealand. But chemical analysis and heat-producing qualities are not enough to make a good commercial proposition.

I think it is not very generally known that there are large beds of anthracite in Washington State within a hundred miles of Seattle and within easy reach of the railways. Anthracite is very much wanted in the coast cities, and small quantities are brought all the way from Pennsylvania and sold at very high prices. If this, which is so close at hand, could be used, it would certainly command a market. But it is not mined, for the reason that it has been so badly crushed by movements of the rocks above and below it that it falls to dust as soon as any attempt is made to dig it out. Much the same thing has happened at Bering River. This whole region was very much disturbed geologically when the Chugach Mountains were thrown up, and the coal was ground between the strata like wheat between the millstones. Some of it can still be taken out in lumps, but no veins have ever been opened that are as hard and firm as those of Pennsylvania, and some are so badly smashed that a man can thrust his fingers into them and pull the coal out by handfuls.

In the semi-bituminous this crushed condition is not so serious as in the anthracite, for when coal containing bitumen is thrown



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTENSEN

ON THE PEAK OF CARBON MOUNTAIN

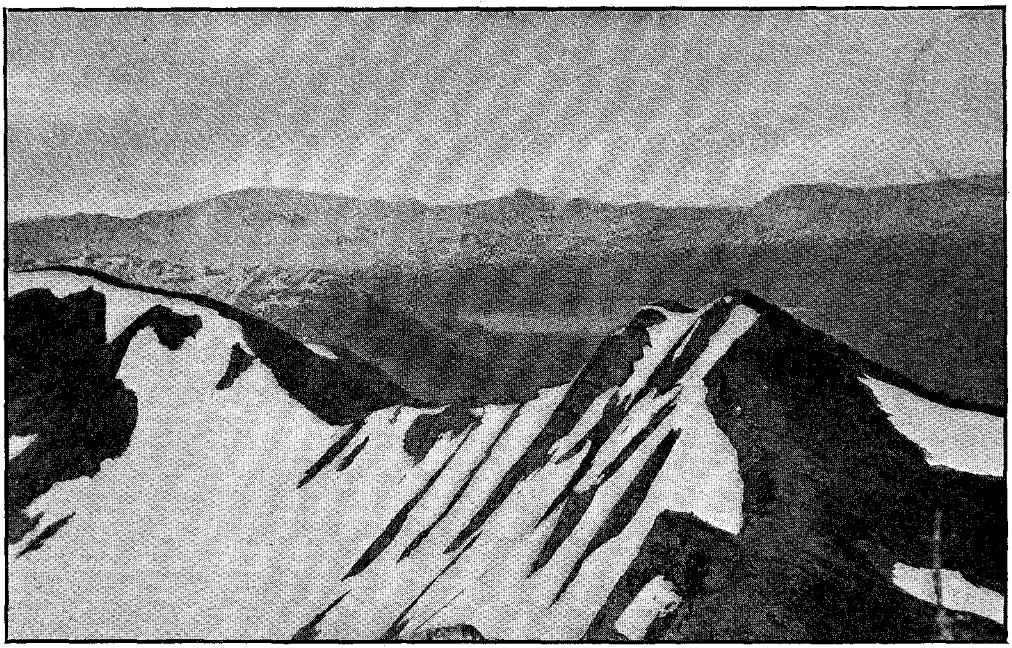
on to a hot fire it immediately "cakes" and forms a semi-solid mass. For steaming purposes and for making coke this crushed semi-bituminous is as good as lump. Anthracite, on the other hand, never cakes, and it is almost impossible to use it except in lumps. But even in the semi-bituminous the crushing is a disadvantage, for the reason that in most mines it is necessary to have some sort of support to hold up the roof, and the general custom is to leave pillars of coal. At Bering River this cannot be done, because the coal is not sufficiently firm and solid to carry any heavy weight. Timber props will have to be used instead, and will add considerably to the expense of mining.

Not only has the coal been crushed, but in many places the veins have been twisted and folded, or even broken off short, by the movements of the earth, while in others they have been "pinched," so that in one spot a seam may be very thick, while a few rods farther on it may be very thin, or may even vanish entirely. Bulletin 335 of the United States Geological Survey, entitled "Geology and Mineral Resources of the Controller Bay Region, Alaska," on the one hand, points out that coal, apparently abundant, is sometimes found to be cut off by a fault, that in the coal of a certain vein the amount of ashes is excessive, and that in certain cases "overturned folds" will probably make mining difficult; but, on the other hand, gives figures showing very large coal deposits.

In 1909 three men were sent out by the Government to examine the Cunningham claims—Mr. Kennedy, of the General Land Office; Mr. Fisher, of the Geological Survey; and Mr. Wingate, in the employ of the Forest Service. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Fisher reported very large amounts of coal. Mr. Wingate reported that from a commercial point of view the claims were worthless, but, though his judgment is regarded by many as trustworthy, his report was never accepted as the official opinion of the Forest Service. In view of these estimates it is certainly the part of wisdom to assume that the claims are valuable and well worth preserving.

But the fact is that nobody knows what the Bering River coal is worth; and it does not seem to me at all certain that it can be profitably mined at the present time and under present conditions, though there are many men who want to try.

However, in considering whether the Government should lease the lands or sell them outright, we should remember that the profits or losses of to-day may not be any indication of future value. One important factor in the present situation is that, all up and down the Pacific Coast, California crude oil is crowding coal out of the markets in a very



PHOTOGRAPH BY EVANS

CHRISTOPHER RIDGE IN THE COAL CLAIMS

remarkable manner. In locomotives, in the furnaces of ocean-going steamers, on river boats, in electric light plants, in factories, in a few private residences, and even in lumber camps, petroleum is making its way, and at prices with which Alaska coal will have difficulty in competing. It has been estimated that it will actually pay to burn oil in locomotives hauling coal out of the Bering River field. But this factor will by and by disappear, for in the course of time—perhaps in twenty-five years, perhaps in fifty—the wells of California will be exhausted. When that time comes, and perhaps before, Alaskan coal can hardly fail to be exceedingly valuable, unless, indeed, we find some other source of heat and light and power which will enable us to do away with fuel altogether. Moreover, there are some uses to which oil is not suited. It does not seem very likely to take the place of coal in the navy, for the reason that our men-of-war must be able to visit parts of the world where oil cannot always be obtained, while coal can be purchased almost anywhere. For smelting, also, oil has not yet been found very satisfactory. There is still a market for high-grade coal on the coast, and that market may grow very rapidly, though it is not now so large as is generally supposed.

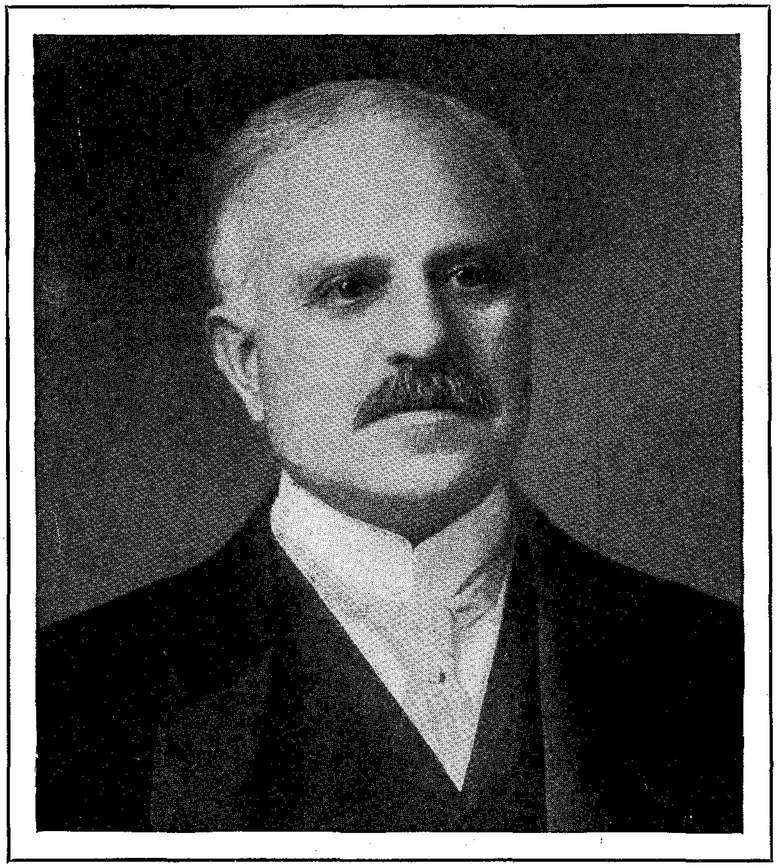
The laws concerning the entry of coal claims in Alaska are a very interesting subject, and one which has provoked a great deal of discussion and many decided differences of opinion. Last spring two Federal judges made two very important rulings concerning them which were diametrically opposite. Only a few weeks ago a case involving these rulings was argued before the Supreme Court of the United States, and it is probable that a decision will be rendered before this article is in print. All that we can do here is to give, in the fewest possible words, the most important features of the law as it is interpreted by the General Land Office.

All the coal claims in the Bering River field were located under an act passed in 1904. Some of them have been relocated under an act passed in 1908, but these relocations are not all valid, and the law of 1904 is the one under which most of the questions and difficulties have arisen. Under this law a claimant was required, first, to " open or improve " a mine upon his claim. " Opening or improving a mine " is a phrase which has been interpreted in somewhat different ways, but as used in " the States " it has generally meant that the claimant must make an opening of some kind—a hole, a trench, or a tunnel—exposing a reasonably large amount of coal in such a manner that it could be taken out in commercial quantities and carried away The Alaska claimant had also to mark the corners of his claim with permanent monuments, and within a year he had to file a notice of location in the Government Land Office at Juneau. He then had the right to purchase the land at ten dollars an acre at any time within the next three years. No claim could contain more than one hundred and sixty acres, and, under the ruling of the General Land Office, no man could take more than one claim. An association might take three hundred and twenty acres, but no more. In "the States," in some cases and under certain conditions, an association might take six hundred and forty acres, but there is a ruling of the General Land Office on the law under which these claims were located that this does not apply to Alaska. Each claimant must take his land for his own use and benefit, and not, either in whole or in part, for the benefit of any one else. It was not required that every claimant should go upon his claim in person, or should personally open his mine. If he preferred, he might give another man a power of attorney to do it for him. But everything that the attorney did must be done for the benefit of the claimant. The attorney must not use the claimant's name to get lands for himself or for any one else.

About three hundred coal claims have been located at Bering River, and about eleven hundred in all Alaska, but the great majority of the claimants have never been in the Territory. In most cases they are men and women living in the States who have given money and powers of attorney to "agents," who have gone to the coal-fields and done the work. Generally each agent has represented a number of claimants, and has tried as far as possible to locate them on adjoining lands. Thus groups of claims have been formed which are usually known by the names of their agents, and so we have the "Cunningham group," the "Stracey group," the "Green group," the "Doughton group," and many others. All this was not in itself illegal, but it was apt to lead to illegalities. In some cases there seem to have been agreements that the agent was to have a share in each claim, and in some the agent was to have the whole claim, giving the claimant a sum of money—sometimes one hundred dollars, and sometimes less—for the use of his name and his power of attorney. This is what is known as the "dummy entry" practice, and a number of men are now under criminal indictment for indulging in it. Whether those indictments will come to trial depends upon the decision of the Supreme Court in the case I have already mentioned. Personally, I believe they will stand and the cases will be tried.

In other cases there is evidence that the claimants in a given group were holding their claims for the joint benefit of all, and not each one for himself, as the law requires. It has been officially decided that the Cunningham group comes into this class. There were thirty-three claims, covering a little over five thousand acres, and Mr. Cunningham transacted all the business for all of them. He bought out the rights of some squatters who were on the land before his arrival. He surveyed the claims. He filed the necessary papers in the Land Office. He employed men and made a great many openings, exposing the coal. He drove a few very long tunnels. He opened trails to some of the claims. He built cabins on two or three of them. He surveyed a route for a railway leading from the claims down to Controller Bay. He had the bay itself examined by an engineer to see whether it would make a suitable harbor. He spent a little money in investigating a possible water power, which he thought could be made to furnish electricity for driving the machinery of a mine. He spent several thousand dollars in surveying forest land from which he expected to get a supply of mine timbers. Work of this kind is very expensive in Alaska, and by the time he and the other claimants were ready to buy their claims they had invested about seventy thousand dollars, besides the purchase price, which amounted to fifty thousand more. This seventy thousand dollars, from which Mr. Cunningham also drew his own salary of two hundred dollars a month, was all in one common fund. No attempt was made to use any man's money on his own claim, but everything was lumped together. It was not all put up at once, but whenever Mr. Cunningham found that the cash was running low he would levy an assessment of a hundred dollars, or two hundred, or perhaps two hundred and fifty, on each "subscriber"—the word he sometimes used in speaking of the claimants. These assessments were always paid, and generally without any protest or delay. It was soon known that some of the claims were worth much more than some of the others, and that some might be worth nothing at all, but the men whose claims were the poorest continued to pay as much into the general fund as those who had the best. When men share and share alike in the expenses of such an enterprise, is it not reasonable to suppose that they expect to share equally in the profits? There is other evidence pointing in the same direction, but we need not stop to consider it. If the Cunningham claimants did have an understanding among themselves that they would share their profits, then they had practically formed an association which was attempting to secure title to over five thousand acres of coal lands, whereas the law says that no association shall take more than three hundred and twenty.

Furthermore, the Government contends that not one of the Cunningham people had really opened or improved a mine on his claim. This contention has created considerable consternation among other Alaska coal claimants, for few, if any, have done as much work on their claims, or spent as much money on them, as the Cunningham people had on some of theirs. It has been feared that the Government is going to insist that in order to have "opened a mine" a man must have actually carried the coal to market and sold it. In most cases this has been impossible, for most of the Alaskan claims are out of reach of transportation. But, as I understand it, the Government does not say that coal must have been carried away and sold. What it does say is that the opening must be such that coal can be taken from it in commercial quantities whenever transportation is provided, and that the opening *must be made for that purpose*, and not as a mere "prospect." A prospect, as the word is used in the record of the hearings of the Cunningham case, is an opening made to determine where the coal lies, how much there is of it, and whether it is of good quality, and not with the expectation that a permanent mine will be located at that particular point. A great many prospects may be opened on one claim, but there will probably be only one mine. The *purpose*



DANIEL GUGGENHEIM
Who has been active in the development of Alaska by private capital

of the claimant in making the opening seems to be an important factor in determining whether it is or is not a mine, according to the Government's view; and as regards the Cunningham claimants, their foreman has testified that all their openings, even the longest of the tunnels, were intended to be prospects, and not mines.

On these two points—unlawful association between the claimants, and failure to open a mine—the Cunningham claims were canceled. And on these two points, together with the dummy entry practice, most of the eleven hundred other claims still pending in Alaska will in all probability be canceled as fast as the General Land Office can dispose of them. The details and formalities are not yet complete, but most of the evidence has been gathered, and I think the issue is no longer doubtful. Unless all signs fail, the lands are coming back into the hands of the Government, for us to do with as we will.

The long struggle by which this notable recovery of a very important part of the public domain was accomplished cannot be retold here. My task is to tell what is now going on in Alaska, and to discuss the needs of the present and the future. But I cannot pass it over without saying that the thing was not done without much hard, patient labor on the part of many faithful public servants—notably Gifford Pinchot and James R. Garfield, under Mr. Roosevelt's administration—and heavy sacrifices on the part of a few. Let us give these men all the honor and gratitude that are due them. If the claims had been patented, there can be little doubt that they would have found their way into the hands of a great monopoly. As it is, they are still ours, and it will be our own fault if we do not handle them in the way that will be for the greatest good of the greatest number. A very real victory has been won for us.

On the other hand, now that the immediate danger seems to be over, I think it will do us no harm to glance for a moment at another phase of the matter.

Up to 1900 there was not even a pretense of a law governing the disposition and use of Alaska's coal lands. In that year an act was passed extending the laws of the United States to Alaska, but it proved inoperative for the reason that those laws applied only to lands which were already surveyed, or which could be surveyed within a short time from base meridians already established. There were neither surveys nor meridians in Alaska. The law of 1904 proved very unsatisfactory, and seemed, for a time, to be giving everything into the hands of speculators. The situation became so alarming that in 1906, on the recommendation of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, President Roosevelt suspended it by withdrawing all the remaining coal lands from entry. It is safe to say that it will never be revived. Later the General Land Office set to work to see if the claims that had been located under it were really valid, with the result that we have already seen. Probably a few of them will be patented, but in my opinion only a very few. The act of 1908 was meant to assist those locaters who were honest and had acted in good faith, but who were hampered by the unreasonable limitations of the earlier law. But so far it seems to have accomplished little or nothing. Moreover, it applies only to locations previously made, and makes no provision whatever for the future. For the last five years President Roosevelt, President Taft, and many others have been urging that the lands should be leased. If their wishes and advice had been followed, the coal of Alaska would now be in the markets, whether the operators were making money or not. That they have not been followed is due to the opposition of men in and out of Congress who have preferred—sometimes conscientiously, sometimes not—to keep the coal locked up rather than to permit the establishment of the new system. And so, after all these years of trouble, we are back again just about where we were in the beginning. Is it a thing to be proud of?

The men who have won back for us the property that we were throwing away—they have a right to be proud, no doubt—but have we?

Not one man in all Alaska has ever yet been given full title to a single piece of coal land, or has even succeeded in making any positive arrangement with the Government for the use of it and the mining of the coal. A few have gone ahead and done a little mining for local requirements without any such arrangement, but they have had to do it at their peril. Is it right that such a condition should exist?

Last spring the Alaska Syndicate, otherwise known as the "Morganheims," completed the main line of its new railway, the Copper River and Northwestern, leading from Cordova to the copper-fields two hundred miles back in "the interior." It had been expected that a branch line would be built to the Bering River coal-fields, but there was so little prospect of the opening of any coal mines that the Syndicate decided to let it wait a while. Two or three thousand men who had been engaged in construction work were accordingly discharged. Most of them came out to Cordova, and they and the Cordova people sat down to talk it over. The more they talked about it, the less they liked it, and one day they sent fifty or more telegrams to the President, asking that the coal-fields be opened.

They had hoped for an immediate reply by telegraph, but it did not come, and as the days went by they became more and more stirred up. Life is apt to be a little monotonous in Alaska when there is no work going on, and you are apt to do too much thinking and to lose your sense of proportion. The appeal to the President had apparently failed, and there was nothing left but an appeal to the country. What could they do that would rouse the attention of the whole United States?

On the Syndicate's wharf there was a big pile of coal that had been imported from British Columbia, and some one suggested that they might hold a "Cordova Coal Party," after the fashion of the Boston Tea Party of a hundred and thirty-odd years before. It could be very easily arranged, and probably without any trouble or unpleasantness. The wharf was just outside the city limits, and the city authorities had no police power over it. The only official who could stop them in the name of the law was the United States deputy marshal, and the marshal could go out of town for a day or two on "important business." It would not be necessary to throw very much coal overboard. Just a little—enough to make a story—and the newspapers would do the rest.

The programme was carried out to the letter. On the 4th of May the marshal left town, and several hundred men, accompanied by a photographer, marched down to the wharf. There they stood around and had their pictures taken, and occasionally some one picked up a shovelful of coal and poured it into the water. The chief of police—who, by the way, is not only the chief but the whole force—appeared and ordered them to disperse and go home, but they told him it was none of his business. Thereupon he hurried off to the office of the United States Commissioner and had himself sworn in as a deputy marshal. Then he came back and again ordered the people to disperse, and this time, slowly and leisurely, with a good deal of laughter and joking, they obeyed.

From an account published in a local paper I clip the following:

> A company employee grabbed a shovel away from one of the shovelers, but soon saw the futility of resisting such a large and determined crowd, which furnished the only unpleasant incident of the afternoon.

If you ask a Cordova man just how much coal was actually shoveled off the wharf, he generally says, "Well, it's pretty hard to tell."

Generally he grins as he says it; sometimes he looks sheepish, and sometimes he tries to look fierce. There are a few, however, who are willing to talk. The Syndicate's general freight and passenger agent assured me most positively that the company lost somewhere from ninety to a hundred and twenty tons. One of the leaders of the "Party" has estimated it at from ten to twenty tons. An eye-witness whom I think unprejudiced and reliable believes it was not more than a ton and a half, and says the people had a very good time. Another person who ought to be in a position to know tells me it was about four hundred pounds. I am inclined to think that one ton is near enough to the truth for all practical purposes. As for lawlessness, there was about as much of it as there is in the midnight pranks of a parcel of college boys. The Alaskans, as a class, may have their faults, but they are one of the most law-abiding peoples to be found on any frontier on the globe.

The thing worked. Oh, how it worked! Never before in all the history of journalism had so much advertising been bought so cheaply. The New York "Sun" of the next morning had a despatch on its front page saying that a mob had shoveled all the foreign coal in town into the bay, and that excitement was running very high. Two days later it printed an editorial on "Stagnant Alaska." The Chicago "Record-Herald" said the President had been asked to send troops to quell the rioting. As for the Seattle papers, they were nothing but circus-type headlines and exclamation points. From one end of the land to the other Alaska and her woes were on every page. The whole Territory was in a blaze of revolution, the Spirit of '76 had arisen from the grave, and John Brown's soul was marching on, shouting the battle-cry of freedom—according to all the newspapers. As a publicity scheme it was a howling success.

It sounds funny now, and yet behind it all there was a feeling that the Government was far away and that Alaska was neglected.

To these people—not the claimants, remember, but the people of this portion of Alaska—the opening of the coal-fields means not merely the money to be made out of selling coal. They hope it will mean also the erection of smelters and the building of railways, and that the railways, in turn, will mean the opening of new sections of country that may be rich in gold and in copper and perhaps in farming lands. In short, they hope it will mean business activity and prosperity in a very large region that is now almost dead. That is what they desire, rather than the personal gain of any individual claimant or group of claimants; and some of them are growing gray while they wait for it, and some are reaching the hour when they can wait no more for anything.

Nevertheless, I am persuaded that in the end this long delay will work out to the advantage of Alaska itself as well as of the rest of the Nation, and that when the fields are at last thrown open to the miner it will be on a better plan—better for every one concerned except the speculator and the monopolist, and perhaps, in some cases, the small operator who is obliged to borrow money to carry on his business—than any that we have ever used before in the handling of our coal lands. Many Alaskans will differ with me on this point, but some, at least, have already expressed their confidence in the success of such a system. Shortly after Secretary Fisher returned from his northern trip he received a letter from the scene of the Coal Party, reading in part as follows:

> Cordova, Alaska,
> September 1, 1911.
>
> *Hon. Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.*
>
> *Mr. Secretary:*
>
> In the paper presented to you by the Cordova Chamber of Commerce upon the occasion of your recent visit to Alaska, it was stated that the said Chamber was opposed to the plan of leasing the coal lands of Alaska, for the reason that it was not believed that a satisfactory leasing law could be passed by Congress within any reasonable time. Now, we do not desire to be understood as being opposed to the plan or system of leasing the coal lands. With us, the question and the best method of solving the same are largely matters of expediency.
>
> After mature consideration of the views expressed and the statements made by you upon the subject, and having absolute confidence in your sincerity and earnestness in the matter, we have come to believe that you will evolve a leasing plan and secure its enactment into law that will satisfactorily solve this vexed question. Having this belief, we beg leave to submit a brief statement of our views as to the scope and character of such a law.

There follow a number of practical suggestions which are very interesting, and which I may be able to take up in detail in a later article. The letter ends as follows:

> We believe you have a thorough understanding of this subject and are sincerely desirous of solving the matter in the best possible way for all parties interested. We offer the foregoing suggestions in good faith and for what they are worth, because we wish to assist you in every way possible.
>
> Very respectfully,
> JNO. Y. OSTRANDER,
> G. C. HAZELET,
> H. G. STEEL,
> Committee.

Late in October Mr. Fisher delivered an address in Chicago in which he outlined what seemed to him the proper policy for the Government to pursue in Alaska, the leasing system being a part of the programme. A few days later he received the following telegram:

> Seward, Alaska,
> Nov. 2, 1911.
>
> *Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, Washington:*
>
> Mass-meeting Seward people most heartily indorse your policy advocated before Mining Congress. Godspeed.
>
> SEWARD COMMERCIAL CLUB.

It should not be forgotten, in reading this correspondence, that the leasing system is nothing new.

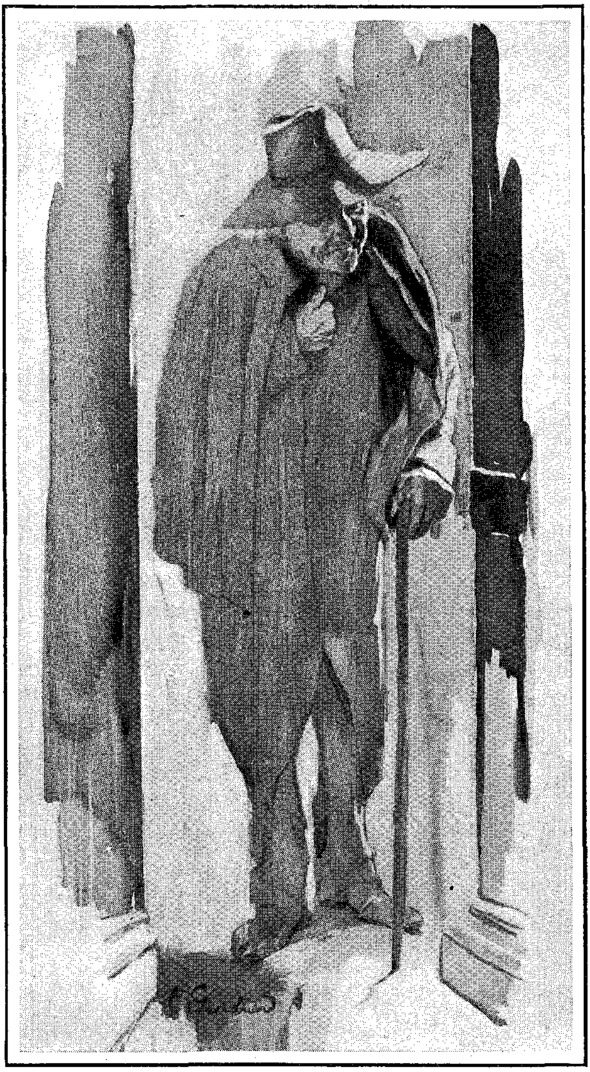
And now, has there not been about enough of delay? Is it not about time for something constructive? Has not the time arrived for us to insist that in the coming months Congress shall take the action that has been recommended to it again and again by two Presidents for the last five years, and shall, by a well-thought-out leasing plan such as the Conservationists have consistently advocated, such as our Chief Executives have repeatedly advised, and such as the present Secretary of the Interior wishes to put into operation, enable the people of Alaska to develop the resources around them in a way that shall be for their own good and for the good of the Nation?

[The second article in the Alaska Series will appear in an early issue. See editorial comment on another page in the present number.]

THE REAPPEARANCE

BY ALPHONSE COURLANDER

WITH DRAWINGS BY FREDERICK GARDNER



I

GRINGOLARD, the old dresser at the Comédie Française, was certanly a character. To begin with, nobody knew within a score of years how old he was. He had memories which took his listener back for more than three-quarters of a century, and when he was in the mood he would babble of the glories of the old players; of Sarrine, and Poiteron, and those who had long since put off their motley and lain with still voices—dead.

Gringolard had outlived them all. He had dressed them and undressed them between the acts in the old dressing-room of the Comédie, where their photographs, faded and dim, showing them in quaint wigs and costumes, were all that was left of their greatness. Gringolard, artist among dressers, whose night was spoiled if a cravat was not tied just so, sent them from the dressing-room and stole softly round to the wings, night after night, to catch the applause that filled the house.

He remembered them all. A new generation of players were strutting the boards now, but Gringolard still went on in the old way. Perhaps his wrinkled fingers fumbled a little over the buttons as he did them up; perhaps he was not quite so quick with the towel and the cocoa-butter, or the hare's-foot and the grease-paints. But he still took a mighty interest in the drama, and, though he was offered a pension, he would not retire.

Once, long ago, they had tried to forestall Gringolard, and a dapper young man with oily hair, a pink face, and a white apron appeared in the dressing-room that was usually his—the room of the Comédie's principal comedian. On the night in question Gringolard turned up as usual, much to the consternation of the comedian (it was La Thargue, who is now an old man, tending his vines in Argelliers), and, without so much as a word, put the dapper young man on one side and did his work. No use to remonstrate with him; Gringolard declined to argue; he just went on with his work like an automaton, delivering a sponge, or a pair of hose, or a wig to La Thargue at the end of every harangue that was meant to bring the old man to reason.

After that representations were made in high quarters, and nobody molested Gringolard any more. He was suffered to remain, and so he came every evening into the theater by the stage door—an odd little bent figure, stooping with his unknown age, his silver-gray hair straggling uncut and unkempt over his shoulders. He wore a wide slouch hat, very greasy and very battered, and this, with his Inverness cloak, made him look like an old actor whom fortune had forsaken.

He was clean-shaven, and his thin lips met together over his well-nigh toothless gums, working perpetually. You see him, I hope, this old man, with his shaking fingers and watery blue eyes that blinked as if the very light of day were becoming too strong for him, taking off his hat and mumbling a greeting when the great ones of the Comédie passed him in the passage with a "*Bon soir*, Gringolard."

Though he used to patronize Troly, the fine comedian, whose father he had dressed, he knew well enough that Troly was his friend; he knew well enough that, rather than complain, Troly did much more in the way of dressing himself than he should do. If the shaking fingers missed a button, Troly's firm young fingers came silently to his aid. To have sworn at Gringolard would have broken his heart.

Gringolard and Troly used to talk of many things: of the past, of the famous ones who had made their names, and of Marianne Ducaux—La Grande Marianne—the greatest actress they had known. He remembered La Grande Marianne's début, when the people had laughed at her because she was so thin, when caricaturists had drawn pictures satirizing that very slimness that had counted so much in her career. He remembered her playing in "La Dame aux Camélias," the tremendous sensation she made, and the fame that followed.

He was full of the glories of La Grande Marianne. . . . Well, she was an old woman, as slim as ever, living quietly in a flat near the Étoile, far away from the yellow footlights and the noise of the theater she loved.

"I read in the 'Figaro,'" said Troly, "that Fuchs has offered La Grande Marianne twenty thousand francs a week if she will play in 'La Passé.'"

Gringolard shook his head. "He might as well offer twenty thousand francs to the moon. She will never appear again. She is finished with the stage."

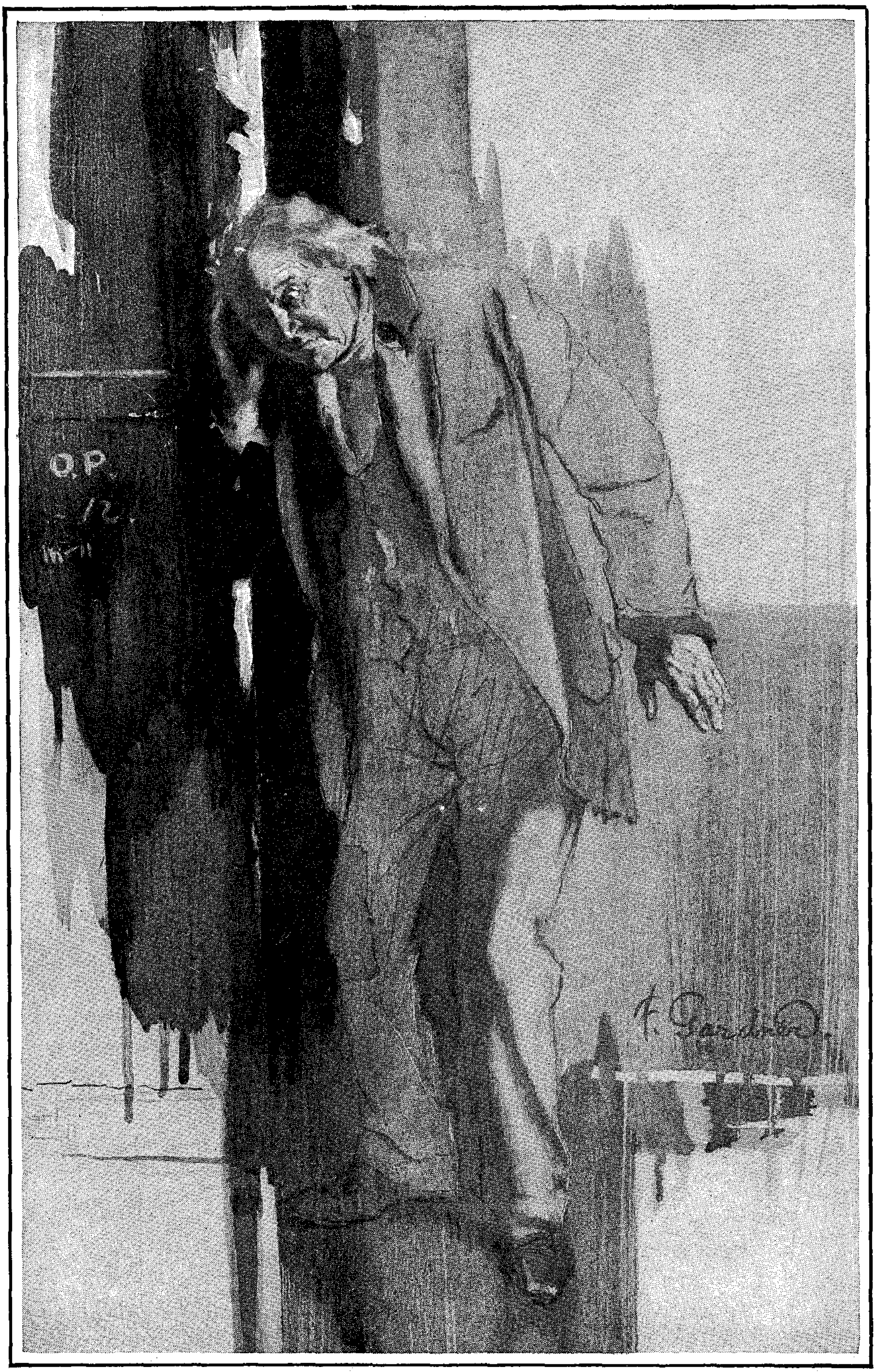
Gringolard smiled. "I know," he added, slyly; "I am permitted the privilege of taking *five o'clock* sometimes with her. . . ." He sighed. "Ah! La Grande Marianne never forgets her old friends. . . ."

That was all. A small matter of dressing-room gossip, yet Troly had occasion to remember it. For the present the offer became the talk of the boulevards, and there was much speculation as to whether La Grande Marianne would return to the stage. The "Matin" published the story of the offer, with diagrams of money-bags, showing the relative salaries of monarchs and Cabinet Ministers compared with that which Fuchs, of the Apollo, was anxious to pay so that the public could hear Ducaux's silver voice again.

You read of it in London, possibly, for the Paris correspondents sent the news to London—nay, they even interviewed Ducaux, and I take this passage from one interview:

"'*Mais, mon cher*,' said La Grande Marianne, 'you may rest assured that I have retired from the stage forever; I am tired of acting. Nothing will ever induce me to touch a stick of grease-paint again. No, not if they offered me thrice twenty thousand pounds.'"

The French papers interviewed Ducaux,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F. Gardner

"STOLE SOFTLY AROUND TO THE WINGS, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, TO CATCH THE APPLAUSE THAT FILLED THE HOUSE" too, and to them she said the same thing, and when talk about her refusal was at its busiest, and even among the actors and actresses of the Comédie Française it became one of the chief topics, it was suddenly forgotten for a far more important happening. . . .

For the first time in Heaven knows how many years Gringolard did not come, as usual, to his work.

II

His non-appearance caused a sensation, it is true, that lasted some days in the theater, but, after the first choruses of surprise, when a new dresser had appeared to take his place, it became merely the usual thing to ask Troly every night as he came up the stair: "*Eh bien*, Troly, any news of Gringolard?" or, "Has Gringolard turned up yet?" The only answer to these questions was a head-shake.

To tell the truth, Troly knew as little about Gringolard as any one. It was a strange thing that when he departed from them they found that the old man who had been sharing their nightly lives for years had kept all real knowledge of himself from them. Every one thought that he knew Gringolard: of course they knew him; why, he was "a character," "*un drôle de type;*" but all they knew was that he was Gringolard. Nothing more. Where he lived, whether he was married, or had children—these were the things touching upon the every-day life of Gringolard of which they were ignorant.

But Troly, with the memory of the old man's talks with him, memories of the loyalty and love with which he spoke of the greater Troly who was dead, took it upon himself to seek out Gringolard. He knew well enough that something very serious must have happened to keep Gringolard away from the theater.

"Oh, perhaps he's tired of work," Lesdain, the tragedian, said to him. "I shouldn't worry myself about him, if I were you, Troly. Depend upon it, the old chap's saved up a nice snug little sum and is all right."

Troly knew otherwise. Troly knew of Gringolard's patched and shabby coat with its threadbare, shiny elbows, and the red muffler he wore round his neck because he was too poor to buy collars and have them washed. Troly knew the large red fingers that trembled as much from lack of food as from old age, and he had seen them close tightly round the coins that he had given Gringolard weekly.

Well, whether Gringolard would ever have been found I cannot say, but it so happened about a week after his disappearance that an old woman with a shawl round her head and in a tattered dress clutched Troly by the arm one night as he was leaving the theater, and said, in a voice that was husky with the drinking of many *p'tits verres*, "Gringolard wants you."

Troly was first overcome with joy to hear the message which meant the end of his search, for he had hunted clue after clue looking for the old man's address; then he remembered with a shock that he was standing in the full glare of a lamp, with this hag plucking at a shoulder-sleeve, in the crowded place of the Comédie Française, where open motor cars bearing people toward the cafés of the Boulevards seemed full of men and women who recognized him with curious eyes.

He pulled the woman into the gloom of the shadows. "Where is Gringolard?" he asked. "And who are you?"

"*Moi?*" she laughed, huskily. "I'm the *patronne*, his landlady; and Gringolard, where else should he be but at home?"

"Where's that?"

She gave the address of an unknown street on the other side of the river.

"*Ce pauvre Gringolard!*" she croaked; "each time he coughs it is like a nail being hammered into his coffin."

"Good God!" cried Troly, appalled at her grisly metaphor. "We must go to him at once, and get a doctor for him."

"A doctor, *ma foi!* better save up your money for the undertaker. . . . Oh, you're hurting me!" For to silence her ghoulish talk Troly had grasped her wrist fiercely and dragged her towards a cab.

She gave the address, and the cab rolled across the Pont Neuf into the streets of the Latin Quarter. Troly learned on the way that Gringolard owed her three weeks' rent. "He drank," she said, philosophically, "like the rest of us."

Troly shuddered and wrapped his coat tighter about him.

The woman laughed, and told him that she had spoken to Gringolard of sending him to the hospital. "It would give my house a bad name if he died there," she said. Whereupon Gringolard had begged her not to, and finally he had described Troly's appearance minutely, even to the mole on the side of his neck, which he had seen so often, standing just behind him, and told her to go to the Comédie and say:

"Gringolard wants you."

"'That's all you need say,' he said to me," the woman repeated. "'"Gringolard wants you." He'll come.' He said you were a generous gentleman," and she ogled Troly with a terrible leer, so that he gave her a five-franc piece rather than see her grimace at him any more.

"How long has Gringolard lived with you?" he demanded.

"Oh! la! la! more years than one can remember. He was there when my mother died. Always in one little room . . . the garret. Ah! here we are."

The cab drew up outside a ramshackle house. They passed through a courtyard, and then through two more, and with each courtyard the buildings surrounding it grew more ramshackle and dismal, until at last the woman led the way to a desolate doorway, up flights of winding wooden stairs, to a door which opened out on a little room.

"There he is," she said, and Troly saw him. . . . *Ce pauvre Gringolard!* The cracked ceiling sloped down to a little window which could never have been built to admit daylight, it was so small; and the walls of the room were bare, and clammy with the damp. A stained and rickety table stood by the window, with a chair leaning against the wall for support, since it could not stand alone on only three legs. Through the half-open cupboard Troly caught a glimpse of half a loaf of bread, a few tins, and a chipped cup and saucer; he saw a medicine bottle on a small table by the bedside, and by it a photograph frame, and in the midst of all this picture of poverty—Gringolard!

Troly went forward to the bed, with its tattered clothes hiding the thin form of the old man, to gaze upon the face that rested on the pillow.

"*Eh bien!* Gringolard," he said, gently, bending over him, "you will be better soon."

Gringolard smiled. His eyes told Troly that he wanted him to sit down. Troly, fearing the three-legged chair, took a seat on the bed. Gringolard coughed badly.

"I'm afraid I'm done for," he said. "I'm sorry I couldn't let you know before. As a matter of fact, she . . ."—meaning the old woman—"she's been drunk ever since I've been ill. . . . And I was ashamed of my house."

Ce pauvre Gringolard! Troly shuddered. To die in these unlovely surroundings, without a glimpse of the sun through the little window in this sordid room, with only a squalid woman to shut his staring eyes when all was done! It was too horrible to contemplate, and it should not be.

He called the woman and bade her fetch a doctor, and while she was gone Gringolard closed his eyes and murmured, "Jeanne-Marie."

At first Troly thought the old man was calling on some saint, but gradually out of the wandering, scattered phrases that followed he pieced together the fact that he was talking of some woman he had once known. "Jeanne-Marie," murmured Gringolard, "your hair was fair and your eyes were wonderfully blue . . . one, two, one, two—that's the way, Jeanne-Marie. . . . "

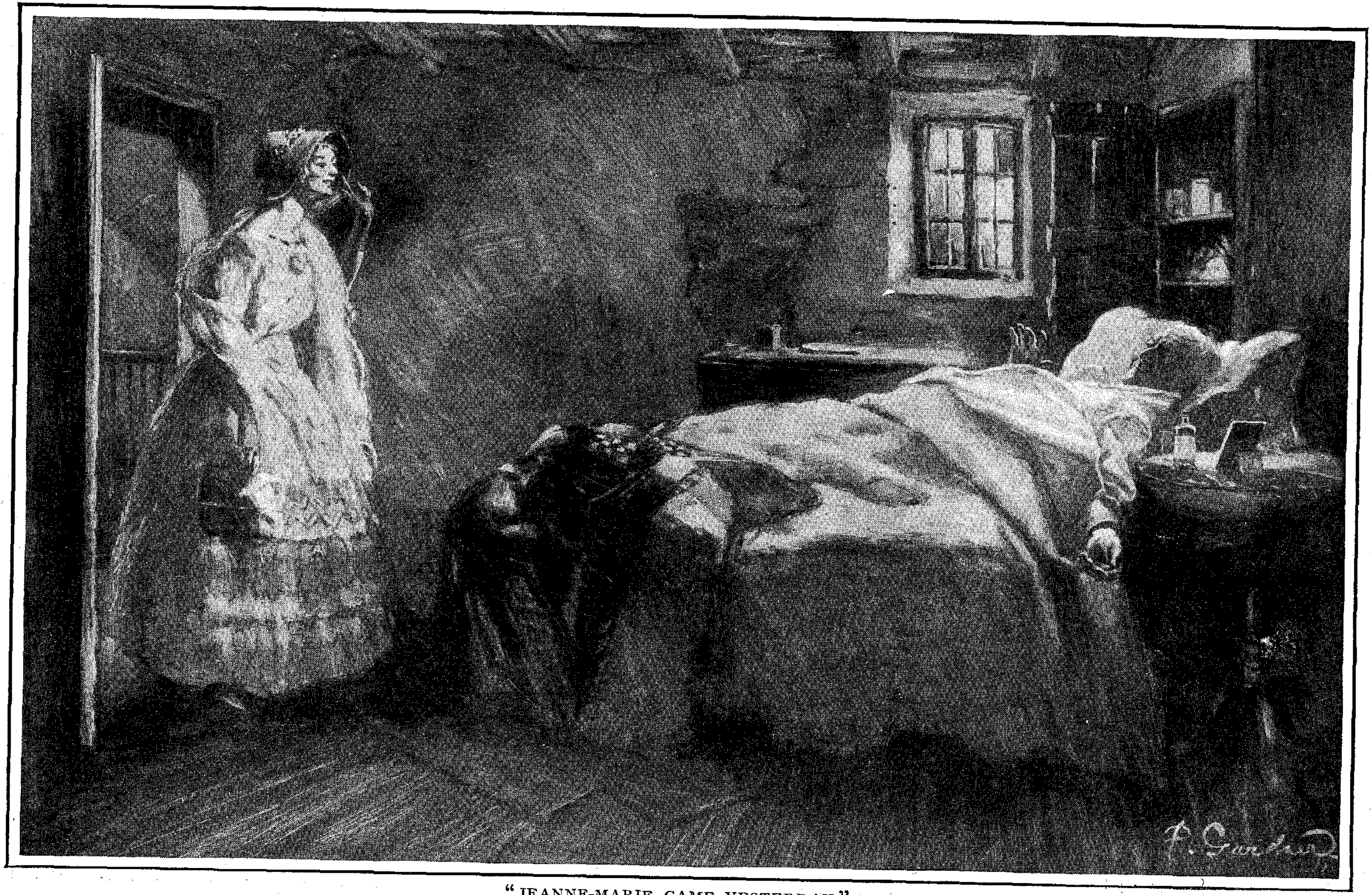
He said that over and over again. "One, two . . . one, two." And Troly pondered the meaning. The words were a riddle to him, until he suddenly saw the solution. Gringolard was speaking of his daughter: he saw her a baby again, and he was teaching her to walk. "Jeanne-Marie . . . you must not be late, and I hope you'll earn another prize." Ah! she was grown a little now, in the old man's mind. She was a little school-girl, and he was bidding her good-by. And then, later, "Jeanne-Marie, you are very beautiful . . . do not leave me. . . ." And, last of all, with a voice that quivered with sobs, "She will come back . . . she is sure to come back." Then Troly knew Gringolard's secret, and saw the human father behind the withered figure of the old man who had only dressed comedians for the play all his lifetime.

And just then the doctor came into the room. Troly told him about Gringolard, and the young doctor went to the bedside. He shook his head, and in that head-shake Troly read the condemnation of the old man to death.

"But, doctor," said Troly, "we must take him away from this . . ."—describing with an expressive head the terrible poverty of the garret with its wretched trappings. "How can a man die in such surroundings?"

"Alas!" said the doctor, "it would be dangerous to move him. It is only a question of a few days. He will linger on, and then one day his eyes will see no more. Perhaps a priest could give him comfort."

Thereupon Troly set himself the task of



"JEANNE-MARIE CAME YESTERDAY"

lightening the gloom of the few days of life that remained to Gringolard. He went away that night, promising the woman what was untold wealth to her if she would attend to every want of the dying man. And in the morning he came with his arms full of flowers and pockets that bulged with delicacies to tempt the sufferer's appetite. He told the others at the theater of Gringolard's plight, and there came a procession of them (for the hearts of the actors are among the largest in the world), smoothing his pillows, bringing him dainties, and generally making a fuss over him. Even La Grande Marianne called on him. . . . "She does not forget her old friends," said Gringolard.

But often Gringolard turned his face impatiently to the wall, and called aloud, in a voice cracked with fits of coughing, for "Jeanne-Marie." When they were alone, Troly drew the story of his daughter from him. There is no need to repeat it here; it is enough to say that she was the idol whom Gringolard worshiped; and the odd thing about it was that, though she must have been by this time a woman nearing sixty, if she were not dead, in Gringolard's imagination she was no older than eighteen. "Wonderful fair hair and blue eyes, M'sieu Troly," he murmured. "Little curls that fell over her forehead and fluttered about her temples like leaves in the autumn when she shook her head impetuously."

She must have been very beautiful in her day, this daughter of Gringolard, thought Troly, who, by listening to the descriptions which the old man was constantly repeating, seemed to know her every feature and all her pretty ways; yes, even the silver music of her laugh, "Like the bell that chimes in the evening over the river at Pont-Latour," said Gringolard.

Then the old man became petulant and whimpered for his daughter in a way that made the heart of Troly tighten its strings with sorrow for him. His one wish was to see his daughter again. The desire became so magnified that nothing else mattered; it was the only thing that held the balance between life and death. Once he had seen her, let the scales drop, for all he cared. . . .

Troly sat through very many pitiful hours.

And every now and again the doctor called and shook his head. There was nothing that he could do.

"It is a pity," he said, "that one cannot find his daughter."

"Of what avail," asked Troly, "since she would be a withered old woman, and he thinks of her as the laughing girl of eighteen?"

"Well," said the doctor, who was frankly a materialist and had as little time for sentimental business as most doctors have, "I expect it will be all over to-morrow."

. . . .

When the morning came, and brought Troly with it, he found the old man, with a singularly peaceful face, awaiting him. His fading eyes were calm, and the lines about his lips gave an expression of serenity to his mouth.

Troly wondered what could have happened. Undoubtedly some great happiness had cast a glow over the dingy room.

He wondered whether this was the rosy reflection of the future when all pain would be stilled. Gringolard solved the problem himself for Troly.

"Jeanne-Marie came yesterday," he said quietly.

"*Ce pauvre Gringolard!* . . . Delirium," thought Troly. He imagined that the old man had brooded so long on the image of his daughter that his weakening brain had woven a phantasm of her.

"She came yesterday, after you had gone, M'sieu Troly . . . through the door, over there. . . . I thought I was dreaming, my faith! . . . She shook her little curls at me and laughed wickedly, just as she used to do when she meant to have her own way.

"Oh," and he shook his head slyly, "we had quite a long talk, all about her mother and herself, and Jacques . . . he was the fellow she was engaged to. She told me she was quite happy, and they married, after all. What an old fool I was, to be sure! I thought . . . hee! hee! how foolish I was, M'sieu Troly! I thought she wouldn't have him, and that she had run away to Paris with that other man, but I was quite wrong. Why, she said that she was going to have a baby. What do you think of that, M'sieu Troly? Gringolard will be a grandfather soon."

Troly scarcely knew what to think of it. The old man rambled on with his pathetic delusions, and he listened, amazed, at the touch of actuality which Gringolard infused into his visions. There was one good thing about it—he showed marked improvement, and he cried no longer for Jeanne-Marie.

The doctor was also surprised. "If this goes on," he said, "we shall be able to remove him."

It did go on. For the next two days Troly listened to further descriptions of Jeanne-Marie. The phantasy had broadened out: he knew now the house they lived in, with its rose-clustered porch, and the green shutters, and the mignonette in the front garden. . . . There was not the slightest doubt about it, Jeanne-Marie was very happy.

"She is going to bring me another present the next time she comes," said Gringolard. "Yesterday she brought me these," and he pointed to a pair of slippers that rested on the table. They were old-fashioned green carpet slippers, with an "A" worked on them in red silk. "A stands for Antoine," croaked the old man; "that's my Christian name."

Now, the most remarkable part of it all was that those slippers were not there the day before. They were newly placed on the table. . . . Troly regarded them, fingering them gingerly, as though they were ghostly slippers that would crumble away at his touch. It seemed in very truth as if some hallowed spirit had made the room its own, for now the little window was curtained with a white curtain, and there were fine flowers everywhere that killed the squalor of the room.

Suddenly Gringolard half raised himself in his bed. "Listen," he said, uplifting a quivering finger. Troly listened, and a shiver stole up his spine and stirred the roots of his hair. For on the staircase unmistakably he heard the light footfall of a girl and the silken murmur of a woman's dress, coming, step by step, nearer and nearer, until the door was pushed softly and . . .

"Jeanne-Marie!" whispered Gringolard.

She stood in the doorway, the creature of his fancy, lifelike, real, just as Troly had pictured her himself from the patchwork of Gringolard's talk. She wore an old chintz frock of another age, shaped like a bell from the waist, falling, with its tucks and flounces, over two of the daintiest slippered feet imaginable.

Her white arms shone through the openwork of her mittens, and her elbows bared the sweetness of their dimples. Across the rounded pinkness of her shoulders fell the lilac foam of an almost transparent shawl, and her bodice was open to her slender throat.

There was the fragrance of old lavender and mauve ribbons about her; magic laughter in her blue eyes, pouting petulance in her rich red lips, willfulness in the little curls that fell in golden ringlets over her temples.

Troly had never seen anything so wonderful. . . . Thoughts blurred themselves in his mind, and his throat became parched as he saw, too, the vision of Jeanne-Marie, adorable, entrancing . . . breathing, in the doorway.

"Jeanne-Marie," said the old man, without fear. Her face changed a little as she saw Troly, and she laid her fingers to her lips to enjoin silence, and then she tripped into the room, swinging a little poke-bonnet with waving ribbons in her arms, tripping, a fairy thing of ethereal lightness.

And Troly knew that this was no vision, but a living, human woman.

She went over to the old man and sat beside him. Together they chattered of the past, as though it were to-day. She knew everything that he wanted to know. She told him about Strapotin, the old farmer who was his best friend, and the joke about the black bull that had frightened him one night when he was going home after drinking cognac unduly. Gringolard laughed raucously.

Ah, those reminiscences when roguishness and tenderness chased one another alternately in her eyes and voice! How marvelously this woman seemed to have grasped the part she was playing! She had studied everything—voice, pose, gesture, period—and now she was not acting. She was living her part. She was Jeanne-Marie.

And the old man was very happy; he smiled, and he talked, and she gave him his present—a china pipe with a cherry-wood stem, and a picture on the bowl—and in the midst of it all his face grew suddenly serene.

"Listen," he said, cocking his head on one side. "Do you hear them, Jeanne-Marie?"

Hear them? Of course she did. Why, the splendor of their glorious music was throbbing in her ears as loudly as it was in the ears of the man in the bed.

"The bells of St. Josephine," she said. "I will get your best hat and coat and your stick."

She rose and went to the cupboard that held the chipped cups and saucers and empty, battered tins, and made a pretense of fetching his things.

He sighed wearily. "I—I—think I'll have a little nap before I go to church," he said. He sank back on the pillows and held out his skinny arms. "Kiss me, little Jeanne-Marie, before I sleep," he said.

"I—I think I'll have a little nap," he said again, "before I go to church."

She gave a short, sharp cry, and ran to the bedside. Gringolard turned his face to her, and his lips and eyes were full of a love and a mercy unspeakable. And the old scent of lavender and the little curls that dangled from her head were about him as she bent over his face and kissed his forehead, and a sob came choking to her lips. *Ce pauvre Gringolard!*

Troly placed his arms about La Grande Marianne and led her from the room and put her in her brougham, that took her back to the flat where she lived, an old woman, near the Étoile.

. . . .

It was a week afterwards that Troly called upon Marianne Ducaux. "Madame," he said, bowing low over her hand. "Madame . . . " and then he shrugged his shoulders, for at the memory of her acting a lump came into his throat and prevented him speaking.

"Ah, *cher* Troly!" she said, sadly. "Tell no one of it. Speak no more of it. . . . I never thought I should act again." And then she smiled, this wonderful woman, a little quizzically. "Oh! what would Fuchs, with his twenty thousand francs, say if he knew I had reappeared?"

"He would say, Madame, that God has given you the mind of a genius and the pity of a woman."

SAPPHICS[1]

BY ANNE BUNNER

I

All the day I dreamed of you, dear, and waited.
Evening came and brought the fast-deepening shadows
While I watched for you in the far high heavens,
Watched for your homing.

You, who flew so far in the fair, clear morning,
How could I who love you clip your bright pinions,
Bid you stay beside me in meek submission,
I who so loved you?

Lovely swallow, I never have sought to cage you;
Now is evening closing around the country;
Fold your wings and come to me, bird of freedom,
Called by desire!

II

All that bright morning has scattered
Evening shall bring:
The bird flying home from high heaven
On home-weary wing.
The child that has strayed in the sunlight
With small, eager feet
Turns motherward in the evening,
Finding home sweet.
And you, dear, who in the bright morning
Soared high apart,
Come, when the shadows are deepening,
Home to my heart.
All, all that the bright morning scattered
Evening shall bring.

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[1] Sappho gave her name to a form of poetry to which she had first given life. In the few fragments that remain of her work, her vitality and her art are one and the same. This is perhaps the reason that so great a fame is justified by so small a foundation of actual work. Miss Bunner's lines are not translations, but paraphrases in the form and spirit of the original.—THE EDITORS.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER

THE BORDER PATROL

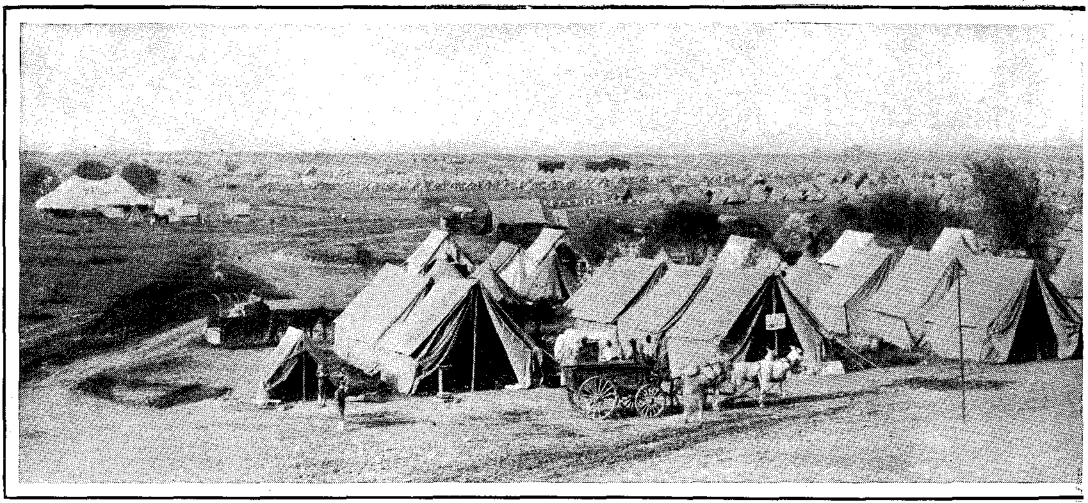
BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM H. CARTER

General Carter was in command of the large body of American regulars who were rapidly gathered together near the Mexican border at a time when it seemed necessary to guard our border from possible incursions by the contending forces in Mexico and to enforce the laws of neutrality. General Carter, who became a major-general about two years ago, had a long career of service before that time, and received from Congress a medal of honor for distinguished bravery in action against the Apaches in 1881. A brief biography before us characterizes him as "a student of army organization and administration; chiefly responsible for technical details of the military legislation as to the present army organization." Military experts and others who visited the camps near San Antonio were greatly impressed by the discipline and efficiency there exhibited, and all agree that only through the constant presence and close supervision of the commanding general could such results be brought about. General Carter was never far from camp, and no soldier ever had the discomfort of a "norther" that was not shared by him. We direct special attention to the statistics as to the health and sanitation of this camp; to accomplish such results was as great a victory as to win an important battle.—THE EDITORS.

SINCE the hour of signing the Treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo and the completion of the Gadsden Purchase the regular army has been familiar with the hardships of Mexican border patrol. For more than a quarter of a century Comanches and Apaches made eternal vigilance the price of peace, if not of life itself. Interspersed with Indian raids came the violations of neutrality of the border at irregular but frequent intervals, as this or that revolution failed and its adherents drifted towards the fords of the Rio Grande.

The rapid development of our southern neighbor in recent years, especially in the matter of railways, gradually created the belief on our part that the isolated posts along the border might profitably be abandoned; and only a few small and scattered garrisons remained in the winter of 1910–11, when the revolution against the Diaz Government was inaugurated. For a time it appeared that the Mexican Government did not regard the pronunciamento of revolution as at all serious, and that operations would be confined to isolated and unimportant points of an extensive frontier. As weeks passed, the activities of the revolutionists increased, followed by so many complaints of violations or contemplated violations of neutrality that the border patrol was materially increased on our side. It was soon apparent that the revolution had become general and that the small army of Mexican regulars and *rurales* could not be spared for the scenes of frontier disturbance then extending from Lower California to the Big Bend of the Rio Grande in Texas. Bands of revolutionists became gradually more bold, through absence of forceful and energetic operations against them. The inability of the Mexican Government to patrol the extended border increased the work on the American side, and our regiments on patrol duty were rapidly reaching the limits of extension as well as of endurance.

Many thousands of Americans were in Mexico, and many millions of capital had been invested during recent years in the development of the wonderful resources of that country. As a factor of safety and in the interest of peace, the President directed, early in March, that a division of regulars be mobilized at San Antonio, and the force on the border materially strengthened at other points. Some of the troops assigned to the Maneuver Division were already on the border between El Paso and the mouth of the Rio Grande. The remaining organizations were rapidly assembled from widely separated posts, some



THE CAMP OF THE TROOPS OF THE MANEUVER

coming from the Canadian border. The troops designated in orders as the Maneuver Division comprised a division unit of twelve regiments and a brigade of cavalry.

The orders for the mobilization were sent by telegraph during the night of March 6, 1911. As it was probable that some of the troops would be needed at once to reinforce the border patrol, the railway officials were given time to assemble proper equipment in order that the men might reach their destination in condition to take the field at once. The first regiment arrived at San Antonio on March 10, and the division headquarters was established early on the morning of the 11th. As the several organizations detrained they were conducted to their allotted camp sites, and, without delay or confusion, the Maneuver Division became an effective unit of regulars at peace strength, with the exception of the transportation of the ambulance and field hospital companies, which have not, heretofore, been maintained in personnel and animals in time of peace. The regiments had brought surplus transportation, and this was utilized for the field bakery train and field hospital and ambulance companies pending the arrival of animals being shipped for these new organizations. A rapid survey of the supply of animals available locally for purchase or hire dispelled all anxiety, for it was assured that in event of active field service an ample transport service could be obtained.

While on the train and prior to arrival at San Antonio, a conference was held by the Division Commander with the staff, and instructions given to administer the anti-typhoid vaccine to all officers, soldiers, and employees of the division. Instructions governing camp sanitation were also prepared. As the sanitary conditions of this camp have established a remarkable record, the order may profitably be quoted:

Headquarters Maneuver Division,
San Antonio, Texas,
March 11, 1911.

General Orders,
No. 2.

The following regulations for camp sanitation are published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

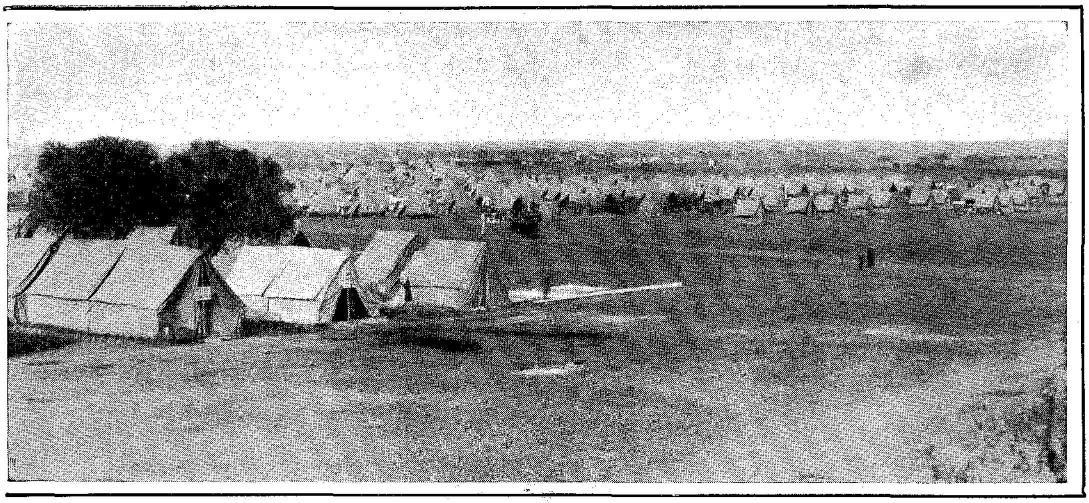
1. *Chief Surgeon.* The Chief Surgeon is charged with the general conduct and supervision of the Medical Department in the performance of its duties, and will make such assignment of personnel and material as may be required.

2. *The Sanitary Inspector.* The Sanitary Inspector is charged especially with the supervision of the sanitation of the camp. It is the duty of commanders to remedy defects reported to them by the inspector, in conformity with section 292, F. S. R.

3. *Water Supply.* The camp water supply is pure and wholesome, and no sterilization of drinking water is necessary. Precaution must be taken, however, to prevent subsequent contamination by keeping all containers scrupulously clean and protected from dust and other sources of infection.

4. *Regimental Surgeons.* The senior medical officer of each command will make at least one inspection daily of the command to which he is attached, and report any sanitary defects, with proper recommendations to remedy the same, to his commanding officer, who will immediately take the necessary steps for their correction, if within his authority. If beyond his facilities, or if considered impracticable, he will immediately forward the report, with full remarks, for action of higher authority.

5. *Disposal of Wastes.* Organization commanders will be held responsible for the police of their respective camps. Each company or similar organization will construct incinerators



DIVISION NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

as prescribed in section 216, F. S. R., for the disposal of all solid and liquid garbage of the organization, and no other disposition will be made of such wastes. Human waste will be disposed of in pits provided with latrine boxes unless other provision has been made. Two urinal cans will be placed in each company street at night. Latrine pits will be burned out and seats scrubbed daily; crude oil and straw or other material will be used. Urinal cans will be burned out daily and bottoms covered with milk of lime before being put in use. Defilement of the ground in or about the camp is absolutely prohibited. Manure will be hauled to a designated dumping-ground, and there burned with the aid of crude oil. Rock pit crematories will be used for disposal of general wastes of camp areas not under the jurisdiction of commanding officers.

6. *Food and Drinks.* No foods, drinks, or like commodities will be sold in camp except in the authorized exchanges.

7. *Sanitary Squads.* Sanitary squads composed of medical officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the Hospital Corps will be organized by the Chief Surgeon. The sanitary squad will supervise and assist in the disposal of camp wastes. Civilians employed as sanitary laborers will be employed by the Quartermaster's Department and turned over to the Medical Department. The Sanitary Police Officer will make requisition on the Chief Quartermaster for such transportation, labor, or material as may be needed. When assigned to this service they will not be diverted to other uses except by order from these headquarters.

By command of Major-General Carter:

STEPHEN C. MILLS,
Colonel, General Staff,
Chief of Staff.

The successful health record made by the Maneuver Division may be better comprehended by a comparison with previous experience in the war with Spain. The following comparative statistics of a division in the war with Spain and of the Maneuver Division show quite fully the advance made in camp sanitation without addition of any expensive camp appliances:

1898.

TABLE SHOWING THE MORTALITY AND MORBIDITY FROM TYPHOID FEVER FOR THE REGIMENTS OF THE SECOND DIVISION OF THE SEVENTH ARMY CORPS, ASSEMBLED AT JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Regiments.	Mean Strength.	Cases of Typhoid Fever. Certain.	Cases of Typhoid Fever. Certain & Probable.	Deaths from Typhoid Fever.	Deaths from all Diseases.
Second Illinois......	1,095	253	341	18	22
First North Carolina	1,164	147	227	16	20
Second New Jersey..	1,153	185	318	29	32
First Wisconsin.....	1,232	209	311	46	48
Fiftieth Iowa........	1,097	164	253	33	33
Ninth Illinois	1,288	153	248	18	28
Second Virginia.....	1,220	105	152	17	20
Fourth Virginia.....	1,274	135	231	21	28
Forty-ninth Iowa....	1,236	378	612	50	50
Total...........	10,759	1,729	2,693	248	281

1911.

TABLE SHOWING THE MORBIDITY AND MORTALITY FROM TYPHOID FEVER, MARCH 10 TO JULY 10, 1911,[1] FOR THE ORGANIZATIONS COMPOSING THE MANEUVER DIVISION AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Organization.	*Mean* Strength June.	Cases of *Typhoid* Certain & Probable.	Deaths *from* Typhoid Fever.	*Deaths* from all Diseases.
Eleventh Infantry......	924	..	..	..
Fifteenth Infantry......	969	..	..	2
Eighteenth Infantry....	1,022	..	..	..
Thirteenth Infantry....	929	..	..	..
Twenty-second Infantry	1,033	..	..	..
Tenth Infantry.........	1,016	..	..	1
Seventeenth Infantry...	954	..	..	..
Twenty-eighth Infantry	951	..	..	..
Third Field Artillery...	847	..	..	2
Fourth Field Artillery..	741	..	..	1
Engineer Battalion.....	536	..	..	1
Signal Corps...........	197	..	..	..
Ninth Cavalry..........	744	..	..	..
Eleventh Cavalry.......	1,143	..	..	3
Sanitary Troops........	795	1[2]	..	1
Total...............	12,801	1	0	11

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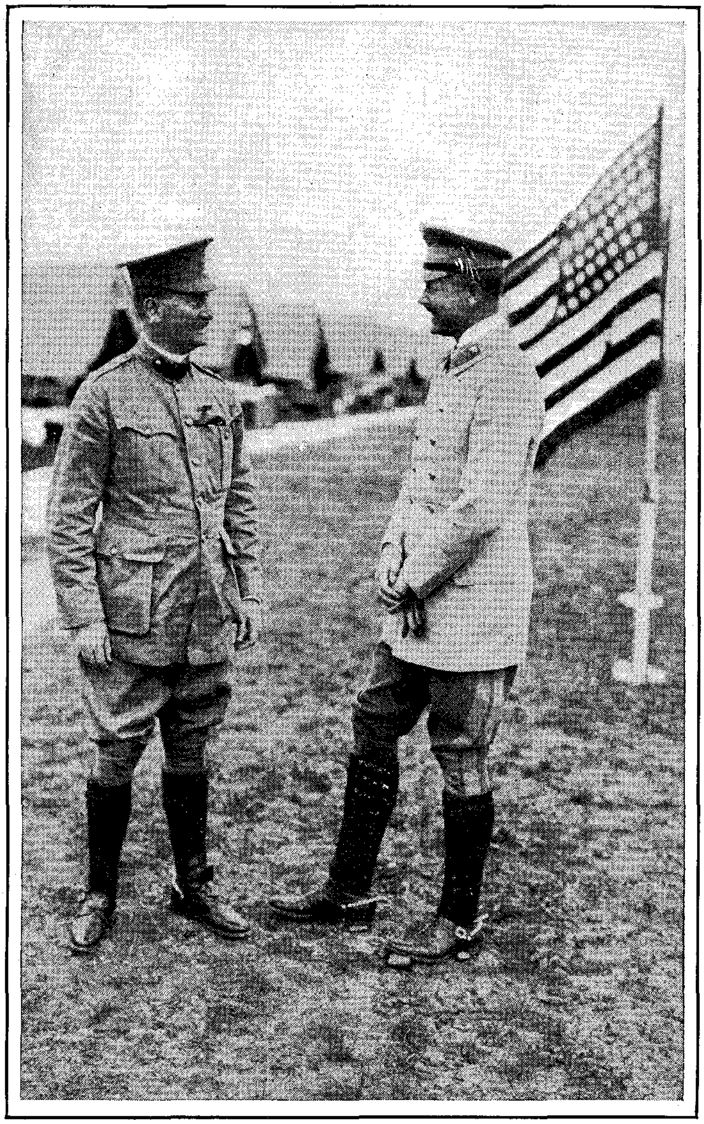
[1] In addition to the above a civilian teamster, not immunized, was admitted for typhoid fever in April.

[2] This patient, a private of the Hospital Corps, had not completed his immunization, having taken only two doses. The case was very mild and would perhaps have been overlooked but for the rule that blood cultures were made in all cases of fever of over forty-eight hours' duration. The Widal reaction has no diagnostic value in immunized persons, as all respond to it. Forty-nine cases of typhoid fever with nineteen deaths were reported as occurring in the city of San Antonio during this period.



COLONEL McLACHLAN, OF THE BRITISH ARMY, AND MAJOR VON HERWARTH, OF THE GERMAN ARMY

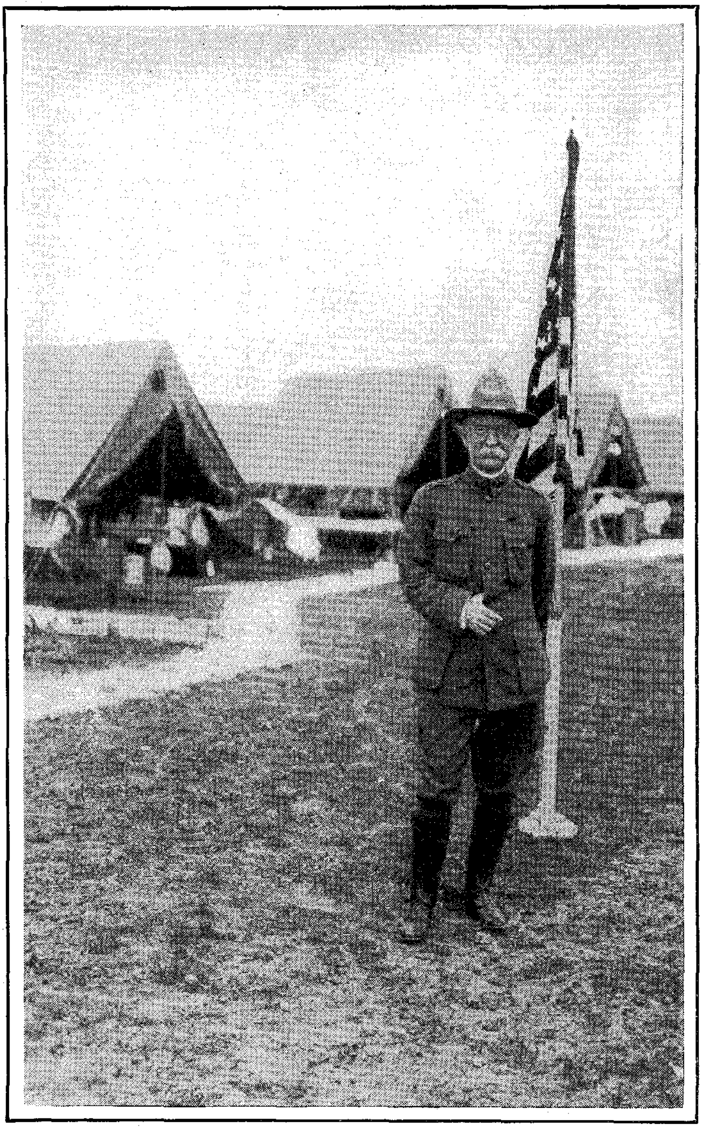
It should not be presumed that such results were obtained by merely issuing an order, nor by the presence with the division of many excellent medical officers. It was the loyal co-operation and continuous attention of all officers and soldiers to the details of sanitation which made it possible to encamp about twelve thousand men upon a restricted area for several months without infection of any kind. During this period several thousand recruits were absorbed in the division, and taught the value of and the absolute necessity for observing the sanitary regulations. Such a sanitary system as prevailed involves an amount and character of work which it would be difficult to induce the average American community to impose upon itself, even as the assured price of health.

It is difficult to make comparison between the Maneuver Division and the force with which General Taylor conducted his successful campaign from Texas against Monterey. General Taylor's troops were organized in three divisions, with a total strength less than half that of the Maneuver Division. One of the light batteries of the Maneuver Division could have smothered the fire of Taylor's four light batteries. The slender allowance of transportation available for Taylor's regiments made it impossible to transport even the essentials of existence, at a period when the standard of living, especially for soldiers, was extremely simple. As to camp conditions during the mobilization of Taylor's army, we have the testimony of an officer of the First Ohio Volunteers, who has left a volume of most intelligent observations upon the campaign in northern Mexico:

> The mortality in our camp at Camargo was appalling. The dead march was ever wailing in our ears, and even at this distant period I can scarcely look back to our brief stay there without a shudder. At almost every hour of the day funeral escorts of various regiments might be seen following the bodies of departed comrades to that vast and common cemetery, the chaparral, where officers and men, "in dust, without distinction, lie." The large hospital tents were constantly full—the dead being removed at sunrise and sunset, but to make room for the dying.

The recent mobilization in Texas afforded the first opportunity to try out the recently adopted organization of a division which constitutes one of the complete administrative and fighting units of our modern field army. The results of the mobilization are therefore of particular interest and value.

The American division as now prescribed consists of nine regiments of infantry, one brigade of field artillery (forty-eight guns), and one regiment of cavalry; twelve regiments in all, together with an engineer battalion, a battalion of signal troops, and field hospital and ambulance companies. The three brigades comprising the infantry of the division, and the regiment of divisional cavalry, were armed with the most modern type of magazine rifles. The light artillery was supplied with the most powerful field gun ever distributed in our army. The engineer battalion included a well-instructed company of pontoniers with bridge equipment.



GENERAL CARTER AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MANEUVER DIVISION NEAR SAN ANTONIO

The signal corps troops were equipped and trained in a manner so superior to any similar organizations known to our army heretofore that their work was a revelation to most of our officers and men. Not only were all parts of the division in constant communication on the march and in maneuvers by land lines and field wireless apparatus, but, by means of the large mast at the permanent camp, wireless communication was maintained between headquarters at the permanent camp and marching columns of the division. By means of a wireless station on the Rio Grande, to which important information was communicated by the border patrols, the division commander would have been entirely independent of telegraph lines, since messages were not only sent daily between the frontier and the headquarters station at San Antonio, but also to the wireless station at Omaha, Nebraska. In other words, if every telegraph line in Texas had been cut, communication with Washington could have been maintained with the border and with the department and division headquarters at San Antonio.

The aeroplanes were habitually in daily flight, and were tested in carrying messages and in observing the enemy at maneuvers, with much success. The potential value of the aeroplanes was definitely established in a maneuver in which the enemy assaulted and was holding the cavalry brigade, some twenty-five miles away, in advance of the division which was in readiness to follow the cavalry.

A column of the enemy's cavalry and horse artillery was detached to raid around the flank and capture our base of supplies. Information of the movement having come by wireless, the march of the division was suspended, and it was immediately moved on parallel roads to meet the enemy. An aeroplane carrying two passengers, one of whom was a trained signal officer, was sent to the front, discovered the routes of march of the approaching enemy, returned to the main wireless station and communicated with the field wireless stations of the marching columns, enabling the division commander to put the division in order of battle eight miles from the base in a strong position guarding the main roads, and where communication with all parts of the line was secured by crossroads in the rear. Early and accurate knowledge of the enemy enabled these preparations for defending the base and accumulated stores to be made without haste or confusion.

Although our army is not maintained in large tactical units, the regiments all contain experienced officers and men, accustomed to move promptly by land or sea to far-distant scenes of activity, and hence there was an entire absence of confusion or appreciable delay in reaching their destination and taking their places in their respective brigades, ready for active field service. Likewise, the generals and officers of the staff and supply departments, trained to act in emergencies, took over their duties without confusion upon arrival at the point of mobilization.

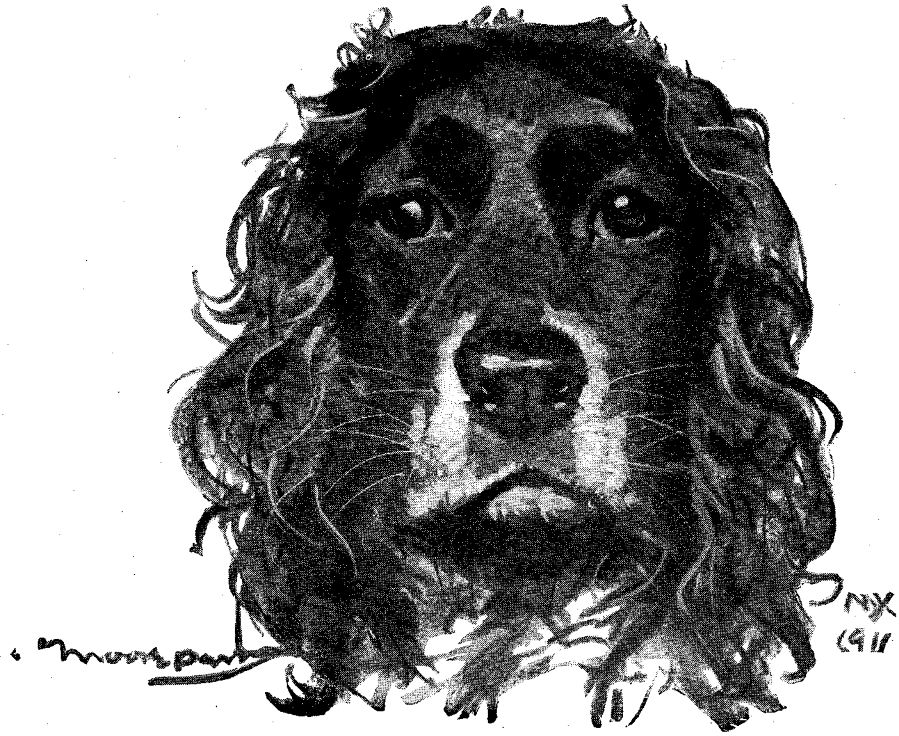
During the progress of the encampment officers and men were afforded ample opportunity to practice their profession in all that pertained to the employment of a division. There was no attempt to have juniors perform the duties of higher grades, but each officer took his place in the maneuvers, and commanded according to his rank. The entire division was gradually hardened by drills and marches until the officers and men all presented the appearance of entire fitness for active service. As a final test of this fitness the division was marched at night, over a dusty road, in warm weather, and arrived at destination, without straggling, in from eight to ten hours. The last wagon of the train arrived in twelve hours. The distance marched by the several organizations varied from twenty-three to twenty-six and one-half miles. The usual march for a division on a single road is estimated at not exceeding ten or twelve miles.

During the progress of the training nearly nine hundred officers of the National Guard visited the division and remained with it for periods of two weeks for observation of regular army methods. They were entertained at the messes and accompanied the regular officers of like grades in the performance of their duties.

Notwithstanding the temptations of a neighboring city, the conduct of the men was habitually excellent, and the organizations gradually joined to their pride of regiment an *esprit de corps* of division that will live long in the service and be of genuine benefit when the younger generation is called to arms.

The organization of our army is such that nearly every operation assumes the condition of an emergency, and movements are usually dictated by expediency of the moment rather than by any definite policy. It will always remain to the credit of the regular army that it has never failed in any of the emergencies which have made such heavy demands upon it in the past. Only a few years ago almost the entire energy of the army was directed in widespread operations against Indians, who, as if by common consent and under the fanatical Ghost Dance craze, made a last grand effort to stay the white wave that was creeping about and over them. In less than a decade following the close of active Indian campaigns, extending from Canada to the Mexican border, the little army of regulars was summoned from the frontiers, marched aboard improvised transports, disembarked in the surf of a tropical shore in midsummer, moved to the assault of an intrenched position, and, in defiance of theory and academic teaching, wrested victory and Santiago from a brave enemy, and changed in a brief campaign the whole course of the Nation's history. Then on to the Philippines, where, with many novel experiences and numberless combats, the sound of battle had scarce died away before was heard the far cry for relief from the Peking Legations.

With full knowledge of how well the army had responded to all these calls, there was naught but confidence in the minds of those in authority with the Maneuver Division that, to the limit of its strength, officers and men would meet every demand upon their courage, intelligence, and discipline.



THINKING DOGS

WITH DRAWINGS BY CARTON MOORE-PARK

SEVEN years ago " Old Peter " died, at the venerable age of fifteen years. He was a curly brown water-spaniel, good, fat, faithful, and unaccomplished. He belonged to my brother and had been the much-loved friend and guardian of the family since I was five years old. We parted from him with sorrow, and I must also add with resignation, on account of the many infirmities of his closing years, but he left a very vacant space in the household, and we began to talk about his successor.

" This time," I said, " I am going to have a dog. I want a black one with long hair, and not too large. I think he had better be a cocker-spaniel." I was not particular about his being full-blooded, for I think dogs of a mixed breed are often brighter, so I visited a home for animals in which I was interested where little orphan dogs are to be had for adoption. My first visit was not very encouraging. Most of the dogs were short-haired and yellow, and they all jumped upon the edge of the pen and howled as I inspected them. I went again several times, and found each time a different but equally unpromising assortment. At length one day they said, " We have a cocker-spaniel to-day, if you want to see him." The keeper brought him in and deposited him on the floor for my inspection. He was a most sorry-looking object. His coat was rough and dirty, his head hung down dejectedly, and his eyes were utterly expressionless. He had a tail, but he kept it so closely concealed between his legs that it was altogether invisible. Worst of all, he had a bad reputation. He had been sent to two homes and returned as " utterly impossible." Just why I had the courage to take him I never knew, but I said, " I think he will be a dog some day. I am going to try him." So I paid the necessary fee and walked him home.

The family viewed him with skepticism, but he was allowed to stay and was christened Don. On further acquaintance I concluded that he had been terribly abused some time in his previous career, so that he hardly dared to move. In fact, he was so broken-spirited that we were afraid he would never recover; and when, after two months, he was still as lifeless as ever, even my faith in him began to wane and I talked of sending him back to the orphan asylum.

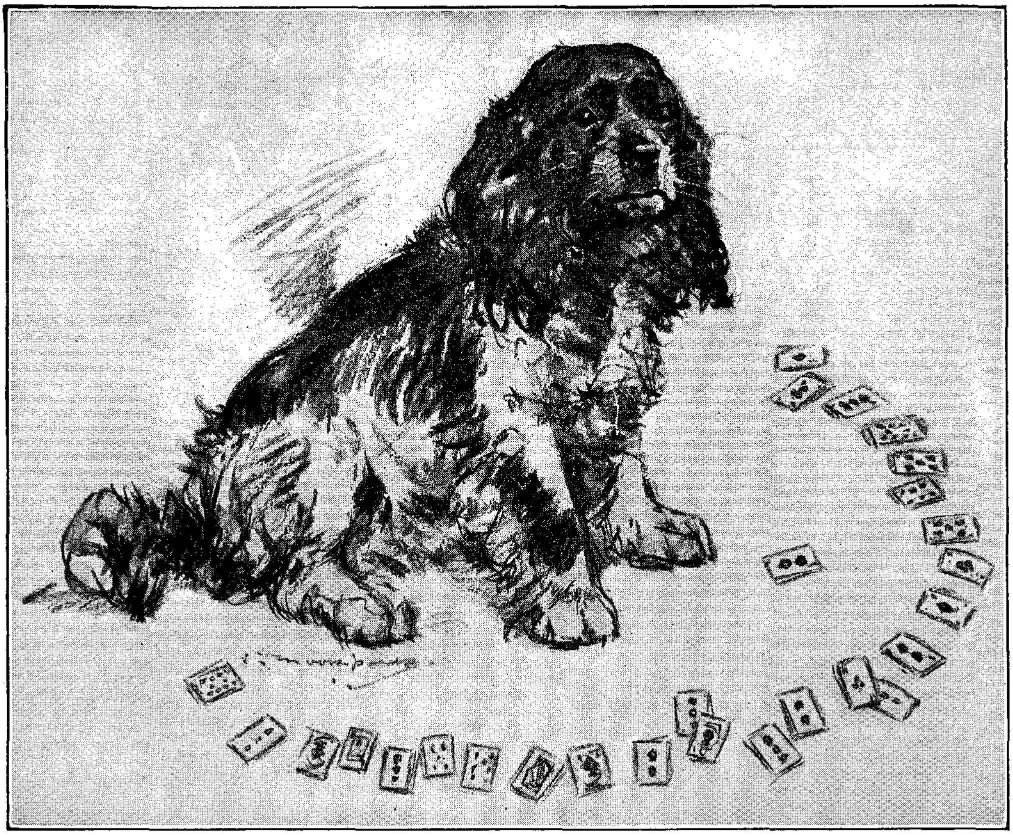
At the end of three months, however, there was a change. He was heard to bark for the first time, and he began to play. From that time improvement was rapid. His coat became thick and glossy. His tail came out of concealment and rose gradually in proportion to his spirits, until at length it waved proudly in the air. His eyes began to gain expression, and, in short, he was beginning to "be a dog."

Then it was that I began his education. I thought it would be amusing to see him do a few tricks, so I taught him to die, trust, say his prayers, and the various other accomplishments which are usually included in a dog's curriculum. He learned these so easily that I thought I would carry his education still further and give him an advanced course. I had heard of dogs that could pick out cards, and I thought it might be possible to teach Don to distinguish one or two from the rest by association of ideas. I took a pack of discarded playing-cards and spread out eight of them on the floor. Then I said, "Where is the queen of hearts, Don?" at the same time placing his paw upon it. He was uninterested and inattentive, as pupils are apt to be, but I gave him a reward of merit in the shape of a piece of cooky, and this made more impression. Then I repeated my question and proceeded as before. I did this for ten minutes a day, off and on, for about two months, always keeping the queen of hearts in the lower left-hand corner. When he could find it perfectly in that position, I changed it about at random until he could pick it out anywhere. It was about three months before I began on another card, for I feared that when I did so he would confuse the two and all my work would be lost. At last I selected the ace of diamonds, put his foot on it and gave him a piece of cooky. Then I asked him for it, and he picked it out correctly. Of course this greatly surprised me, for I expected to spend at least a month in teaching him another card. I put it in different positions and asked for it and the queen of hearts interchangeably. He picked them out with very few mistakes. I felt sure that he would forget by the next time, but again I was surprised. Later I gradually added six other cards to the list, and he never appeared to have the slightest difficulty in distinguishing them.

By this time I thought I had gone far enough in this branch of learning, so I decided to take up spelling. I made large, distinct letters on bits of cardboard two inches square and put the letters of his name on the floor mixed in with other letters. "Spell your name, Don. Show me the first letter," I said, while I put his foot on the "D" and gave him a bit of cooky. Then I asked for the second and third letters in the same way. I drilled him carefully on this for some time, but he made very few mistakes. I hesitated to teach him another word because I thought that when I asked for the letters in order he would not know which first or second letter to choose. At length I taught him to spell his last name, and he did not confuse the two words in the least. Later I taught him to spell "New York," with the same result.

By this time I thought he might be equal to arithmetic, so I made some numbers and taught him to add the different combinations—two plus one, two plus two, and so on, up to twelve. All this time I proceeded very slowly, first telling him the combination and putting his foot on the answer, then drilling him and reviewing him for several days before I went on to the next number. I was amazed that he learned so fast and remembered so well, for, although I still expected him to confuse the answers, he never did so.

Then one day came the greatest surprise of all. I was teaching him to add threes, and I said, "Show me five plus three, Don." Before I had a chance to put his foot on the answer, out shot his little paw and landed firmly on the eight, although this was the first time he had been asked this problem. I was surprised, of course, but I thought it was only a coincidence, so I said, "Show me six plus three." His paw landed on the nine. "Well," said I, "where is seven plus three?" "Ten," said Don's paw most distinctly. This was certainly astonishing. Determined to find out what it meant, I took out the letters and said, "Spell house, Don." He did so correctly. "Spell it in French," said I. He spelled "*maison*." "Let's see it in German, Don." He spelled "*haus*" as though *Deutsch* were his native language. I took out playing-cards which he had never seen, and, without being told what they were, he selected various cards, as well as the queen of hearts and the ace of diamonds which I had taught him so carefully. I went back to the letters again and said, "Spell



DON PICKS THEM OUT WITH VERY FEW MISTAKES

dog, Don; show me the first letter." But while I asked for the first letter of "dog" I fastened my attention on "R," which happened to be on the floor. He at once put his foot on "R." Here, then, was the clue! When I made a mistake, he did. The letter of which I thought was the one on which he put his paw. Further experiments proved this still more conclusively.

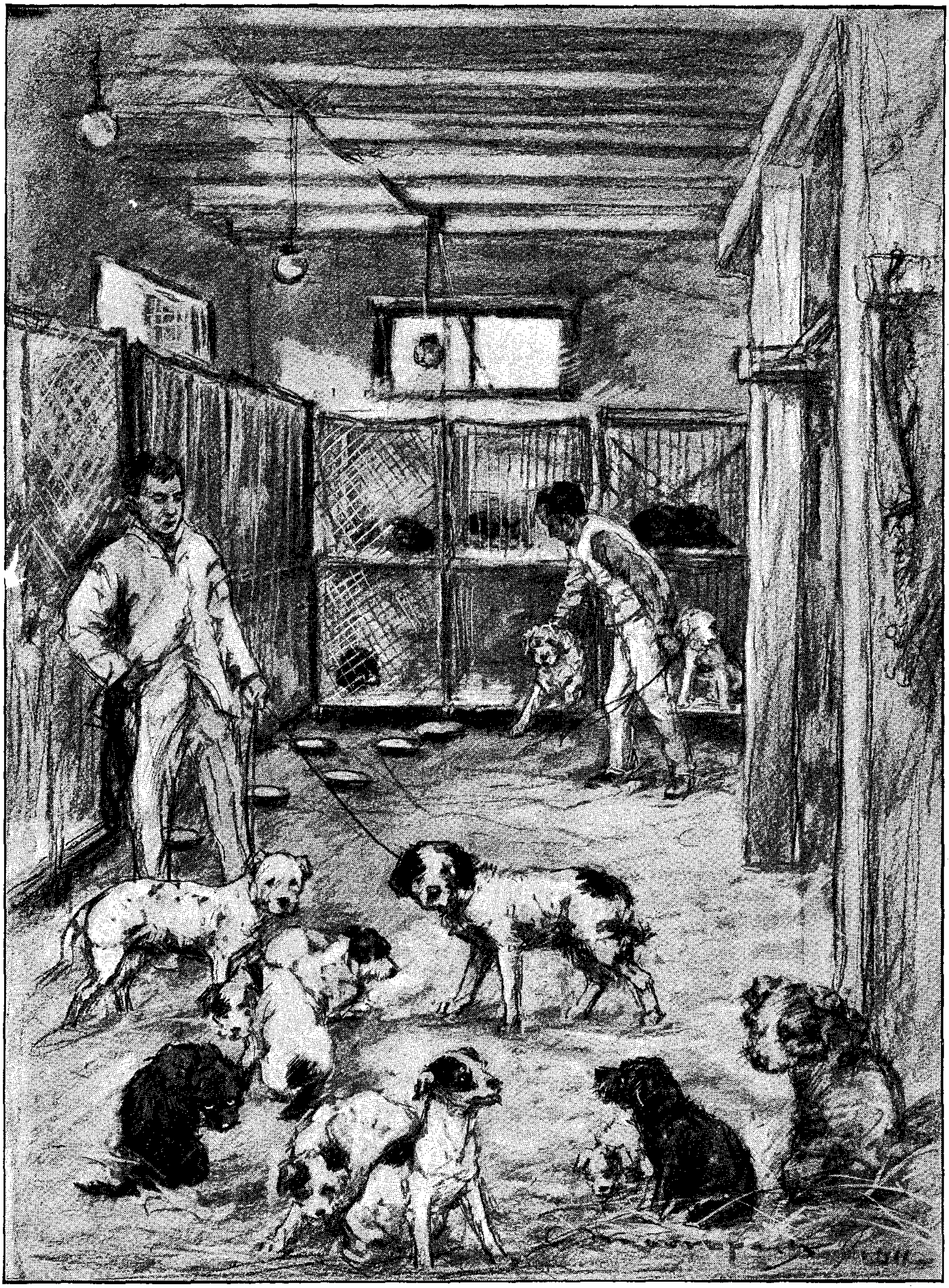
Don's education was finished now, and he was ready for his diploma. He only needed constant reviewing and an occasional examination to keep him up to the mark. He could answer any question that I could, provided only that his cards were adequate. These are some of the questions which were put to him:

"What is $10+2\div5-4$?"
"What day of the month is it?"
"What is the time of day?"
"How do you spell pneumonia?"
"Translate 'cat' into German."
"How much is two-thirds of twelve?"
"What is the Yale College color?"
"If you went to the store and bought a bone for fifteen cents and gave the man a quarter, what would you get for change?"

He could also point out the Chinese, French, or English coins which were placed before him.

I was interested to discover whether he would find the answers for any one else. A number of people tried, most of them with little success. Of course he could hardly be expected to do very much for a stranger, but neither would he respond very well for the other members of the family. Whenever they asked for a card, he would lie down and roll over, but they only tried once in a great while. I always thought that if they had worked with him regularly they might have succeeded. For one or two of my friends, however, he would sometimes do fairly well.

The character of his audience had a marked influence upon him. At first it confused him to have any one in the room at all, but he soon became used to it. After a while he grew very conceited and anxious to "show off" his accomplishments. If there were a number of people in the room who were sympathetic



WHERE I FOUND A SUBSTITUTE FOR DON

and enthusiastic, he would do exceedingly well, but if his audience were cold and critical or not fond of animals, he never did his best.

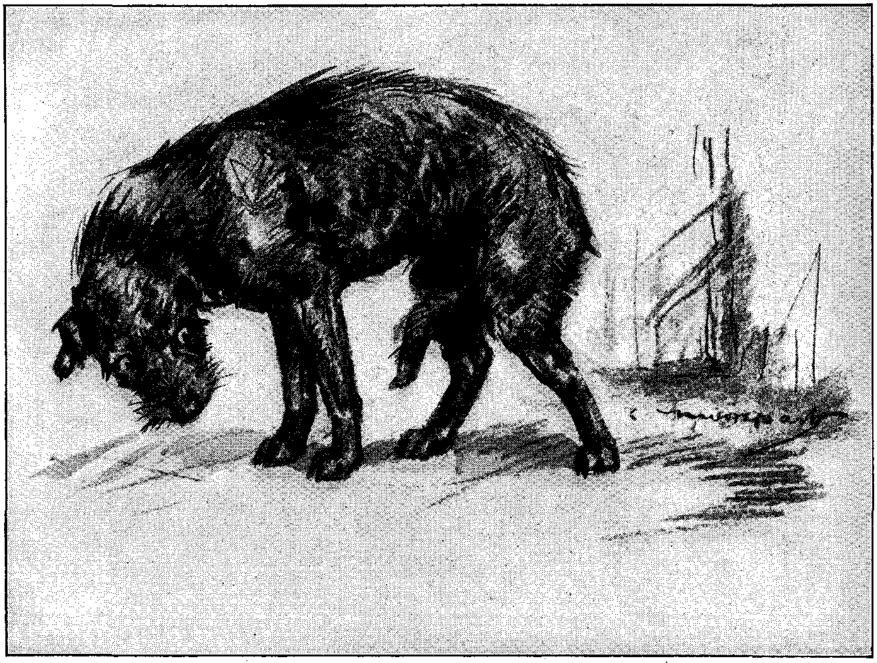
I made a number of experiments to determine whether he could find the answers if I were out of sight, but only once was I successful. On this occasion five people were present, including my friend Mr. Smith, who was able to manage Don next best to myself. Don had been doing exceedingly well, and my friend wanted to ask him to spell his name. In order to be out of the way I stood behind Don in the corner of the room, and that we might be sure which one of us was really guiding him I said, "I will think of 'T,'" not even noticing whether that letter was on the floor.

Presently Mr. Smith said, "I can't make him pick out anything but 'T.'"

"Well," said I, "I will think of 'W.'" Then Don would find nothing but "W." I shall have to acknowledge, however, that I never had much success with this sort of experiment afterward, so I suppose this must have been merely a coincidence.

The great question, of course, was, "How does he do it?" All sorts of theories were suggested. Many excellent and apparently sane people were convinced that it was a striking example of transmigration of souls. They said that Don must have the soul of a scholar. I replied that it was most unfortunate that the scholar knew just what I did and nothing else, otherwise he might help me translate some difficult passages. Many people suggested hypnotism, but that did not prove to be a satisfactory explanation. Mental telepathy was often spoken of, but this is a very vague term which explains nothing. If it is mental telepathy, the problem is to find out how the message is conveyed. I considered this problem carefully and tried to solve it by every possible means. At first I thought that in some way Don might be aware of the visual image of the card which I had in my mind. I always visualize strongly, and I made especial effort to do so when I was working with Don. How he could be aware of it it was impossible to tell, so this explanation was inadequate.

An eminent professor of animal psychology came to see Don. At first he advanced the theory of motor suggestion. That is, he said that when I thought of "W," for instance, I unconsciously pronounced the letter to myself, and in so doing slightly moved the muscles of my throat. Instruments have been invented which show that there is actually a sound present which is entirely inaudible to the unaided ear of a normal person. This is the method by which



SAM AS I FIRST KNEW HIM

hypnotic subjects sometimes receive suggestions. The professor thought that Don, being an exceedingly sensitive dog, might be able to detect this sound. I replied that he had never been taught the names of the letters, so that even if he did hear them pronounced they would mean nothing to him. The professor admitted that he could think of no other explanation, and went away after his first visit completely mystified. A few months later he came again. In the meantime he had been reading about the researches which Herr Oskar Pfungst had made in the behavior of the famous German horse, Kluge Hans (Clever Hans), and he had a new theory to advance. In order to make this theory plain I must tell a little about Hans, with whom Don has often been compared.

Hans is owned by Baron von Osten, a retired Prussian schoolmaster, who has used the same method in educating his horse that he used in educating the Prussian children of the lower primary grades. For eighteen hours a day he drilled Hans during a period of four years, until he believes that the horse, through his education, has developed the power of independent thought and reasoning. He has taught him a system of signs by which he indicates his answers. To indicate a number he stamps once for each unit. Thus, if you ask for two plus three, he stamps five times. To assist him in indicating the letters of the alphabet the Baron has drawn a chart on a blackboard with numbers on the top and sides so that the letters may be located after the manner of latitude and longitude. Thus for "J," which comes at the intersection of the third vertical and fourth horizontal lines, Hans stamps three times and then four times, with a pause between. In this way he spells any word which may be asked. If several blackboards are arranged, each having one word written on it, Hans finds the word asked for by going to the proper blackboard. To indicate coins he stamps once for gold, twice for silver, and three times for copper. Herr Pfungst, in investigating the behavior of this horse, found that when the questioner was ignorant of the answer Hans could not respond correctly. He also discovered that if the questioner were out of sight Hans was helpless. He concluded, after various experiments and close observation, that slight unconscious movements which Hans is able to observe on the part of the questioner are what determines his answer.

"Now," said the professor, "I think Don's behavior can be explained in the same way. It is some very slight movement on your part, entirely unconscious, which you involuntarily make as you concentrate your mind on a particular object."

I must admit that this theory was rather disappointing to me at first, and I was unwilling to believe it. I could see how it might be possible to indicate by some slight unconscious movement when Hans was to stop stamping his foot, but I did not see how I could thus indicate to Don which card he was to select out of a dozen closely laid together on the floor. Still I knew the psychological principle that one cannot concentrate his mind strongly on an object without making some slight involuntary movement toward it. There are delicate instruments used in the laboratory which record these movements, however hard the subject of the experiment may try to control himself. This is the explanation of the so-called mind-reading games with which we are familiar.

We tested the theory by experiment. I sat on the floor opposite Don with a dozen cards spread out between us. As Don rarely moved from his position during the performance, the reach of his paw was limited and the letters had to be placed very close together. The professor observed first me and then the dog, in an effort to detect every motion. Don spelled "Brooklyn," and found a large per cent of the letters correctly, while I did my best to control every movement.

"Did I move then?" I asked, as Don's foot landed on the "K."

"Well, not that I could see," replied the professor. "But you must consider that just as animals have a keener sense of smell and hearing than we have, so they may also have a keener sense of sight. It is quite possible that Don may be able to detect slight movements which a person cannot see."

Nevertheless, I could readily see, as the professor pointed out, that if a letter were very far to one side, and Don were a bit uncertain, I could guide him easily by leaning slightly, or by moving my hand ever so little in that direction. I was willing to admit that there was something, even perhaps a great deal, in the theory, but I failed to see how it entirely solved the problem.

Another subject of discussion was Don himself. People said: "It is most remarkable what you have been able to do with Don, but, you know, he is a most unusual animal. I don't believe you could ever do it with any other dog." Indeed Don was in some respects unusual. The abuse to which he had been subjected in his puppyhood, and from which he never fully recovered, made him exceedingly sensitive. His head was considered by many people to have an unusually intelligent bump. He had a very full forehead, with a quick drop in the outline of the skull from the line of the eyes to the muzzle. It is worth noting, however, that no one ever observed this until after he became famous. Almost every one remarked upon the beauty of his eyes, which were a deep, lustrous brown, with an almost human expression in their clear depths. There was a certain dignity and refinement about him, and he seemed to have less of pure dog nature than most of his race. His coat, which had grown very thick and curly, betrayed his cocker-spaniel ancestry, but I fear he would be catalogued as miscellaneous. His ears were much shorter and his legs longer than a pure cocker, but we considered him an improved edition.

One day when I came home Don ran downstairs to meet me and frisked about my feet while I patted and talked to him. Suddenly he began to stagger, fell over on his side, groaned a few times, and in less than two minutes he was dead. Heart disease, they called it. He had never had an attack before, but as I looked back I remembered that of late he had breathed hard after unusual exertion. Poor Don! This was about a year after he became famous, and he was only five years old! I had always felt that I loved him too much, and now I was sure of it. I was so lonesome without him that I felt that, if I could not have Don, I must at least have a substitute, but I never expected to find his equal.

Accordingly I again paid several visits to the orphan asylum. At length one day I found a pup that I thought might do, so I asked them to reserve him for me until noon while I went downtown. There I met a friend. "I have picked out a new dog," said I. "Come up and help me take him home."

"What's he like?" asked Bob.

"Oh, you come up and I'll show him to you."

So we went back and looked into the pen. "There he is in the corner," said I. "What do you think of him?"

"What, that weak-eyed, scrawny pup!" he exclaimed in a tone of the utmost disgust. "What on earth do you want of him?"

"Oh, well," said I, "he is not a circumstance to what Don was when I took him. They all look badly in the pen, but you wait until I have had him a few months." So we took him home and deposited him in the wash-tub, from which he emerged decidedly cleaner, but still with vast room for improvement. Sam, as we decided to call him, was about half as large as Don. He had black hair, but it was very thin and scraggly, and his long tail with scarcely a spear of hair on it gave him a most ridiculous appearance. He had the full number of ribs. Of this I am certain, for they could easily be counted. For this and for other reasons which developed later I concluded that, instead of being abused in his previous place of residence, he had been neglected and starved. Like his predecessor, he was a full-blooded mongrel. He had a pointed nose and certain other characteristics which, in spite of his shaggy coat, led us to believe that he was a fox-terrier in disguise. My friends looked him over and contrasted him with Don, greatly to his discredit.

"Well, you just wait a while. He will be spelling 'Constantinople' for you some day," I predicted, but they only smiled an indulgent smile, and I could not blame them.

At the end of six months, however, Sam looked like a different dog, and those who had formerly scoffed began to admire. His coat had grown thick and handsome and his tail, which had caused so much laughter, had become a waving plume of which he was justly proud. He was no longer "weak-eyed," and his ribs had become invisible. He had already mastered the elementary branches of his education, which included dying, walking on his hind legs, waltzing, praying, and so forth, and he was ready for the advanced course. Here was my chance to prove whether it was Don or myself who had accomplished so much before. If I succeeded with Sam, the victory was mine; if not, it was Don's. I was not long in discovering, however, that the education of Sam was quite a different matter. He was a nervous little pup, quick as a flash in every movement, with all the fox-terrier alertness and energy—a decided contrast to Don, with his quiet dignity and docile nature. Sometimes he was obstinate and it took a good deal of persuasion to make him move, but I soon gained his obedience, and after a little he learned to like his lesson. Now if the cards are not forthcoming he often teases for them, but I shall have to admit that it is not thirst for knowledge but love of cooky which prompts this eagerness.

Don's method of putting his foot on the cards had been criticised by the professor because it was not absolutely accurate. I taught Sam to pick up the letters in his mouth, and I think this is much the better method. I followed the same general plan that I had used before. I began with the playing-cards, and taught him to pick up one in the same position, and then in any position. He was able to do this fairly well at the end of three months, during which time I worked with him ten or fifteen minutes a day more or less regularly. When he had advanced this far, he could pick out any card anywhere, just as Don could, only in Don's case I did not realize it for more than a year.

Nevertheless, Sam's education did not advance as fast as it might have done. Interesting as it is to see or to hear about, when one has been through it several thousand times and the interest of discovery and experiment has worn away, this constant drilling becomes absolute drudgery. Occasionally Sam would do very well, but the next time one would think he had never heard of a card. Often, if I were busy, two weeks or more would slip by when he did not have a single lesson. Thus it was that, although he had mastered the rudiments of the art, he had not attained the degree of proficiency which I wished him to have. At last I decided that I must take the matter up more carefully, for I felt that Sam might be fully equal to his predecessor if I would only give him a little more attention. In order that I might know how fast he improved I began to keep his percentage. I discovered that he was able to find only from forty-five to fifty per cent of his answers the first time; if he touched another card at all, I did not count it. This was not satisfactory. After I had drilled him about ten minutes a day for six weeks he was finding seventy-five per cent the first time. Now he usually has from eighty to eighty-five per cent, which I think is about as much as can be expected of a dog. Besides this he usually finds the other answers immediately, so that an uncritical observer would hardly notice the mistake. He makes very few absolute failures. He answers all sorts of questions, just as Don did. Since I never kept Don's percentage, I cannot make an accurate comparison of the two dogs, but I think they are about equal. Clever Hans, I am told, had ninety per cent, but no wonder, when he was drilled eighteen hours a day for four years!

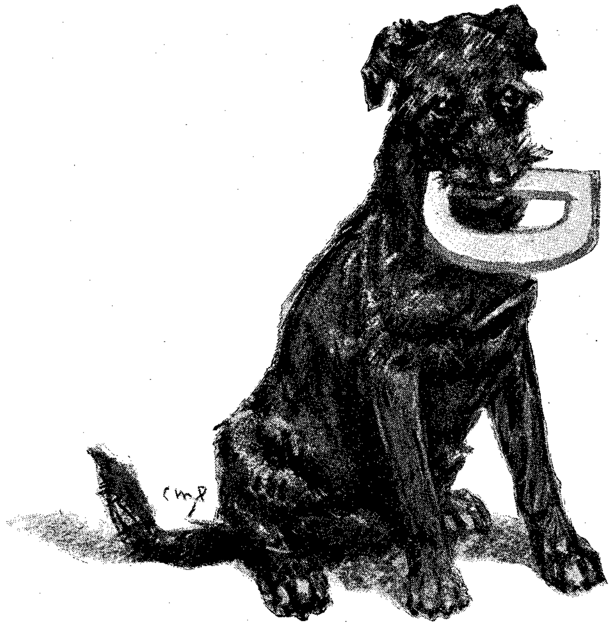
Now once more we come to the question, "How does he do it?" The more I look into the matter, the more I am inclined to believe in the professor's theory, although very few persons who have seen either Don or Sam agree with me. In training Sam I took great pains to avoid all conscious movements which I knew would aid him, for I did not want him to depend on any sort of sign. Nevertheless, I see that I can guide him by ever so slightly moving my hand or by leaning a little to one side or the other. I also notice that when he hesitates for a moment before picking up his card I can aid him by the tone of my voice. If I say, "That's right," he picks up the card he is looking at. If I say, "Be careful, Sam," he moves to the next one. This does not happen often, however. Again and again he whisks around and picks up the correct answer almost before I have finished my question, and apparently without ever glancing either at me or at the cards. When I frankly explain the theory to people and tell them to watch for these guiding movements, they declare that they can see nothing, and refuse to believe it. It has been suggested that the direction of my glance may help him, but I am convinced that this is, at any rate, only a very small factor. When I close my eyes and ask the questions, his percentage hardly falls off at all—that is, so long as I know the location of the cards. If I put the cards down with my eyes shut, so that I do not know their position, his percentage drops at once. I think this proves that it all depends in some way upon my knowing the position of the cards.

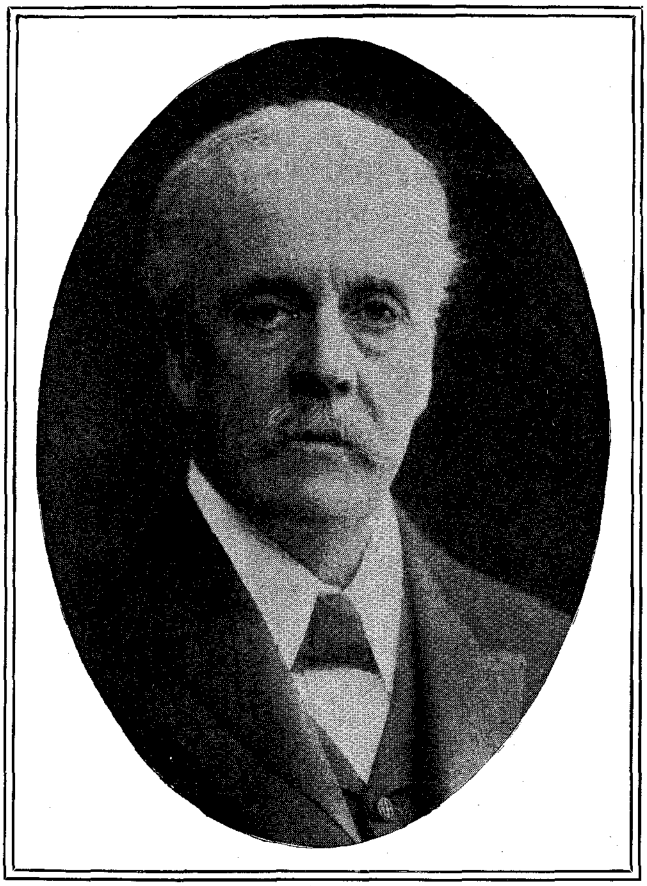
Thus the theory of the unconscious movement seems to be the most rational one that has been suggested. Yet it seems difficult to explain, for example, how I can indicate any one of eight cards, which are so closely laid together on the floor that they occupy a space of about five by nine inches, so that Sam can pick out the right one, as he often does eighty-five per cent of the time, and that without apparently ever taking time to look at anything. I could indicate the general direction of a group, but when it comes to the exact card I myself cannot understand how it is done. It seems to me that in the case where Hans selected the blackboard with the correct word it would be easier for his master to indicate it, because the distance is so great; and, as I said before, it would be a comparatively simple matter to indicate when the horse was to stop stamping his foot. Still, it must be remembered that at first Sam could find the right answer only fifty per cent of the time, which was far less remarkable, and that it took constant practice for him to attain eighty-five per cent. If we can be sure that animals have a keener sense of sight than people, that will help to solve the problem.

I have searched through the literature of comparative psychology in the hope of finding some accounts of similar cases of animal intelligence, but, with the exception of Hans, I have found no instance which in any way corresponds to this. There are various accounts of stage animals, but some trick has always been detected in regard to them. Often they were taught an elaborate code of signs difficult for a person to learn, and of course, sooner or later, they were discovered. There have been a number of remarkable stage horses in this country, and very probably their conduct might be explained in the same way as that of Hans, but their owners have never encouraged psychological investigation.

The sad thing about these stage animals is that there is always more or less cruelty connected with their training. I think it is impossible to keep an animal under perfect control, as it is necessary to do on the stage, without keeping him also under fear. The motive of reward is not enough. I could never control Don or Sam if any distracting element were introduced; but I have trained them simply for my own amusement and that of my friends, and because I am interested in it as a piece of psychological research. After all, there is an immense amount of satisfaction in it in spite of all the drudgery.

If I could teach these two miserable puppies to spell "Constantinople" and solve such a problem as six times four divided by twelve plus three, why cannot any dog be so trained? Patience, persistency, and kindness are the necessary qualities, and the greatest of these is persistency.





THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

BY RALPH D. BLUMENFELD

EDITOR OF THE LONDON "DAILY EXPRESS"

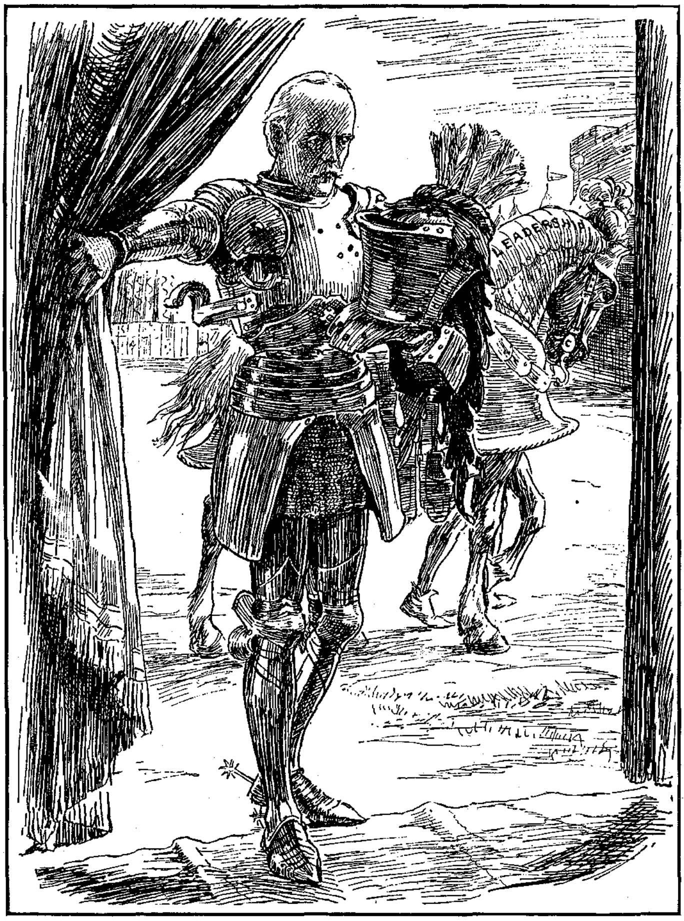
"Nothing seems simpler than the idea involved in the statement that we are each of us situated at any given moment in some particular portion of space, surrounded by a multitude of material things, which are constantly acting upon us and upon one another. What are 'we'? What is 'Space'? Can we be in Space, or is it only our bodies about which any such statement can be made? What is a 'thing'? And, in particular, what is a 'material thing'? What is meant by saying that material things act upon us?"

I INTRODUCE my study of Mr. Arthur James Balfour, ex-Prime Minister of England, retired leader of the Unionist Opposition, aristocrat, dreamer, statesman, politician, and scholar, with an extract from his famous work on philosophic doubt. It is the most fitting introduction to so puzzling a subject. Complexity, brilliancy, consistency and inconsistency, force, mildness, charm of manner, personal magnetism, and hard-hearted domination are all rolled tightly together in this most astonishing character. The philosophic doubter who brought his enthusiastic followers to the verge of despair by his own doubtful course was forever pointing to the great interrogation point on the horizon of British politics, British economics, and British social life. "What are we?" seems to have been his shibboleth. With a perplexing question on his lips, echoed by the perplexity of those who beheld him, Mr. Balfour came into British politics thirty-seven years ago; and with a perplexing question as to who should take the place he made vacant so dramatically, he leaves his high estate.

I think Mr. Balfour's departure from office and semi-official life marks a new era in English political life. He was almost the last of the old school of Victorian statesmen sprung from what are known as the governing classes. In his day people sent their sons to Eton to be turned into bishops, generals, and cabinet ministers. If a boy was destined for politics, he was taken in hand at the age of twelve and his eye was kept constantly on the goal. Politics offered few chances to a scion of the non-governing classes. The future of young Balfour, for instance, was unquestioned in the family circle. On his father's side he was descended from an ancient Scottish family with political traditions. On his mother's side he was a Cecil, and there has never been a Cecil who has not had an opportunity of showing his skill in the lists of diplomacy and statecraft far back to the days of Burleigh. At Eton young Balfour was the "fag" of the then Earl of Kerry, now Lord Lansdowne, descendant of Irish kings and Strongbow, through generations of great men. Both were on the same bent, and in due course the "fag" became the political chief of the elder boy. From Eton he went under the wing of his uncle the Marquis of Salisbury, afterwards Prime Minister, who taught him his trade in an apprenticeship of a dozen years, and finally, when Lord Salisbury himself laid down the coveted office, it fell to the task of the nephew to carry on the family tradition. The old race of statesmen is going out. The new race is coming in. Broadcloth and stocks, polished hats and polished manners, erudition and formality of speech, are giving way to tweed suits and cloth caps, to directness, even brusqueness of speech, to plain speeches devoid of classical allusions, and—to £400 per year. The House of Commons has ceased to be the finest club in London. It is no longer the exclusive lounging-place of gentlemen who make politics a profession for the sake of a profession. It is becoming a business institution with new men and new methods; and two or three men like Mr. Balfour have in these past two or three years, by the very contrast of their habits, manners, and actions, shown how hopelessly out of touch they have become with the new state of things.

And more's the pity. The spectacle of a Liberal Member shouting across the floor of the House to a Conservative, "You're a cad!" and the retort uncourteous, equally vulgar, may serve to enliven the proceedings of an otherwise dull institution, but it certainly does not add to the dignity of an Imperial Parliament nor engender respect for the nation's legislators. The old school fought its opponents vigorously and even desperately, but it never forgot the amenities, and it stands aghast to-day at the picture of a national assembly reduced to the level of a tap-room. Therefore, if for no other reason, the loosening of Mr. Balfour's guiding hand must be looked upon almost in the light of a calamity. He has been submerged in the vortex of the new conditions, but his place in history will prove him to have been a great man among pygmies, the last of a line of statesmen who made England great. By this I do not mean to suggest that his followers will not succeed in maintaining the greatness of the Empire, but their methods will be different, their manners less correct and courteous, and their mode of fighting more noisy. Four hundred pounds a year draws no class lines. It takes under its protection, as it should in all democracies, the man from the mill, the drawer of beer from behind the bar, the coster from the barrow, and the dustman from the duke's door. Other men, other manners.

When Arthur Balfour was at Eton, he was a tall, lanky, anæmic youth who buried his face in books while others played on the famous fields whereupon it has always been stated that Britain's future wars are won. He eschewed football and cricket, and the future bishops and generals and cabinet ministers turned up their noses at him and gave him the uncomplimentary sobriquet of "Miss Nancy." That was not a particularly nice appellation with which to come into the world of politics, but when Arthur Balfour entered the House of Commons in 1874 (that house, it must be remembered, was composed of a great number of former Etonians) he was still "Miss Nancy." The power of the Cecil family gave him preferment, and he was soon inducted into office. People smiled. Others criticised and made known that the nepotism of the Cecils was no better than the corruption of Tammany, for they both did the same thing in giving jobs to their particular creatures. Nor did Mr. Balfour at that time justify his position. He lounged luxuriously in his seat on the front bench, he slept until the sun was over the meridian, he did little or no work, and he gave small



THE END OF THE DAY

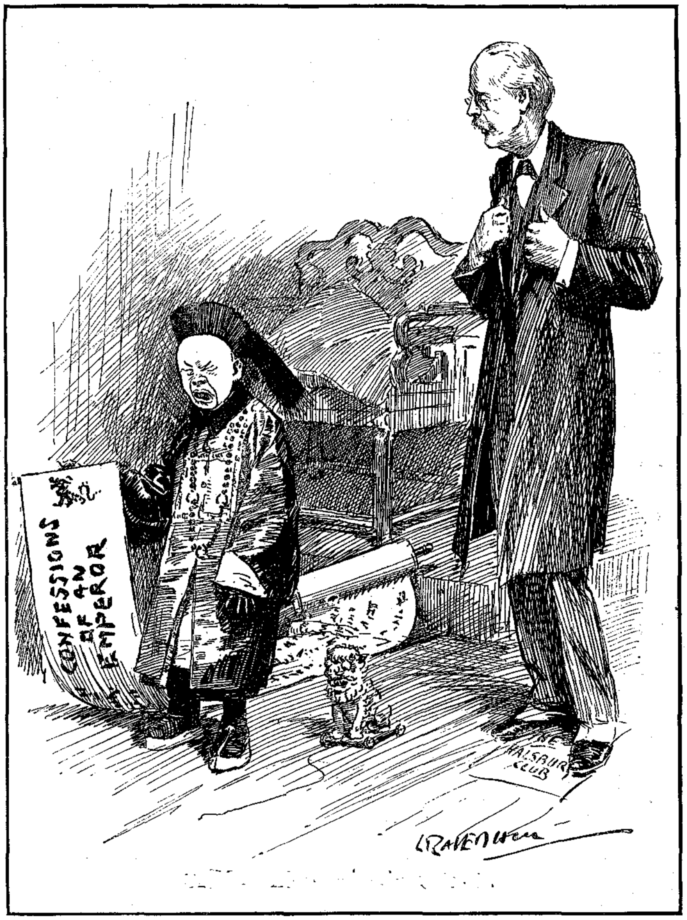
" From spur to plume a star of tournament."—*The Passing of Arthur.*

(*From* "*Punch.*")

promise for the future. But the old Marquis knew his man.

Ireland, in a turmoil that was almost revolution, called for a strong hand. Men were shot from behind hedges week after week, and it was openly stated that the next Secretary who dared to cross the Channel to take up his residence at Dublin Castle would meet a violent death. Into this welter of agitation and bloodshed Lord Salisbury inducted " Miss Nancy." Ireland convulsed itself. The Nationalists wept for joy and the Loyalists wept tears of disappointment. It was like sending an infant into a den of ferocious lions. It is almost needless for me to say what happened. " The silken-skinned sybarite whose rest would be disturbed by a crumpled rose-leaf," the " mollycoddle," " the pampered darling of a perfumed drawing-room," lost no time in metamorphosing himself into " Bloody Balfour," " the murderer," the " plug-ugly," " the devil's right hand man," " the bludgeoner." Violence grew less under his government. Murder disappeared from the land. He stamped out rapine. He brought peace and justice into an unhappy country; and " Miss Nancy " disappeared forever. Throughout all those trying years the fearless spirit of the young aristocrat glowed like a beacon for the maintenance of the union. He never quailed. Against him were giants, a dozen at a time—Gladstone, Morley, Parnell, Redmond, Dillon, Sexton, Biggar—and he beat them all off day after day. Later came the violent assaults of his old friend Lord Randolph Churchill, fierce, self-assertive, now going rapidly down the abyss which ended in madness and death. It was a savage epoch. Lord Randolph fought his former colleague like a tiger, and through it all Balfour remained serene and forceful. And in this crucible was formed the new character. The halting speech was altered. His debating power rose day by day until he emerged a master of rhetorical fence. As Churchill went down, as Gladstone receded, Parnell, Biggar, one by one faded, the young Minister rose to great heights, until in the end he was the most powerful man in England. From that day to this there has never been a man who has dared to suggest that Mr. Balfour was either a weakling or a coward. Every day in Ireland he carried his life in his hands. For months he walked about the country, courageously holding up his head, facing dangers that confront men only in war-time. He never faltered, and he carried out his work of pacification, and when he returned to take up office in England he was a changed man.

With his accession to power as Prime Minister came a new Balfour, now no longer young, but not old, a middle-aged Prime



CHILD AND SUPER-CHILD

CHINESE EMPEROR (*aged six*). "I am still but a child and these revolts are too much for me."

MR. BALFOUR. "Well, I've been a child for years and years, but I take no notice of little episodes like those."

(*From* "*Punch.*")

Minister, languorous, intellectual, with the æstheticism of the 'eighties, the cult so ruthlessly satirized by Du Maurier and Gilbert. And yet under this cover there was always the man of iron determination and ruthless extermination. No one knew him intimately, and yet he had many stanch friends. He was always alone in the high seat of power. He had lieutenants whom he trusted to carry out his work, yet never trusted fully. He could smile with the most charming smile in the world on his friends and yet leave them to the wolves. He could pull wires with a ward politician and yet not appear to sully his hands. He wielded power by his aloofness from power. His watchword was "Drift"—until such a moment when it was no longer possible to drift, and then, cornered, at bay, he showed his greatness and his fiendish rhetorical cleverness. On the platform Mr. Balfour was never strong. He was too dialectical, too halting, too far above the heads of his hearers. But in the House of Commons, in debate, in the first debating society in the world, Arthur Balfour was the supreme debater, the incomparable fighter. The dilettante disappeared; the limpid eye flashed; the serenity of a passionless mind gave place to the perfervid swordsman twisting and turning with diabolical skill. The more opponents the better, for he seemed happier with many than with one, and in the end, the air filled with the clouds of his dialectical elusiveness, he won his battles and brought his enemies to their knees. At such times, though not of late, Mr. Balfour was the hero of the whole House. He was so far the master of the assembly that if it were only bruited that he was on his seat on the front bench the Chamber would fill in a few minutes. Cigars were left in the smoking-room, letters unwritten hurriedly packed into despatch-boxes in the writing-rooms, meals left to grow cold in the eating-rooms. Such was the magic of his debating power that none dared face him with impunity save one, and that one, strange to say, was Winston Churchill. Leaders on the opposite side could criticise him, assail him, challenge him, and he remained unruffled on his bench, lolling languorously with his feet far away under the Speaker's table in front of him. But whenever Mr. Churchill rose Mr. Balfour sat up, goaded by the very sight of his young enemy into a state of semi-fury, and more than once he fled from the House. On one occasion as Mr. Balfour was thus flying from the fray Mr. Churchill shouted after him: "The right honorable gentleman need not leave the House. I am not going to refer to him." There was a look on the face of the statesman as he turned which betrayed his deep hatred of the son of his former colleague in that famous Fourth Party which twenty years previously had harassed friend and foe alike. It was just so with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. The "Grand Old Man" defied antagonism and criticism. He smiled patronizingly on his adversaries and encouraged them in their onslaughts; but the moment Mr. Chamberlain rose the old lion began to fume and roar and bellow, utterly unable to contain himself. He lost himself in a confusion of incoherent utterances, leaving the field to the icy, calculating son of Birmingham, who was not for nothing nicknamed "Pushful Joe."

I look back with wonder at the happenings of the past year, when the end of Mr. Balfour's power becomes marked. A defeated party necessarily gives opportunities for grumblers to assert themselves. Defeat three times following offers a splendid field for a revolutionary crop. Mr. Balfour's part in the House of Lords campaign, in which he counseled surrender, bred a revolt. He never murmured. Attack followed attack. Groups were formed against him and half his own Unionist press openly declared war. Through it all he remained apparently serene, playing golf and reading novels instead of blue books. Then suddenly, when the fires of revolt had set ablaze the whole edifice, he went down to the House of Commons to assert his power. In a single speech he brought the rebels to their knees. The master mind swayed friend and enemy. *He* was the leader, and he alone. He had not been reading novels. He knew his subject—the Insurance Bill—better than any other man in the House, not excepting its author, Mr. Lloyd-George. And then, having given this illustration of his strength, he went forth and resigned, leaving behind him a chorus of lamentations.

And why should he go? A great statesman whom all declare to be indispensable, whom both sides hail as the greatest leader of recent times, is permitted to depart like a thief in the night. No one holds out a hand to stay him. The reason is plain. Mr. Balfour had played his hand alone. With a charm of manner and a grace of person beyond compare, he has had a fatal weakness in not attaching to himself the unselfish devotion of his followers. He did not know his party. He did not cultivate its members. Politics is essentially a game of give and take, and Mr. Balfour never gave, for he played alone. He was a creature of negation and despair. Men went to see him filled with hopeful ideas and imaginings with which to regenerate mankind. They found in him a wonderful sympathy, a man of delicate tastes, deep erudition, wide knowledge of the world strangely stunted by the fact that he never read a newspaper. They were lost in admiration of his amiability. They saw here a man who filled them with joy and hope for the future. "Here at last," said your young Member of Parliament just stepping on the threshold of a political career, "here at last is the man to whom I may confess my faith, who will help me and encourage me and lead me." And two hours after a long interview with the chief this young member would meet Mr. Balfour in the lobby of the House of Commons, and Mr. Balfour, in acknowledging his greeting, would turn to his secretary and say: "Who is that young man? Have I ever met him? You must bring him to lunch." That, and that alone, bred the revolt which ended in resignation. The young Member would perhaps go again and meet the same fate again, but he never went a third time. In names, too, Mr. Balfour had a fatal failing which gave the little man food for sad and disloyal reflection. My own name he never remembered, though I saw him often. "Mr. a-a-a-a-a—" and then, turning helplessly to his secretary, who gave him the cue, "Of course, Mr. Blumenfeld," etc. I knew the weakness, and, though I count myself among the small men, I never resented it. But many did. They got the impression that Mr. Balfour did not care about things; that he was a trifler, a *flaneur*, who was entirely out of harmony with the great demands of a rushing, moving, strenuous epoch. But always luck and circumstances came to his rescue. At the crucial moment when both sides looked for guidance—with the exception of the Lords crisis—his grasp of affairs, his safe conservative speeches, snatched back the uneasy crown to which he clung so tenaciously. It has gone at last, and a new Bolingbroke has taken it over.

And the new man? Mr. Bonar Law is a business man. He is not a politician. He is the best example of the modern spirit which in the future will manage the affairs of a great Empire. Not a dreamer, not a philosopher, not a rhetorical gymnast beclouded in a cyclone of beautiful phrases, but just a plain, dour, canny, pawkie Scot with the burrs of his nationality smoothed down by his early life in Canada. A clear-headed, unimaginative creature of the modern world. An honest man with an honest desire to help. A man untrammeled by tradition, without family pride or landed ties; just a simple, shrewd-minded dealer in pig iron, who made a fortune before forty and a political reputation before fifty; a debater of the highest order, but a debater of directness and cold-blooded acerbity; a man without guile and with regiments of friends; rightly termed "just a business man." Into his hands comes a great inheritance. England is wearied to exhaustion with the talkers of Parliament. It has been dominated for generations by lawyers and the men of the "governing classes," and it has suffered its degeneracy in silence. It has looked to its leaders in vain for guidance based on sound economic principles, and yet it has always resented any suggestion that its own affairs should be conducted on the lines of a business establishment. When Napoleon said the English were a nation of shopkeepers, the outraged nation pointed proudly to Westminster as if to say: "Look there! Is there a single business man there? Have our Pitts and Foxes and Norths and Burgoynes and Cecils and Percys ever been tainted with trade? Never!" And now, inconsistently, it congratulates itself on its new business-man leader who is not even in office. It all depends on the man. The leader of one of the great parties in the House of Commons may make of it what he likes. He may be strenuous or lazy, laborious or ineffective, conciliatory or aggressive, and whatever he does his party will do. Mr. Balfour was all those things at various times, and his party followed. From what I know of Mr. Bonar Law I think I may say that he will be always laborious, always aggressive, and always a leader. He has reserve power and he has a terrible memory—an uncanny memory, in fact—which has the power of assisting him at awkward moments in throttling an enemy with his own forgotten words uttered long ago. He never forgets men. He looks upon the House of Commons with the eye of the merchant of Glasgow, where time lost is money lost. He is unaware that a tweed suit disqualifies a man from participation in the councils of the State, and he has a wit that can be acquired only by a long residence among the Scots. And with him comes the new era in British politics and government. I can fancy Mr. Balfour sitting in his great library in his historic Scottish country seat reading the Parliamentary debates of the future!

HOW TO WALK

BY WILLIAM J. CROMIE

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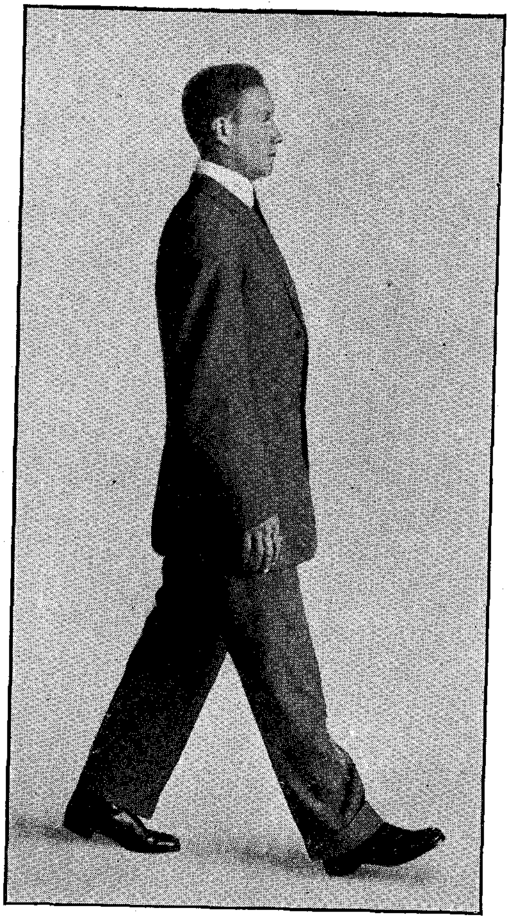
THERE is an old saying that "the longer way round is the nearer way home." The logic of this quotation was forcibly brought to my mind when I was a youngster traveling through the country. By taking a short cut through the fields I could save walking a distance of several miles. After tramping part of the way an angry farmer with a formidable-looking gun persuaded me that, after all, the road was the nearer way home.

The same is very often true in taking short cuts to health. There are innumerable forms of exercise that one can take which will give health provided the system is in the proper condition and they are taken at the right time and place. Again, there are exercises, such as wrestling, boxing, rowing, long-distance running, and heavy-weight lifting, that may serve as short cuts, but they will occasion strain and injury to the weakling or to one who has not had the adequate preparation. One may start on a short cut with enthusiasm and by encountering forces over which he has no control (like the man with the gun) he becomes compelled to retrace his steps.

Some say that walking as an exercise is one of the best, but I am going a step farther by claiming *it is the best* exercise, all things considered, and, although the longer way round, it is the shortest cut to physical efficiency and health.

ITS SIMPLICITY

Any route, whether it be long or short, if accompanied by strain, injury, or exhaustion, instead of leading to health, may incline towards sickness and disease. The reason that walking is the ideal exercise is that it is simple, easy, beneficial, and safe. With invalids or during convalescence, when exercise can be indulged in at all, walking is the best, as it can be performed with the least amount of effort, and produces the maximum of good results. After all, it is the simple things in life that are the best for us. Simple or natural eating, drinking, clothing, exercise, pleasure, and habits *are* best and should be encouraged.



THE RIGHT WAY—FOOT POINTING STRAIGHT AHEAD, HEEL STRIKING GROUND

Walking, however, is not a trifling act to the infant, who has hundreds of falls before perfect balance becomes established. Once mastered, walking becomes a rhythmic exercise and semi-automatic, due to the fact that each step or movement tends largely to prepare for the next. While a walk of a few city blocks up to a mile may be a simple, easy exercise, a walk of forty miles or more at a time becomes very difficult and quite complex. In fact, one can in the course of a day by walking reach the highest total of labor of which the body is capable, and this without strain, but with good results.

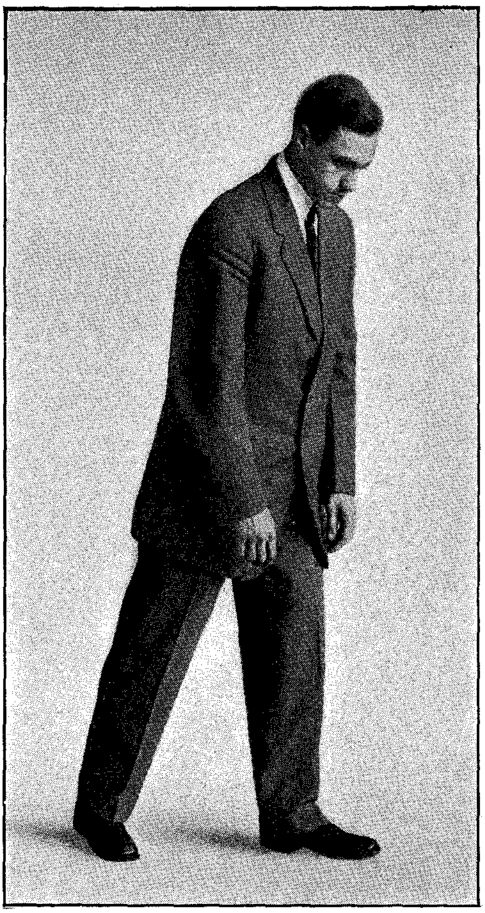
Recently I walked from Philadelphia to New York City, a distance of over one hundred miles, in two days. No one can appreciate the wholesome fatigue of a fifty-mile walk except the initiated. The tired feeling occasioned in those last few miles is not confined to the legs alone, but to the chest, back, arms, neck; in fact, the fatigue becomes general. Walking enthusiasts usually shout about the "joys" of walking, but avoid saying anything about that "tired feeling" and the discomfort experienced in a fifty or sixty mile walk. The novice should be informed that he will get tired, very, very tired, before he makes fifty miles, so that he may not think he is dying.

Here is an illustration. The young man whom I had with me while taking the New York trip was, on the outskirts of Lawrenceville, footsore and weary. The conditions since leaving Trenton at six o'clock were not ideal for walking, as the night was black as pitch and it had rained for over an hour, and we lost our way twice, covering an extra two or three miles. We met a "Roads" scholar who desired to accompany us, and an unfriendly bulldog tried to make our acquaintance. My weary companion was dragging his feet, his steps were getting shorter and shorter, and he was leaning heavily on his best friend, an umbrella. I did not wish to stop in Lawrenceville, but rather push on to Princeton. When I suggested this, my friend became more tired than ever, and said he could not take another step. We stopped in a Lawrenceville drug-store, had a dish of ice-cream, were informed that no hotels or stopping-places were there, but that we could take the street car, or walk five miles, to Princeton. After a rest it takes about a half-mile of traveling to get the "kinks" out of one's legs and get into the stride again. While we were doing this my friend, suffering from walkeritis, suggested that we camp along the roadside. He said that the wet grass looked good to him, and if it rained again the umbrellas would at least protect our faces. I replied, "How far shall we travel to-morrow?" and his answer was, "When I reach Princeton (if I do reach it) and I hit a bed, if I feel anything to-morrow morning like I do now, I shall remain there all day." We reached Princeton, had an alcoholic rub-down, and next morning were again ready for the walk.

Late that night, when we were nearing New York and fatigue was even greater than the day before, I said, "Suppose a man with a big pistol were to tell you that you must walk all night and all day to-morrow, what would your reply be?" "Shoot me, Mister; shoot me," he said. I laughingly told him that old man Weston walked from New York to Philadelphia in twenty-four hours, and his only reply was, "Well, I'm from Missouri." He then stopped in the road, faced me, and said· "Please do not talk to me; my feet are hot, swollen, and covered with blisters; every muscle in my body is sore; the air I breathe seems hot; I will make New York if I have to crawl, but I am too tired to talk." He finished "game," and the next day in New York we walked fifteen or twenty miles.

It takes nerve and stick-to-it-iveness to finish a long walk. After a walk of one hundred or two hundred miles, one feels its good effects for a long time. I think it an excellent tonic to begin a hard winter's work. It is also a good way to get in shape again after the work of the winter. It is to the system what house-cleaning is to the dwellings we live in.

The reason that long-distance walking does not injure one is because the work is distributed over many muscles, and these are the strongest in the body. The muscles that move the limbs form fifty-six per cent of the whole muscular structure, while all muscles of the body are brought into greater or less action at every step. Not one of the muscles called into play needs to be taxed to its capacity, but may merely be forced to a slight and moderate effort. It is the addition of all these slight efforts that makes the whole force so great.



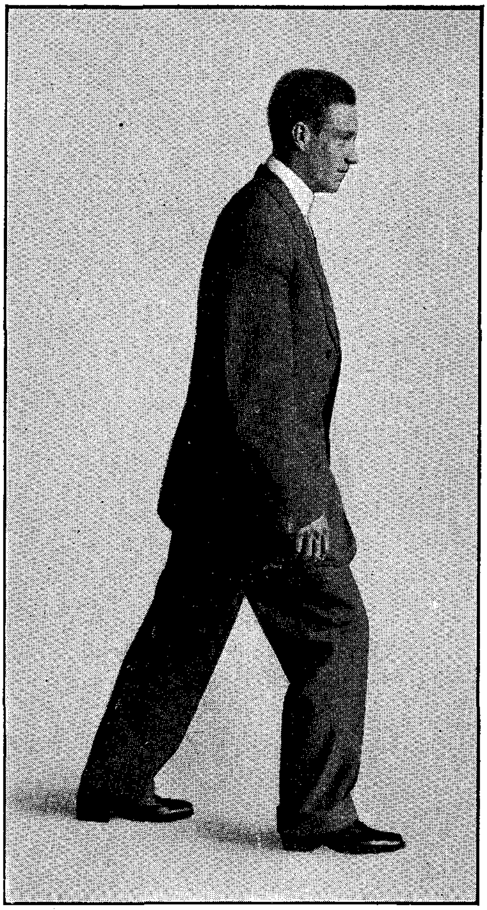
THE WRONG WAY—HEAD DROOPING FEET POINTING OUTWARD

NORMAL PHYSICAL PROPORTIONS

It may sound absurd to make the statement that walking will reduce adipose tissue in the excessively fat man, and that the thin man will gain weight through the same agency; but such is indeed the case. Take two men, one excessively fat and the other extremely thin, and start them on a walking régime. Have them increase the distance daily till they are each making ten miles; continue this six months, and what do we find in the way of a change in their physical make-up? We observe that the fat man has lost weight; the symmetrical outline of his muscles is observed, and he walks with more ease and grace than when he started. The lean man has gained weight, he has a brighter eye and clearer countenance, and his general appearance indicates more vigorous life. The reason the fat man has lost weight and the lean man gained it through walking is due to the fact that it responds to two physiologic necessities. The heavy man's system is overcharged with fat, and vigorous walking eliminates and burns it. In the thin man's system there is an urgent need of a stimulus capable of arousing the digestion and assimilation to increased activity, and this stimulating agency is found in fast walking. This exercise increases the appetite, and when more food is assimilated it naturally follows that the weight of the body will increase. Walking, therefore, becomes a shorter cut to health for the overfat man and he who is under weight by bringing both to a normal condition.

I have lost seven pounds in a walk of one hundred miles, and I know many persons who either lost or gained weight according to their physical condition, pace while walking, or length of the walk taken.

The prevailing tendency for persons in middle life is to take on flesh, and the best exercise for persons at " this time " of life is walking, because it eliminates the likelihood of strain and is performed in the open air. Those in middle life and elderly people need all the oxygen they can get. Walking keeps one young and supple. I know a dentist, over sixty years of age, who claims he has averaged eight or ten miles daily for forty years, who tumbles on the gymnasium floor and can almost compete with an eighteen-year-old youth. Mr. Weston, the veteran walker, claims that " walking properly will not only develop and maintain health in young men, but it will in addition rejuvenate middle-aged men, and give old men a new lease on vigorous life." " I have known," he continues, " scores, even hundreds, of persons who have put back the clock of time twenty, thirty, even forty years, by taking a course of Nature's cure-ali, viz., walking."



THE BENT KNEE WALK—FOOT POINTING AHEAD, KNEES BENT, FEET TOUCHING THE GROUND FLAT

AN ECCENTRIC FORM OF EXERCISE

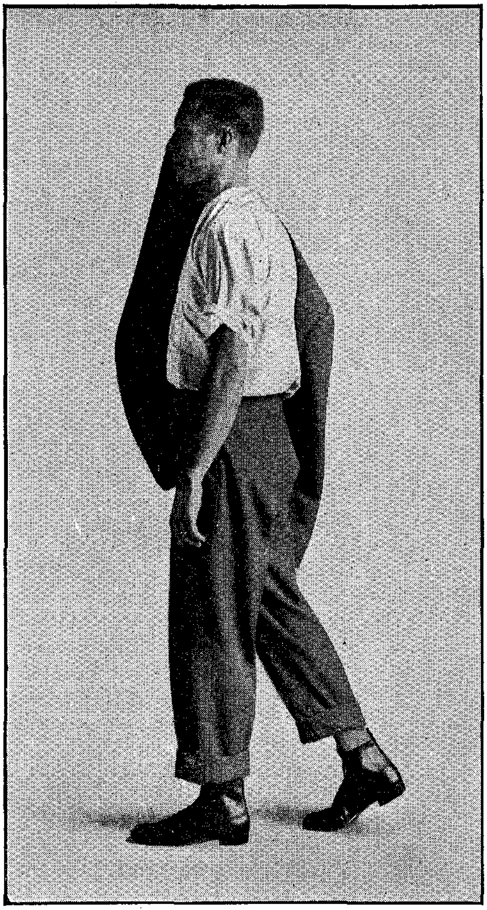
It may be more convenient to jump on a trolley car in order to get to one's place of business, but the person who caters to convenience will never amount to much, physically or otherwise. Inconvenience on account of time or location will never be a suitable excuse for the failure to exercise one's body when one realizes that muscular activity is the prime requisite in gaining and maintaining health.

Horace Greeley called walking two hundred or three hundred miles in a calm, clear October one of the cheap, wholesome luxuries of life, as free to the poor as to the rich. He said his forty-five miles in a day over rough roads would be equal to fifty miles of good roads. What would Horace Greeley say if he could see the condition of our crowded trolley cars to-day when we realize that he said almost a century ago, " The railroads have nearly killed pedestrianism, and I regret it."

We are constantly looking for a solution to our overcrowded street, elevated, and subway car system during rush hours. If every person would walk an hour each day, it would be largely solved, and the walker would have at the end of a year more money and better health. Four years ago I started a walking club among students of the University of Pennsylvania, and many of the students called me eccentric, queer, and " crazy on the subject of walking." " Why should a student return to the exercise of Adam when he can try for such teams as football, baseball, and crew ?" The answer is simply because a very small proportion of the students are physically fit to make such teams, and consequently must take the required gymnastic work and practice such exercises as walking, running, etc., till they get the proper preparation. This walking club had at one time over 300 members, and 175 were on the walk at one time.

Every Saturday afternoon a tramp was taken to some place of interest, the walks gradually becoming longer and finishing with a long walk during the Easter vacation.

Many of the students realize that a walk in some park where the air is pure is better than perambulating up and down dusty, congested city streets or sitting in a theater permeated with carbon dioxide. Many other colleges now have walking clubs and credit is given for walking in the department of physical education. The mere fact that ten students walked from Philadelphia to New York City in three days shows results obtained from the club, because these men had an experience in the qualities of physical training, such as perseverance and endurance, which will never be forgotten.



DRESSED FOR A WALK—CAP, COLLAR, AND NECKTIE IN POCKETS OF COAT. COAT HANGING UPON UMBRELLA

Now, Mr. Busy Business or Professional Man, you may resolve to rise an hour earlier in the morning and walk four or five miles to work in order to find out whether it is a short cut to health or not; continue a week or so, and then quit. Is it because you could not stand it physically? No; it is due to the fact that you could not stand a little ridicule. You were afraid of being thought eccentric by your associates. Let them scoff; keep at it, you will win out. We are all more or less eccentric along some line. You would better be a little "queer" concerning the conservation of your health than in many other things in life.

If you walk an hour daily for a few months, your fellow-associates will observe a change not only in your increased physical capacity for work but in your mental as well. A man with an erect carriage of the body and a quick, virile stride will beget more confidence in others than he of a slovenly posture and a slow, listless walk. For walking displays much of the character of the walker. In women and children it is usually light and gay, steady and grave in men and elderly persons, irregular in the nervous and irritable, measured in the affected and formal, brisk in the sanguine, heavy in the phlegmatic, and proud or humble, bold or timid, in strict correspondence with the individual character.

HOW TO WALK; AND THE OUTFIT

There are so many ways advocated for the walker by writers and so-called health-culturists that one is apt to become confused. Walk with the foot almost flat, so that the weight of the body at each step is distributed over the entire sole of the advanced foot. The heel should touch the ground first, not the ball of the foot, or "tiptoe," as many writers suggest. The feet should point straight ahead, or nearly so. Do not attempt to stiffen the knees in military style, but let them give somewhat with each step. Let the arms swing naturally at the side; do not hold them at the chest; and take a moderately long stride. Keep the chest well expanded, or, as R. J. Roberts, of Boston, recommends, "Keep the chest-bone high."

If you do considerable walking, you need not worry much about the correct way, because in order to cover ground rapidly one will strike the ground with the heel first, and in a long walk one who toes out will observe that there is an ever-increasing tendency to point the foot straight ahead. The posture of the body is an important factor while walking.

The proper care of the feet is also an important matter. Never begin a long walk in new shoes or Oxfords. New shoes should become adjusted to the foot before a long walk is taken, or they will chafe and cause blisters. The shoe should fit properly; it should be of ample width across the toes. The best shoe is one with a thick sole and a soft upper, lacing a little above the ankle. The foot, like the human brain, has its individuality and should be accordingly clothed. See that the stockings fit your feet snugly, so that no wrinkles will cause blisters and the abandonment of your walk.

When on tours lasting several days, wash the feet well at night and rub the legs and feet with alcohol. Do not open blisters during the day, but wait till night and give them proper treatment. Take a five or ten minute rest occasionally. A short halt before beginning a steep ascent gives one fresh strength and lowers the respiration. An occasional slow trot for a quarter of a mile sometimes rests one. Harry Chester, the pedestrian, claims that up and down hill traveling rests one, as different sets of muscles are employed from those used while on the level country. "If the pedestrian has to descend a hill," says Mr. Weston, "I advise that he do it backwards. This may sound curious, but it is the outcome, nevertheless, of much experience on my part. By so doing he avoids much of the jar that is inseparable from the face-forward position, and at the same time he uses comparatively little 'brake power,' this being practically eliminated by the backward pose of the body."

The clothing in the summer-time should be light in texture and color. Dark clothes absorb and retain more of the sun's rays than the lighter clothes. After a long walk, and when perspiring freely, never ride in an open street car or sit under an electric fan. If you are sitting around, with the clothes wet from perspiration, put on an overgarment or sweater to prevent catching cold. In case of sprains of muscles or tendons the best treatment is rest and hot applications. Elevation of the injured leg is also effective in reducing inflammation.

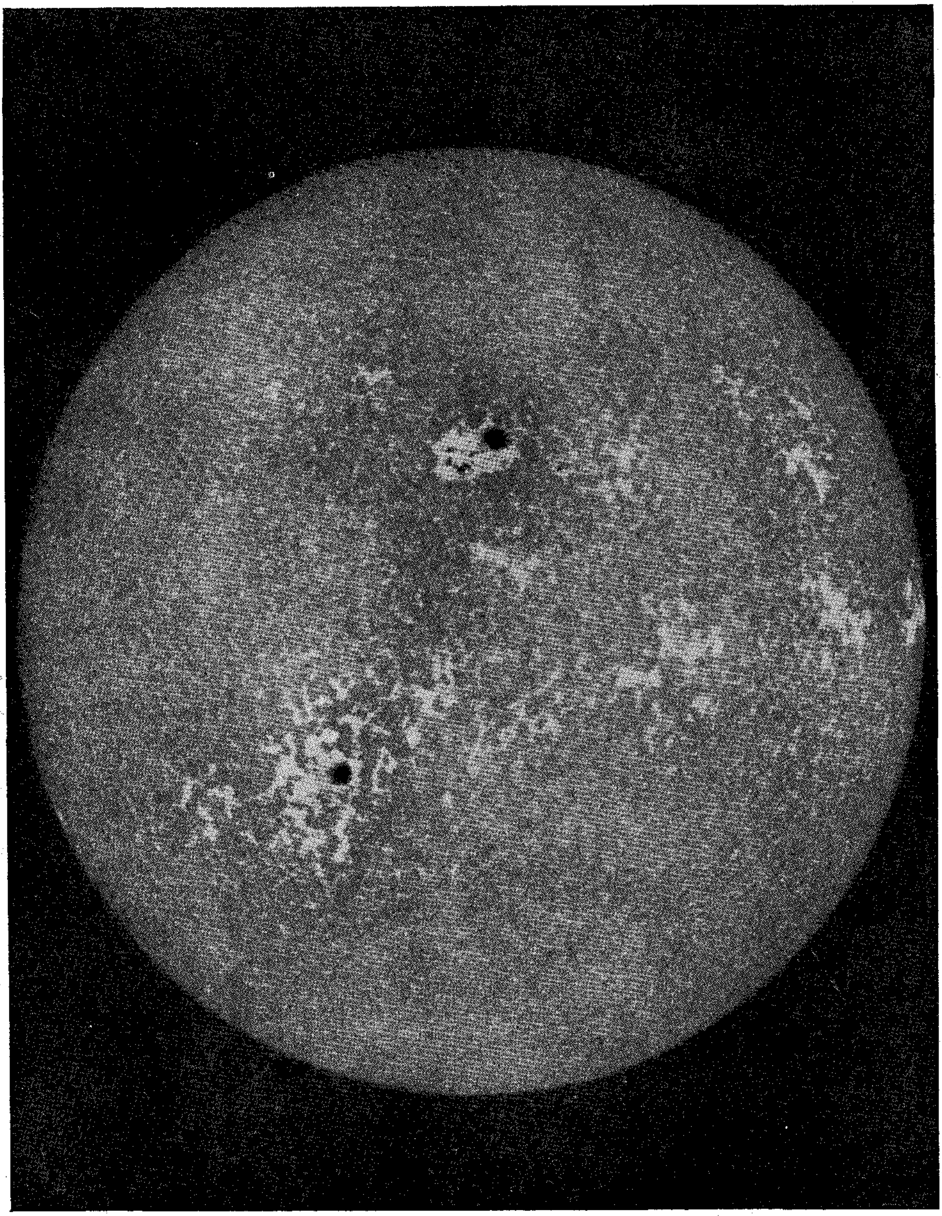
An umbrella or cane is a very desirable article while on a long walk. I prefer an umbrella because it protects one from the intense rays of the sun, and comes in handy during a rain or snow storm. A cane or umbrella can be used to beat off vicious dogs, and is also useful in ascending and descending slopes.

I desire to emphasize the fact that women need the exercise of walking even more than men, and will be benefited by observing and following out the hints contained herein.

In closing let me pass on to you what I received from two professional walkers in conversation. In 1908, while I was walking to New York City from Philadelphia, I met "Montana Joe," the globe-trotter, whose real name is Harry Chester. I walked with him from New Brunswick to Newark. He was then pushing a wheelbarrow from Denver to New York on a fifteen-hundred-dollar wager. At Newark he was eight days ahead of his schedule; he left Denver with one penny, did not work or beg, but sold enough post-cards to pay all expenses, which averaged one dollar a day. He walked thirty miles daily. In the past twenty years he has walked, according to his statement, over 65,000 miles. He said: "One day I was wet to the skin three times and dried by the sun while walking." He claims never to have had a headache or cold in his life.

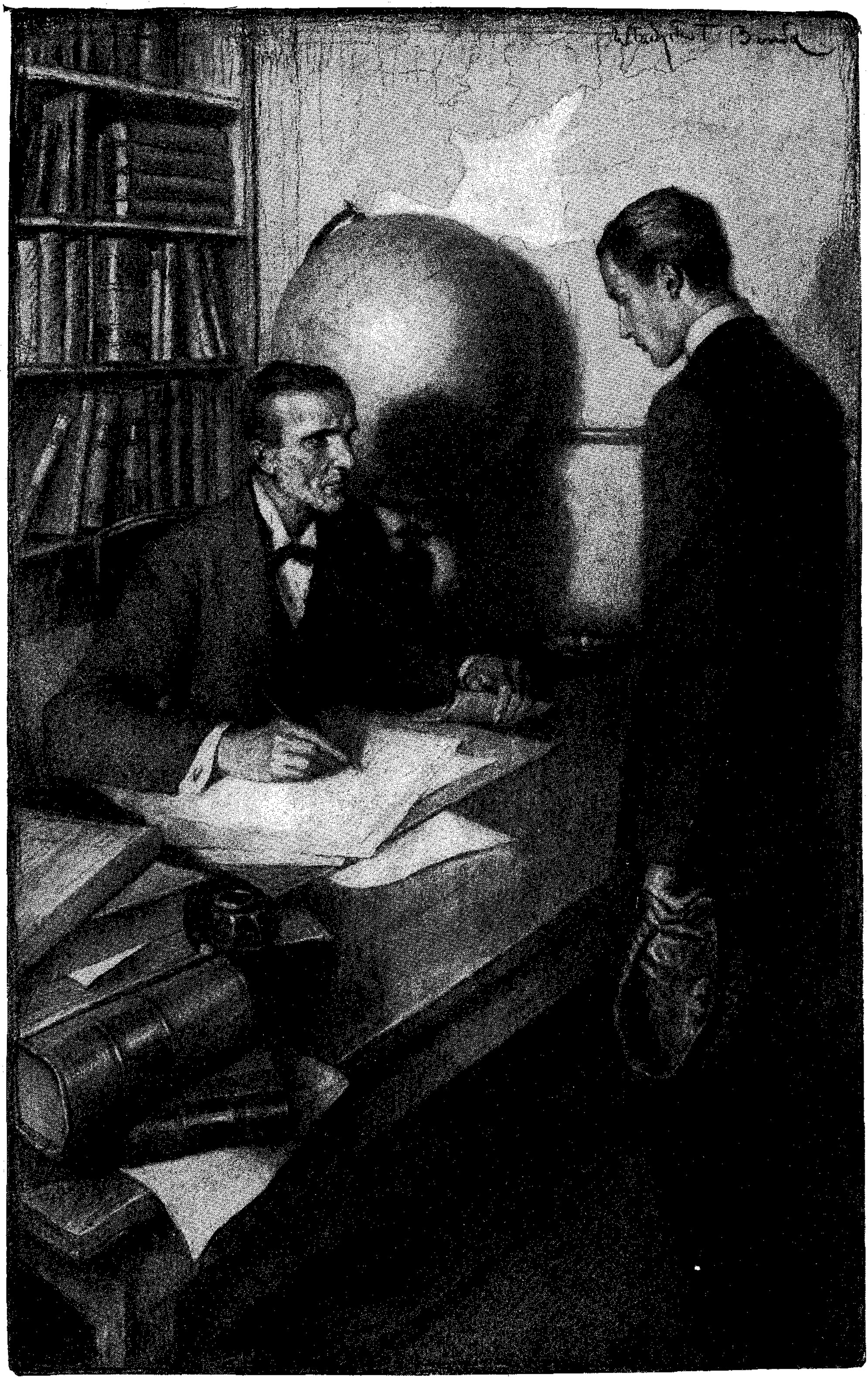
I also had a chat with John A. Kornn, better known as "Colonial Jack," who stopped at the University of Pennsylvania gymnasium to have his physical measurements taken. He was walking from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, "for fun," as he expressed it. He said that in 1908 he walked around the border of the United States, a distance of 9,000 miles, in 357 days, making a daily average of twenty-five miles. He claims never to have felt better than at the completion of his trip. He, like "Montana Joe," pushed a wheelbarrow, and gave as his reason for doing so that none could accuse him of riding on street cars or passenger trains.

What other exercise could one indulge in for seventy-seven days, as did Weston in his last trip, aged seventy-two, averaging forty-five miles daily, or for 357 days making Kornn's twenty-five miles a day average, and, instead of being injured, conserve health? These three men would, I feel sure, concur in my statement that walking is not alone a short cut to health, but a safe form of exercise, together with hygienic living, for keeping health, not to man's allotted threescore and ten, but far into the teens of his second century.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN

This splendid picture was made at the famous Sun Observatory at Mount Wilson, California. It shows luminous clouds of calcium vapor floating above the surface. This is only one of many extraordinary photographs that have been made at Mount Wilson with the aid of a new instrument known as the Rumford spectroheliograph, which is attached to the famous Yerkes telescope. Other negatives show conflagrations on the sun's surface which rise to a height of 100,000 miles. The Sun Observatory has been erected in order to make close and systematic study of the sun's rays, and particularly the effect of the sun-spots on the earth's climate.



AFTER CHAPEL THE NEXT MORNING I WAS GREETED BY THE PRESIDENT

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF AL PRIDDY IN SEARCH OF AN EDUCATION

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THROUGH THE MILL"

WITH DRAWINGS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

I

THE New England Express had given way to the Transcontinental Tourist, then I had taken my slate-colored telescope bag into the stuffy interior of a local, and this train had carried me into the heart of the gas zone, where the pungent, hissing fumes flavored the autumn air. I found myself finally standing on a splintered, smoked station platform where a town loafer drowsed on a baggage truck. At last I had reached the village wherein stood the ninety-dollar-a-year university—Evangelical University.

Between the university and the depot I passed neglected fields with clay banks starting up from them. Latticed oil derricks, connected to long shaftings by creaking wooden drivers which worked the pumps, dotted the fields. These oil-fields were separated from the deep-rutted road by moldy root fences whose black projections upheld lines of sputtering, leaking gas-pipe. A blue-jeaned engineer, dripping with black oil, lay sprawled near a gas engine which missed a gasp now and then while it barked like the demon dog Cerberus.

I had never seen a college in my life. I had seen pictures of the leading universities of the world: Cambridge, Oxford, and Harvard. I had read much of the literature, such as "Tom Brown," which has for its background armorial gateways, ivy-clothed turrets, tiny mullioned windows peeping out of quaint corners, peaceful greensward with pebbled paths whereon pale scholars, wearing board caps and sober gowns, walk with bulky tomes of Latin open on their palms. Up that clay road, from the top of a grade, I looked upon my first college; upon *my* college! It brought to mind a group of mill tenements with a big, square grammar school in the midst. The colony of houses and dormitories stood open to the glare of the sun; for there were no full-grown shade trees to be seen. The smaller houses were on stilts, and plainly showed that the first severe windstorm might twist them off their perches.

I turned from the main highway, and, over a neat board walk, I hurried along one of the university streets. The powerful sun had not sucked all the rain that had fallen in the roadway. A sea of clay broth waited for the first foot that chanced to slip from the walk. Directly ahead of me, squat and frail, like a temporary camp-meeting tabernacle, stood a dormitory with the following legend painted over its front:

CHIEF PUNGO
MEMORIAL HALL, 1889
BORN IN AFRICA
DIED HERE 1885

A student met me in front of the building. I said to him, tremblingly: "Excuse me, sir. I have come here to see if I can get an education. I saw its advertisement in a church paper; that it gives board, room, tuition, all for ninety dollars a year. I came out without writing. A friend told me about it. I came from the mill. I don't know much. I never got through the common school. I wonder if they'd take me in?"

The student replied: "I guess so. You can't see the President until the morning, though. You'd better come in with me. I might see you through. That's just what this place is for: to give a fellow who is handicapped a chance. Come with me."

He led me into the Memorial Hall, down a dark vestibule, and showed me into a very small room, which, he said, was No. 5. The double bed had two depressions, plainly visible, where the previous occupants had maintained their respective rights. The bed-quilt had a lurid Chinese puzzle design, which Jim, my new friend, explained was good to look at when your eyes got tired with study: it rested the eyes! The outer edge of the bed left a right-angled alley which passed the window. In this alley were two kitchen tables covered with black oilcloth. One had nothing on it but a grayish layer of dust. The other had a row of books propped on it, and I saw an illustrated Bible open which had purple and red ink marks in it where Jim was marking out texts to use when he became a preacher of the Gospel. I saw only two chairs. One was a bare, gaunt kitchen chair; the kind one buys at country auctions for ten cents with a year's issue of the "Plain Farmer" thrown in. The other, though, was stuffed to an enormous thickness and upholstered in a faded bed comforter, torn in places, with patches of cotton stuffing bursting forth.

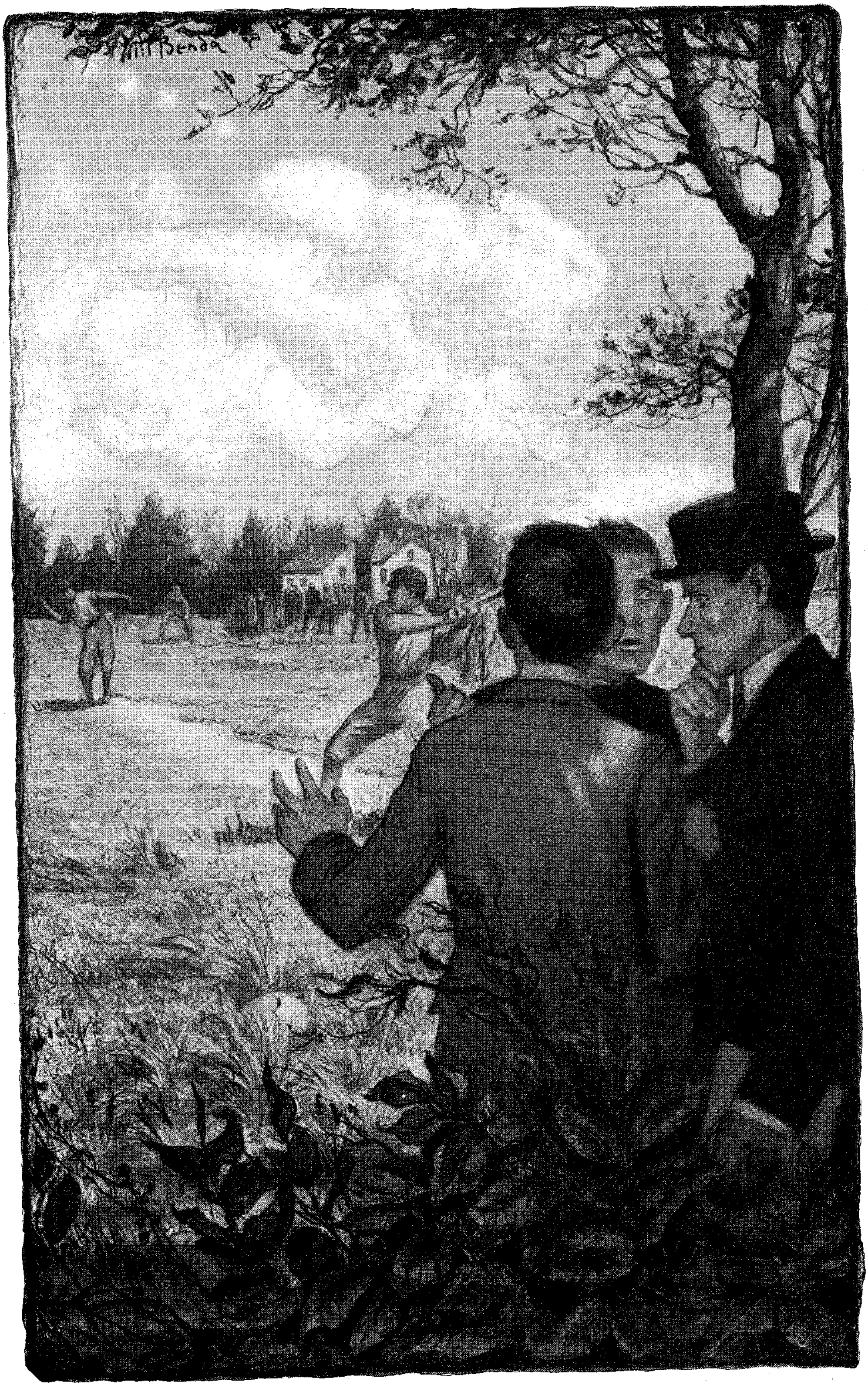
Farther down the alley, snug against the wall, stood a galvanized bucket with grease and fluff on it. "That ain't drinking water, is it?" I asked, in alarm. "No," replied my host; "that's for fire. The drinking water's in here." He lifted up a large pitcher from the wash-bowl, and I saw that its lip was coated with a thin layer of black dirt, to which Jim must have become accustomed, or at least, if he knew of its presence, he must have argued, "Well, the water slips down *over* it; there ain't any danger from germs." In the corner I saw a gas stove. While I stood, taking off my coat in order to accept Jim's invitation to "wash up," a gust of wind came into the room, got its fingers under a slit in the lotus-patterned wall-paper, and with savage ease tore so much off and left it unfurled that fully one-third of the wall lay bare to the plaster. Jim, with philosophic calm, however, picked up a flat-iron, took some tacks, and fastened the paper back, remarking, "It came off the ceiling last week, too."

Standing before the washstand, I had to prod from the soap-dish two thin wafers of soap—one, a transparent prophecy of a full cake of the scented toilet sort; the other, yellow and odorous with naphtha, which I recognized as a powerful disinfecting and wash-day soap with which my aunt drove out black grease from mill overalls. By rubbing these two together in my palms I succeeded in getting enough lather for my purpose, though I had to work fast, for the flowered wash-bowl had a yellow crack on its under side, through which the water trickled in a stream. "If you stay," said Jim, "they'll put you to room here. This is the only place that is left, just now."

Then I told Jim that I would have to do something in order to live. "I've only got three dollars to my name," I confessed. He promised to "look up Brock," a mystery which I did not understand till an hour later, when a tall, mustached German of middle age came into the room, called me "Brother Priddy," told me that he was a student, that he was also the head waiter in the dining-hall, and that he would give me a chance that very night to try my hand at serving tables.

The dining-hall was a long, low building, with a great number of windows down its sides. The interior was very cheerful, with the long tables, the sparkle of plated silver, and the white-coated waiters hurrying about. Brock gave me, out of his own store, such a jacket and a long white apron. He indicated two tables at the entrance, and told me that they would be mine if I "managed." Then at last somewhere outside a high-pitched bell rang, there came a murmur from the campus, the double doors were opened, and in rushed the young men and women for their supper. I was in a panic, for I had never been in such exalted company as students before. What should I say to them? How should I act? They gathered around the tables, standing behind their chairs, evidently unaware of my existence until I went around among the twenty at my two tables and asked them what they would have: cold water, warm water, or tea? I received eighteen orders for hot water and tea, went to the upper end of the room, where Brock stood alert with his finger pressed on the button of a Sunday-school bell, and, with thick hotel cups on a tray the size of a card-table, I managed to obtain my eighteen orders from the steaming urns. On my return the diners were busy singing a hymn. I had to force my way down the crowded aisles. When I reached my own tables to serve the drinks, while the last verse of the hymn was being sung, one of the students inadvertently stepped back, bumped into my tray, and down on skirts and trousers fell the eighteen cups of hot water and tea!

That night Jim left me alone while he went



EVANGELICAL UNIVERSITY WAS TO BE TREATED TO ITS FIRST MATCH GAME! JASON AND HIS CROWD LOOKED ON IN HORROR!

down to one of the village churches. When he returned, he said that he was very sleepy, so he prepared for bed. He knelt at the bedside for his prayers, and stayed there until I had completed four chapters in a book of travel. I gazed upon that silent, meditative, kneeling figure before me with awed respect. What a fine type of Christian he must be! how devout!—when all this was torn to pieces by a long, in-drawn snore. Jim had fallen asleep; that was all. I woke him up, only to be told that he had a habit of doing that. Would I always be so kind as to awaken him?

After chapel the next morning I was greeted by the President of the ninety-dollar-a-year university. The evening previous Jim had told me exciting things about this man. It turned out that he could read two pages of a book at a time, and that by merely glancing at a page he could pass an examination on its contents. With that uppermost in my mind, I entered the outer office, waited my turn, and was soon in the presence of the person upon whom so much depended.

His mouth twitched; twitched all the time. His eyes shone like polished coals deep under his brows. It was a race between his mouth and his eyes; the mouth went in and out, lip under and over lip, while those two eyes snapped back and forth with electric suddenness. His features had the pallor, the gauntness, of death. A world of woe, of hunger, of intellectual dissipation, could be read plainly in him. He tried to smile a welcome when he saw me; but it seemed so unusual a thing for those ascetic signs to be disturbed by a smile that the whole attempt proved a failure. Even his voice sounded tired when he spoke. It had neither vibration nor health in it. In that presence I felt chilled, uninspired, and a strong desire to be away from it took hold of me.

But after a little chat I found that the President understood me perfectly. I heard him encouraging me, planning work for me, advising me, heartening me, when I urged my lack of mental discipline.

"We haven't any luxuries here," he said. "We have no endowments. The university is supported on sheer faith. I have to go out and persuade people to give small sums. The school is needed. It is, first of all, a *Christian* university. It takes in men and women who have neither the money nor the time to attend other expensive institutions. It gives the man or boy who needs a chance a start in intellectual things. You must stay with us. I want you to work hard, pay attention to your studies, earn money in your spare time, and make a useful man when you leave us. It is plain living and high thinking with us. Keep your three dollars; you will need it. We will defer your tuition until you can pay it more conveniently, at the end of the term. We will now make out your list of studies."

And fifteen minutes later, after the President had appraised my intellectual attainments, I went from the office with a yellow card on which was written a list of subjects that would have shocked the deanish exactitude of the dean of a four-hundred-dollar-a-year university. The list read: Grammar, Church history, beginning arithmetic, logic, beginning Latin, typewriting, and zoölogy.

II

The *raison d'être* of the ninety-dollar-a-year university I found in the Borden family. They lived in one of those three-roomed cottages which rested on stilts on the fringe of a sugar-cane field. Julius Borden, stout and towering, father of the family and forty years of age, sat with his son Jack, a lad of twelve, in the grammar and arithmetic classes. On account of his age and constantly paraded wisdom we called him "Pa." The mother had previously graduated from a high school, so, besides doing the housework and earning a snug sum of money from chickens, she took studies leading to the A.B. degree. Edith, the daughter, was following close after her mother in the College Preparatory Department. Had there been an infant of school age in the family, he could have adventured out of the simplicities of the A B and C's into the intricacies of his Ph.D., and, because of the coeducational facilities, he might have married and settled down as a professor, without moving from the spot.

In that memorial dormitory which rocked in every gale of wind dwelt many students with dark passages in their lives. To many of them Evangelical University was a refuge from a life of tragedy. John Elmer, in No. 12, had roamed through the world during the most of his thirty-three years, first as a runaway lad, then as a tramp; after that he had been a medicine faker and a quack doctor. He had scarred his soul with moral wrongs which had sent his parents and a sweetheart to untimely graves. Now I found him in the university making up for the neglected education of a lifetime, and trying to atone for his wrong-doings by a severe penance of prayer, sacrifice, and Christian labor. In room after room throughout the university were young men and women who were aiming at a college degree from the very low level of elementary school ground—men from coal mines, railways, farms, factories, and shops; women from farms, factories, and stores—but making a beginning at an age when the four-hundred-dollar-a-year college turns out post-graduates.

I soon found myself called upon to pay instant heed to religion of a very definite and dogmatic, even Pharisaic, sort at Evangelical University. One of the advertised features of the university read, "Every student urged to be a Christian!" The bell rang every evening, immediately after supper, for a prayer-meeting. There were prayers in the morning. There were five different religious services every Sunday. Private prayer groups abounded; circles for Bible study, mission study, and theological culture thrived in every dormitory. Religion, personal religion, was always the uppermost theme in the dining-hall. At some portion of the day practically every student's face would be solemn over some doctrinal, Biblical, or experimental theme. It cropped out in the class-rooms on the most trivial occasion, and obtruded itself most conspicuously at times.

On arriving at the university I wore a gold-plated watch-chain in connection with the dollar watch in my pocket. It was a harmless affair, this chain, picked up somewhere for a trifle. One day Jason Hardwick, a tall, slender, chalk-faced poet, and the leading scholar in the university, took me aside, and when we were out of hearing he said solemnly, "I am burdened for you, Brother Priddy, burdened for you!" I asked him why. He replied, "Because Satan is leading you astray." I expressed my concern at that, and demanded a fuller enlightenment. "Those are the stumbling-blocks over which you may fall into the pit, brother," replied Jason, at the same time pointing, not only to my watch-chain, but also to a ten-cent tie-pin that I wore. "Those things, if you wear them while professing to be a Christian, will lead your weak brother astray." I replied that it was my own business, and went off without saying, as I felt tempted: "Why don't you stop curling your chestnut locks, my friend, and why don't you stop dressing yourself so conspicuously, with your tieless collar, your military black coat, and your funny hat?" But Jason was importunate, and, partly to get rid of his criticism, at last I decided to stop wearing the chain and the pin. But that brought out the problem, how protect my watch? For this the tall Pharisee was prepared. I wove, under Jason's direction, a long shoelace into a fancy chain which did very well indeed—and satisfied Jason in regard to the condition of my soul!

But Jason's quibbles, powerful and based on Scripture as they were, could not restrain me from expressing pride in the university. I had seen the high school pupils at home wearing tiny caps that merely covered the back of the head. I procured such a cap, and in the quietness of my room embroidered on it, with blue and yellow wool, "E. V."—Evangelical University. I wore it to chapel the next morning, and one of the young women confided to me that I looked "real cute with that little shiny curl sticking out from under the front of the cap!" If Jason had heard that!

I did not find it a very grave matter to pay my way, at first. I earned my board by serving tables. That left only my personal expenses and a matter of twenty-five dollars for tuition to be obtained. The university paid twelve cents an hour for labor. Even at that poor price few chores went begging. The village was small, and little employment could be obtained there. By far the larger proportion of students, men and women, had their own way to pay; so the university found its tasks done willingly at so low a wage. It was twelve cents an hour for helping to rearrange the library, twelve cents an hour for stirring a caldron of simmering tomatoes into a sweet preserve, twelve cents an hour for looking after a professor's baby, for reaping sugar-cane, for grading the lawn, for kneading bread in the bakeshop, for scrubbing class-room floors, for thawing frozen water in the overground gas mains, for ringing the bell, for cleaning typewriters, blackboards, and mending root fences.

I sat in the arithmetic class under the same professor who instructed me in logic later in the day. He was accustomed to such incongruities. It did not raise comment that a member of the common school department should take logic with a college senior. I felt flattered, especially as the arithmetical studies, through the extreme novelty of the professor's method, were beyond me, while Jevons's and Hill's logic was readily digestible.

There was a maximum of interest, however, in first-year Latin. The professor was an eccentric bachelor who never looked his pupils square in the eye, and during an hour's recitation he walked back and forth across the recitation-room, much as one exercises on board ship. In the early stages of the Latin verb the elder girls slipped up on the perfect tense of "Amo," a traditional practice, compelling the professor to run through it for them. The room filled with unrestrained laughter when he paused in surprise at "I *have* been loved!"

In our classes the professors always had some complaint to offer, half apology, in regard to the incompleteness of the university equipment. The scientific professor told us, in the class on zoölogy, that his stock of specimens needed replenishing. The English professor informed us that the library was poorly stocked. The theological professor informed us that there was instant need of a theological library, but there seemed no prospect of one. In our Bible classes the President would take us into his confidence, after a faculty meeting, and descant upon the imperative need of increasing the salaries of the professors, always adding: "Young ladies and gentlemen, several of your teachers will get only part of their salaries this month. If any of you are acquainted with some wealthy friends, kindly leave their names with me after this class. Mr. Santon, describe now the order of creation!"

I had never been the subject of such solicitude as the dean gave me during study hours. There was posted and maintained an absolute rule that every young man and woman should be in his or her room at half-past seven every evening save Saturday and Sunday. Half-past seven was early to settle down to study after having had a full day of it; yet the rule was insisted upon strenuously. Each dormitory not only had a student monitor to report individuals, but it also received faithful visits from the dean—a duty that always seemed incompatible with his exceedingly scholarly tastes; but, on looking out of my window, I often saw him in the twilight, a tall, ungeared, thin-faced man, stooped and stealthy, searching the campus or darting into the halls post-haste after delinquents.

Besides advertising in certain church papers that "Every Student of Evangelical University Was Earnestly Urged To Be a Christian," the authorities also announced with pride, and in large captions, "No Match Games Allowed." This advertisement was enlarged upon in chapel and in class-room. Match games of any sort were gambling. Match games induced wagers. Match games brought out worldly and selfish thoughts in the contestants and the onlookers. Match games were of the devil!

But not every student agreed to these premises. The majority of the students did. But there was a small group of red-blooded fellows to whose ears the thud of a football against the toe or the bump of a bat against a baseball was music. But the problem was before them, in tragic size—how play ball without taking sides?

The question became more acute when the students began to discuss a hypothetical gymnasium. The majority of the students were afraid that the erection of such a building would detract from a love of the soul to a worship of the body, and so strenuously opposed even the discussion of a possibility of a gymnasium. To this majority was given the name "Anti-Gymnasiums." Jason took his place as leader, naturally. But even their anti-athletic doctrines could not take away the need of exercise, so they were found after meals leaping, bounding, twisting, and jumping on the cinder path, with Jason competing with them, manifesting all the grace of a rheumatic frog.

The verbal contests between the Anti-Gymnasiums and the Pro-Gymnasiums crystallized into heated debates in the Saturday Evening Literary Societies. The subjects were posted: "Resolved: That the Bible Prohibits Athletic Contests;" "Resolved: That a Gymnasium Would Harm the Spiritual Interests of the University." The Antis fortified themselves with Paul's words, "I so run that I may receive a prize," and "I box, not beat the air," and other allusions to sports that may be found in Holy Writ, which, by the aid of Larry Thomas's Greek and Hebraic skill, were paraphrased to suit the occasion—and paraphrased well!

Finally, the conflict crystallized in open revolt. A party of the Pro-Gymnasiums, one Saturday morning in spring, tired of playing scrub baseball and weary of knocking the ball out to catchers in the field, grew desperate and chose up sides! The boast of the university was in danger! Two matched sides were out in the field! Even an umpire stood behind the pitcher! Evangelical University was to be treated to its first match game! Jason and his crowd looked on in horror. They waited until the game started, listened to the derisions of their foes, and then, goaded desperately to action, sent to the dean's house the startling news of the rebellion. The dean hastily arrived, peremptorily ordered the game to stop, took the names of the contestants for faculty discipline, and the Antis held the field with stern exultation. Satan had been checked!

III

I received no cash from the university for my labors, consequently, when early winter came, I found myself reduced to narrow straits. But the facilities for economy were plenty in Chief Pungo Memorial Hall.

The man across the hall owned a galvanized wash-tub, which the men on the first floor took turns in using for a bath and for washing clothes. My roommate possessed a set of flat-irons and a rubbing-board. We each had a wire clothes-line in the rear of the dormitory. We wore colored shirts which did not require starching, though a Porto Rican did try to teach me how they did it on his island.

I had to adjust my wash day to such a time as when the wash-tub and rubbing-board could be used. Sometimes it came early in the week, and sometimes late. But the regular cleaning day was Saturday. Then, after breakfast, the two brooms were handed from room to room, rugs and strips of carpet were shaken out of windows, fire-buckets were replenished, and the solitary can of kerosene, the community deodorant, disinfectant, and destroyer, was shouted for up and down stairs to quiet those live, fiery creatures who domicile in beds.

After having gone penniless into the heart of winter, without having been able to buy a postage stamp to write to one of my friends, I desperately told the President that I should have to stop working for the university in order to get some money on hand. He gave me permission to work during spare hours in the village—if I could secure work. The following Saturday morning, when the weather was close to zero, one of the students asked me if I would care to go to a brick-yard and load bricks for fifteen cents an hour? I leaped at the chance, and, with a cold lunch in my pocket and very thinly clad, I followed my benefactor down to the brick-yard.

The freight car stood several yards from the brick heaps. We built a plank bridge. Then we took turns in loading and wheeling. The sharp edges of the bricks cut our fingers, the weather froze them, we shivered, our noses turned blue, our muscles, unused to such violent strains, bothered us, but at the end of the day we had earned a dollar and a quarter apiece; sufficient, in my pocket at least, to pay for a few necessary extras.

I handled so little cash during those days that the feel of that dollar and a quarter made me quite mercenary. I resolved to earn some more. Through a friend who acted as general agent for a sensational publishing company I obtained a prospectus of "The Devil in Society," a book written by an ex-Member of Congress which muckraked the upper-ten of Washington with blunt phrase and memorable detail. The worn-out type was barely decipherable on the fourth-rate paper. The binding was a cheap light-green cloth, with black lettering. Nevertheless, in the villages about it was not difficult to sell two and three on a Saturday morning for one dollar and a half apiece at fifty per cent profits! When, inadvertently, I tried to show my prospectus to a reader of Christian Science books, she rendered my salesman's "patter" *hors de combat* by saying, "Young man, there is no devil; it is a delusion of mortal mind!"

Meanwhile I was earnestly getting the maximum of inspiration from my intellectual privileges. In my room at night, under the fitful ebb and flow of the illuminating gas, which often flickered out, I went forth into new worlds where Cæsar led his troops and built his bridges, where coronations and wars as in ancient Britain and classic Greece were enacted, and where I saw the Christian Church rise up from its beginnings until its kindly shade brought rest to nearly every nation on earth. The scientific professor took me into the natural, living mysteries by which we are surrounded, and my English instructor taught me a finer mode of speech and expression than that to which my pen and tongue had been accustomed.

But, on account of the intense religious interests of the majority of the students, encouraged by the university, much of this new truth had its element of tragedy. I found myself plunged into that disturbing, bitter uproar described in the Church history I was studying as "the eternal conflict between science and religion."

Our teachers, nearly every one of them, had been liberally trained in reputable colleges and universities. For them to teach in Evangelical University was nothing short of heroic; the pay was trivial and not always forthcoming, while the criticism that was heaped on them by the students was nothing if not fiery. But, though leaders themselves in the rigid, conservative doctrines on which the university had been founded, and which, in practice, it held dearer than its instruction, the professors found themselves hard put to it at times.

The Professor of English Literature, a woman of sweet spirit, received petitions praying that she discontinue those masters of poetry and prose in whose writings might be found a gross sentence now and then. In my room Jason and his friends would question her right to compel them to read Chaucer, Defoe, Swift, Shakespeare, and De Quincey for examination. More than this, the poor professor found it exceedingly difficult to get some students to read prose or poetry, itself unquestionable, whose author had a bad past, like Burns and Byron. Some of the students insisted that a sinful man could not produce good works, a casuistry which they refrained from using in their Bible study, when they came to David's psalms. *That* was the Bible!

And as for the bright young fellow who taught us zoölogy and the natural sciences, I can still see him surrounded by a group of shocked, demonstrative men and women who are asking him, as if on scent of a new heresy, "Do you mean to say, Professor, flatly contradicting inspired Scripture, that the world was not created within six days, one hundred and forty-four hours?" or, "Why, Professor, what shall we do in the final examination? The Bible tells us the world is a few thousand years old, yet you insist that it is millions of years old. Of course we shall stick to the Bible. Will you mark us down?"

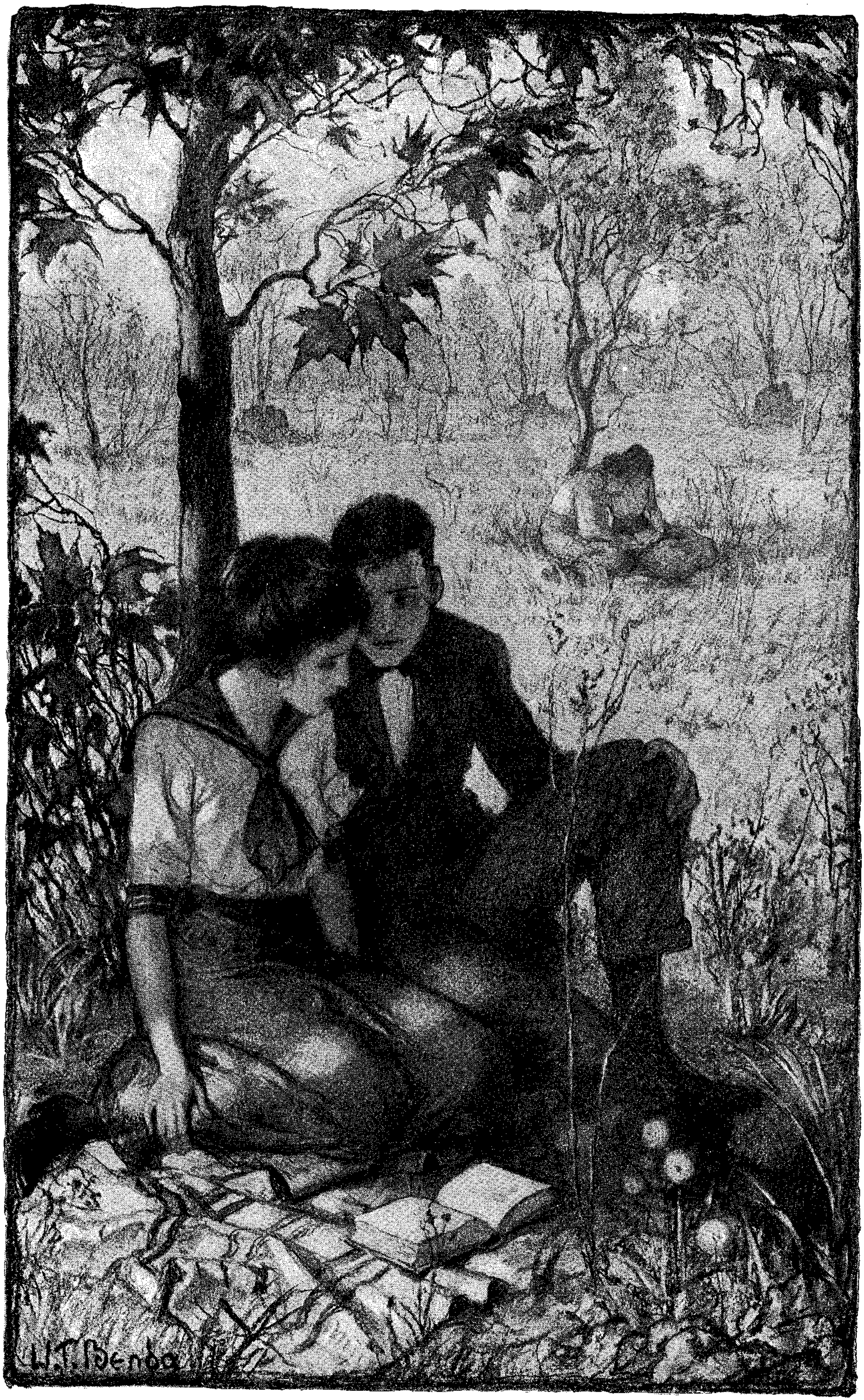
Not even did the elocution professor escape, though his trial was not so severe to pass through; his questioners were fewer. But there were half a dozen embryo preachers and evangelists who, before coming to the university to take common school studies, had done some exhorting in public with more or less success. Consequently it was either a shock to their pride or a setback to their extensive and firm trust in God for them to think of *cultivating* the voice and the gestures. "What right has any man to improve on what God has done?" Pa Bordon argued. "I believe that it will be given you in that day what you shall speak, so why bother about elocution?" This little group of the sons of the prophets stood aside on this faith, refused to yank the stiffness from their arms, the awkwardness from their feet, and the tightness from their throats, in stubborn loyalty to their faith in God.

It was upon the theological professor, however, that the severest, the most unflinching espionage was inflicted by my fellow-students. This man had the unenviable task, stood committed to the bounden duty, of squaring doctrines, Biblical interpretation, and sermons to the peculiar theology of the university foundation. Imagine, then, the straitness of his course, marked out for him from the foundation of the university! Creed, conscience, and brain absolutely suborned to set bounds! Jason, with the sense of a hound when on the track for orthodoxy or heresy, kept close and acute watch over this professor; yet even Jason found little chance for complaint. Once the professor did make some of the students shake their heads and protest because, in one of his public sermons, he raised the inquiry, Might it not be well if the students omitted a few of their prayer services and indulged in social opportunities oftener?

Yet even on this gloomy, oppressive, solemn air Cupid's wings flapped at times; for hearts were young and maidens fair and Cupid's darts freshly sharp.

One day, from the library window, a student, after having watched a flock of vultures make swoops upon the carcass of a sheep in the next field, on turning his eyes downward, saw Jason seated with the Nun on the laboratory steps! No talking was allowed in the room, but, by the use of silent signals, students left their books and papers to gaze with wondering eyes at that spring miracle! The Nun had solemnly averred that her life belonged entirely to the cause of China; that she would never marry. Jason, too, had proclaimed celibate doctrine in all the corners of the campus. Hence the wonder of the sight. Jason and the Nun were obviously engaged in settling some grave problem in a text-book. After the processional of graduation that year Jason and the Nun heard a minister call them man and wife.

That same spring, too, in the village, there broke out an epidemic of disease.



TWO IN A CLASS, AND EVERY SAPLING SHADE OCCUPIED

The university was quarantined. The following Sunday, with no compulsory church attendance, the young men and women who usually walked together to the village church found it very interesting, very profitable, to take their Bibles and hold study classes under the shadow of the saplings; two in a class, and every sapling shade occupied. But the next morning in chapel the dean broke forth to Jason and his fellow-culprits by venturing with sure tread and heavy on the stimulating theme, "The Sacrilege of Pretending to Study the Bible When You are Doing Nothing but Make Love." It was the Pro-Gymnasiums' turn to laugh then.

Then my first year at the university came to an end. The students dispersed; some to go through the land holding religious revivals under tents, Pa Borden among them. Others took "The Devil in Society," with the intention of clearing big profits from that sensational book. Quite a number of the men went forth with the folding ironing-board invented and manufactured by the mathematical professor—a contrivance which stood up like a soldier, kneeled down like a camel, and folded up like a jackknife.

As for myself, I had neither the clothes nor the experience nor the opportunity to leave the campus of the university. I was too far from home, and without money, so I resolved to take my chances by helping the superintendent of the grounds until the reopening. But, as that would yield me no cash, I went along with a married student who had just been given his Ph.D., and, side by side, through four hot June days we wielded picks and shovels on hard clay, in competition with Irish laborers whose flesh was iron, whose wit was bubbling over, whose use of the pick and shovel was a wonder to behold. As I weighed but a hundred and twenty pounds and had stringy muscles, I undermined my strength to such an extent that the lightest gardening throughout the remainder of the vacation brought on an excessive weariness. Thoroughly disheartened, penniless, cooking my own meals, I wandered listlessly about the dreary campus day by day, watching the vultures wind circles in the air, and thinking all the time, "Is getting an education by your own effort worth while?" But always the reassuring answer came: "Wait till next fall, when all your friends get back! You will then begin on your second year. Two years of education is worth all the effort." Then I would go back to my room, warm a can of beans, and eat in hope.

IV

With the return of the students in the fall came the old emphasis upon religious concerns. I was used to it by then. Constant association with the students had toned down the novelty of it. I even found myself reacting to the zealous spirit that dominated the university. When one of the liberal supporters of the university paid us a visit and addressed us in chapel, I found myself discounting the man because he wore a brilliant ring on his finger! Jason's crowd came out on the campus alarmed that a man with pride in his heart, as indicated by that ring, should be a Christian! Did not John Wesley condemn such yielding to carnal pride, urged Jason, and pointed to the very passage in one of that noted man's books.

Finding myself given up to such Pharisaic concerns, it was with relief that I welcomed an attack of malaria, for that brought its simple human joys: flowers from the young women at my tables, eggs and other extras from the kitchen, concern from all my friends, and an unwonted interest in the simple worldly news from the outside. On my sick-bed I heard the loud shouting as the Pro-Gymnasiums carried the winner of an oratorical contest on their shoulders to the President's door. I heard the dancing and singing around the big bonfire, which proved to me, more than all that I had seen, that the student heart, even at such a formidable place as Evangelical University, loves pageantry and display in celebration.

But after the convalescence came the sterner aspect of things; hard study, hard work, worry over my empty purse, and frets about the future.

Not only was this seriousness personal. It filled the air of the university, for the annual advertised revival had been announced, and that in itself was an event, *the event*, at Evangelical University. Your educator says, "The prime work of an institution of higher education is intellectual instruction." The founders and trustees of Evangelical University differed, and said to us, "The prime work of *this* university is the converting of men and women. Beside this, studies, study hours, and recitations are as nothing." In arguing this matter with Jason one day, and differing from that argument, I said, "But why not let the Church take care of conversion and preaching, and let the university center its effort entirely, undistractedly, on intellectual instruction? That's what I came for. I can get religion at camp-meetings and on Sunday, plenty of it." Jason's poetic face seemed bewildered, shocked, and he disposed of the whole matter categorically by saying, in his solemn way, "Brother Priddy, what are *heads* compared to *souls?* 'Now is the day of salvation'!"

At the announcement of the coming annual revival all the enginery of Christian effort was brought to bear on the student and faculty life. The prayer bands wove in extra sessions, the after-supper prayer-meetings were suddenly crowded, and their hour lengthened into an hour and a half, to give time for all the prayers, public confessions, and testimonies. Bands of men and women roamed about the dormitories holding inquisitions over new students, warning them before the revival started to make their peace with God.

Then the revivalists appeared—an uneducated man and his wife, whose fame for doctrinal discussion and emotional zeal was considerable. With their coming Evangelical University seemed to reach its highest enthusiasm.

Every person and activity was subordinated to the sweep of that winter's revival. The faculty stepped into the background. The valedictorian, the prize scholar, the grind, the "shark," the humble seeker after knowledge, gave way to Pa Borden, the converted gravestone dealer; to Mr. Truman, the converted barkeeper; to Allen, the reformed miner; for it was these men who were the "lions" of the revival. They stood up night after night and laid bare horrid morbid pasts, standing before us as "souvenirs of grace." It was these men, marked by sin, well advanced in years, ignorant, self-important, with an unmistakable zeal, who dominated all the services. To them the evangelists called for public prayer, to them the evangelists gave the command to seek out members of the faculty known to be lukewarm in their religious publicity and try to win them to a warmer profession.

And the meetings themselves! They were not the Moody-Chapman-Smith kind, which have as their only goal the correction of unethical lives. By the time the revival began that winter it was an actual boast in the prayer-meetings that there were only *three* students who did not publicly profess to be Christians; yet the revival was not primarily for these. These meetings were morbid, Scripture quibbling, legalistic, abnormally ecstatic, super-rational sessions, whose whole point consisted in *emotionalizing Christians.* The evangelist and his wife preached for hours and hours to prove from Scripture that professing Christians were not *fully* Christians until they had gone through a second consecration.

After the first week, when the meetings had opened and closed on time, the evangelists were discouraged, and openly said that there must be unbelief about! That day, then, the prayer bands redoubled their petitions in an effort to "make the meetings more what they should be." The second week the meetings began to be more exciting. The evangelists took more than their allotted time in chapel, saying sincerely to the President, "Well, brother, studies can give way to the Lord, can't they?" and the President nodded his head and gave orders to the bellman not to ring for recitations till the service was over—a half-hour later. This disposed of all the recitations for that hour. After the evening services, that second week, instead of getting to our rooms by half-past seven, many of us who stayed to the second service did not get back until eleven o'clock; this with the sanction of the faculty, who were determined not to interfere with "the work of the Spirit." After these sessions it was impossible for us to get any lessons, but we did not have to fret, for the next morning in the classes we had neglected we repeated our excuse: "Professor, I have no lesson; I stayed at the meeting last night," and the professor, who was not to interfere with "the work of grace," had to bow to the excuse by saying, "All right. The next one may recite."

The meetings were considered successful according to the amount of ecstatic display that came during the prolonged second service every evening. The meeting, once given into the hands of the students, took on alarming, hysterical proportions. One Thursday evening, after an hour's sermon by the evangelist's wife on a doctrinal theme, a young woman stood up in a trance and spoke in a jumble nobody could understand. That was the signal for a wild demonstration; a Pentecost, it was called. A group of young women paraded up and down the aisles, waving handkerchiefs and shouting in rapt ecstasy, "Praise, oh praise!" Suddenly one of the young men near me, without any provocation, burst into tears, and, in writhing agony, sobbed as if his heart would break. Meanwhile at the lower end of the room three rows of students were singing a hymn at the top of their voices, while one of the faculty stood on the platform, gazing on the scene, beating rhythmic time with his hands. Then the young fellow who had fallen near me in tears leaped to his feet and burst into a wild torrent of laughter and ran about the room, clapping his hands. Near the platform, with heads soberly, quietly resting on their outstretched hands, knelt the evangelists in prayer, praying aloud for one of the faculty by name! The young woman in the trance came back and reported a vision, the description of which was fit to be framed in Miltonic verse. Towards eleven o'clock, after the hysteria had somewhat abated, though it had passed from student to student like the onward sweep of a wave over the sea, the whole company sang a revival hymn and went out with a benediction by Pa Borden.

Two weeks of the revival, and then the revivalist and his wife went forth. It was a distinct relief, a real, worldly, healthy touch to campus life, to go forth once again and, instead of hearing some reminiscence of the revival, hear "Bird" Thurlow shout across the walk, "Hey, Paddy, going to take Miss Adee to the lecture next Wednesday?" That was the surest indication that the revival was over until the following spring, when there would be another two weeks of it.

During that second year a very definite restlessness took hold of me. I went days at a time without seeing any of the sins with which the world was full. Like Johnson's "Abyssinia," Evangelical University was a place where "the evils were extracted and excluded." One never saw a pipe, cigar, or cigarette on the campus, or in any of the dormitories. Profanity, vulgarity, displays of temper, were very, *very* rare. When one student chanced to offend another, the apology was instantly forthcoming. One lapse in any of these directions meant expulsion from the university.

If heaven is one-sided, like that, then I have had my full taste of it, without a doubt. There were the students forgiving and forgetting faults, preaching charity one to another, sharing the common joy of Christian striving. Everywhere were eager hearts leaping at the opportunity of helping somebody else, yet I was restless. And that because whatever Christian ideals I had were the ideals of practically every one around me. Faith did not stand out very definitely because there was no unfaith for a background. There were few opportunities for Christian discipline because there were so few temptations to worldliness. I said to my roommate one day: "How dull it is here! I mean trying to be a Christian does not thrill one here as it does out in the midst of worldly things. It is such a heaven here. There's so little reforming to be done. There are no sins to speak against. Everybody's trying to be good, to do good." "Yes," ventured my roommate, "I feel the same way. It's like eating the most delicious plums in the world. Nothing is left to be desired, so far as goodness goes; that is where the dullness comes in, I suppose. What a thing to complain of, to be sure!" He laughed. "It isn't often that you find two young people having an occasion to complain about the dullness of too much goodness."

Nevertheless, having received, by taking extra studies, what preparation I needed, I resolved to complete my education in the East. The university had given me a good start. It had put me under a deep debt toward it. The extreme religious doctrines it fostered, the narrowness and bigotry of the students, were mainly due to the absence of vice, of worldliness; religion in a place where practically every student was trying to live at his best was bound to be legalistic, Pharisaic. As there were no outstanding sins to denounce, and as expression must out, the students could only resort to schoolmen's quibbles.

Evangelical University took me, a fellow poor in purse and ill furnished in manners and mind. Without questioning, it welcomed me to its poverty and its inspiration. It gave me the open hand to all it had. It shaped life through the narrowest mold; but there was a great light held constantly before us. The ninety dollars a year it charged for board, room, light, heat, and tuition—how trivial a charge for the great ambitions it brought to life in me! To its grim cloisters, its bare rooms, to its campus whereon never stamped the feet of athletes in contest, are still going poor lads from farm, factory, mine, and shop. I can promise for them a full inspiration, a fair mental furnishing, a first-hand knowledge of religion, and a deep respect for the kindly men and women who have sacrificed so much to be their teachers.

THE CONSERVATION OF WOMANHOOD AND CHILDHOOD

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE longer we study social problems, the stronger become two seemingly different but really complementary feelings in our souls, if we are wise: first, the feeling of distrust for any one patent remedy that offers a complete solution for all our ills; and, second, the feeling that we are all the more bound to do everything in our power to secure the adoption of as large a number as possible of the partial remedies that do each alleviate something of the misery of mankind and work a measurable betterment in the condition of men, women, and children. Permanent good can come only if, with clear-sighted recognition of the manifold evils around us, and resolute courage to do away with them, we combine that broad and equable health of soul which declines to put its faith in any one patent cure-all, and which, above all, declines to let its indignation at wrong and sympathy for suffering be turned into an angry vindictiveness and uncharitableness which would in the end merely aggravate the suffering and increase the wrong.

It is curious to see how actual events give the lie to the theorist who finds the root of all human trouble in any one single tendency or set of tendencies; and it is no less curious and a little disheartening to see how men refuse to profit by the lessons before them. In this country, for instance, we have one set of entirely well-meaning men who insist that our present social system is as perfect as human nature will stand, that all we need is to stop agitation and unrest, and that the ills of poverty will be cured, and can only be cured, by each individual showing thrift, industry, temperance, and sobriety; and we have another set of reformers who insist that a complete cure can only come, and will assuredly come, if capitalism, or, as they term it, "capitalistic exploitation of the masses," be drastically done away with. I wish that the apostles of both schools could only be persuaded to look across the Pacific Ocean and see what is actually the case in China, or at least would read about it in the pages of a real observer like Professor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin. In China there are several hundred million workers whose condition, judged by our standards, and indeed judged by any standards, is far lower than the condition of any class of anything like similar numbers in either America or Europe. The individuals of this class are industrious, thrifty, frugal, temperate, to a probably greater degree than is the case with any corresponding class of workers in Europe or America. Yet, for reasons the discussion of which would be aside from my present subject, they have remained for many generations at a level of want and misery below all but the very lowest depths of the lowest and most completely submerged strata of Western populations. Their condition shows the absurdity of thinking that the virtues named can, in the absence of other qualities and purely by themselves, save a people. But it also shows that the favorite remedy advocated by the professional Socialists is itself a quack remedy. Among these populations there is absolutely nothing even remotely resembling capitalistic exploitation. In enormous stretches of the country where the misery is greatest, where the recurrent destruction by famine and the diseases incident to famine is most appalling, there is no kind of capitalistic development, no class of capitalists, and hardly any people of riches. Capitalism has had absolutely nothing to do with producing this misery; for in most of the region there is not much inequality of conditions, the rich have not grown richer, yet the poor have grown as poor as they possibly can be.

I hope I make myself clear. I do not mean that there are not evils of a very grave kind in this country due to our capitalistic system. I do not mean that it is possible to win success without being industrious, thrifty, frugal, and temperate. But I do mean that our Nation, to go forward as it should go, cannot afford to rely on any one set of virtues, however important, and, on the other hand, that we cannot afford to believe that we shall accomplish our aims by warring against any one set of evils, however real. We have to rely on a very great many manifestations of good qualities, individually and collectively, and we have to war against a great many different forms of evil, individual and collective. No one remedy, no one virtue, is enough, and no one evil begins to occupy the whole field of evil. Antitoxin is a mighty good thing in cases of diphtheria. It would be very foolish to refrain from using it to cure diphtheria because it does not cure cancer, or to denounce it as a quack remedy because it does not cure cancer. But if we permitted ourselves to assert that it did cure cancer and everything else, we should at once make it a quack remedy. I ask for governmental action when such action will avail against the evils of either capitalism or individualism, or any other evils. I also ask that we show individually the qualities of industry, thrift, and temperance, for no governmental action will accomplish anything if we fail to show such qualities. All I wish you to remember is that no single quality or set of qualities is of itself sufficient to cure all the evils of the body politic, and that these evils are far too complicated for us to attribute them all to any one tendency or set of tendencies, no matter how vicious.

My present purpose is not to offer a panacea for all suffering, not to say that what we ask will accomplish everything that should be accomplished for the body politic, but to call attention as strongly as I know how to one real and vital need which must be met, and the failure to meet which cannot be atoned for by any other type of action.

Of recent years this country has rightly awakened to the need of Conservation. We have begun to realize that we are guilty of crime against our children if we hand them over a wasted heritage. But, after all, the most important type of conservation is the conservation of the manhood and womanhood of the country; and, vitally important though it is to leave our children a proper heritage, the one thing of supreme importance is that we shall leave the right type of children—children of such character and living their lives under such conditions that they shall be fit to enjoy and make use of their heritage. It would be a dreadful calamity to continue to waste and destroy the resources of the Nation as until a few years ago we were wasting and destroying them, as we still, in certain respects, continue to waste and destroy them. But it would be an even worse calamity, because irremediable, if we wasted and destroyed the manhood and womanhood of the Nation. And the only way permanently to conserve the manhood and womanhood is to conserve the childhood.

It is not my purpose to speak in detail of the machinery that should be provided for the protection of women and children in industry and in the home, in this State and throughout the Union. There are many sides to the question, and many wants to be met, and we need the carefully thought out suggestions of the various experts who have dealt with each of these many sides in order to frame appropriate legislation to meet each of the various wants. But the experts can accomplish nothing unless there is an aroused public sentiment, able to translate itself into the efficient demand which will result in action by our public servants, State and National. I shall merely touch on one or two phases of the work that is needed.

In this work most must be done by the State governments; but much can also be done by the National Government. It is earnestly to be hoped that Congress will enact into law the bill for the establishment in the Department of Commerce and Labor of a bureau to be known as the Children's Bureau, the purpose of which shall be to gather, classify, and distribute for popular use in the States and Territories accurate information on all subjects relating to the welfare of children. During the five years the bill has been before Congress no valid argument has been presented against it. The chief reason for the failure of the bill thus far has been that it is solely in the interest of the conservation of human resources, and does not directly touch any material interest. It is therefore devoid of features which would win selfish and self-interested advocacy; and the persons who desire to continue to exploit the labor of children are naturally against it. It is a scandal to the American Nation that our National Government has proved so supine in doing what it can to promote the welfare of the children of the country.

The States have more to do than the Nation as regards this problem. New York State, owing to legislative shortcomings, but especially, I regret to say, owing to exceedingly hurtful and mischievous judicial decisions, stands far behind in what it should do. Fortunately, it shows signs of waking up.

The New York State Factory Commission was recently appointed to inquire into the conditions under which manufacturing is carried on in the cities of the first and second class in this State, including in their investigations matters affecting the safety and health of the operators, to the end that such remedial legislation may be enacted as will remove existing peril to the life and health of operators and other occupants in existing or new structures.

Under the Act creating it, the Commission is charged with the duty of inquiring into the following matters: (1) Hazard to life because of fire, covering fire prevention, fire-escape facilities and exits, number of persons employed in factories and lofts, fire drills, etc.; (2) proper and adequate inspection of factories and manufacturing establishments; (3) accident prevention—guarding of machinery; (4) danger to life and health because of unsanitary conditions; ventilation, lighting, hours of labor, employment of women and children in various industries, occupational or industrial diseases; (5) an examination of the present statutes and ordinances that deal with or relate to the foregoing matter and of the extent to which the present laws are enforced.

The Commission is to recommend such new legislation as may be found necessary to remedy defects in the existing law and to provide for conditions not now considered. We have every reason to hope and believe that this Commission will recommend advanced legislation of the most practical kind, which shall work a radical change for the better in the vitally important matters which it is investigating. But the Commission is apparently not empowered to deal with tenement-house factories, nor with some other matters as important. Moreover, we must not forget that the workers themselves must be able to take an intelligent and efficient interest in the enforcement of whatever laws are put upon the statute-books. It is for this reason that I believe with all my heart in seeing workingwomen organized as workingmen are organized; indeed, for them the need is even more vital. Legislation in the interest of women workers can be thoroughly enforced only if the Labor Department officials can count upon the entire backing of organizations of women workers.

New York State should put a stop to manufacturing in tenement-houses. This State leads in the amount of such manufacturing. The labor law contains no provisions to prevent the employment of children nor to restrict the working hours of minors or women in tenements. It provides merely that work on specified articles (forty-one in number) given out by manufacturers or contractors may not be carried on in a tenement living-room unless the owner of the house has first obtained a license from the Department of Labor. To obtain such a license certain sanitary requirements must be satisfied. No one knows the actual extent of home work in New York City, as the inadequate force of inspectors of the State Labor Department cannot cover completely all the tenements where work may be carried on. The incomplete figures from the labor records show over twelve thousand tenements licensed for home work.

Actual experience has shown that under present conditions home work is a serious menace both to the workers and to the public. A home workshop is neither a home nor a factory. The institution of the home from earliest times has surrounded itself with peculiar rights and traditions. To make it a "factory annex" is an invasion of the home which should not be tolerated. The home workshop is a factory without a closing hour. All day the adults labor, with an occasional brief recess to look after the baby or attend to the most pressing household duties. After school and into the evening (sometimes until late) children five years of age and upwards assist the grown-ups, in order to increase as much as possible the daily earnings. In many instances children of school age remain away from school entirely to work in the home. Home work and congestion, bad ventilation and dark rooms, go hand in hand. To permit women and little children to live and work in wretchedly lighted, badly ventilated rooms, polluted by overcrowding, both from the materials for work and from the workers, so that the air is contaminated, furnishes new recruits to the ranks of tuberculosis victims. Home work promotes truancy. School principals testify that the "system" constantly encourages the children to become "regular irregulars" in their attendance, and often chronic truants.

Since 1894 the State has attempted to control tenement-house manufacture by a system of regulation. Burdened by numerous other duties, the Labor Department can now detail regularly for New York City only four inspectors, and periodically but twenty, to visit twelve thousand licensed tenements—known centers of home industry. In addition, thousands of houses—no one knows how many—in which work may be going on without a license also need attention. Work on any one of a specified list of forty-one different articles can be carried on legally only in a licensed tenement. Present-day industry has overflowed into the houses to such an extent that over sixty other articles not mentioned in the law are now being made in tenement homes. For these no license is required, and work may go on under indescribably bad conditions, the output to find its way through channels of trade to the public.

In short, the actual methods and possibilities of tenement-house labor practically nullify the existing laws by rendering them impossible of enforcement.

The fact that the welfare of the workers is seriously menaced, that home life is broken up, and that the public health is endangered through use of tenement-made articles makes imperative some action looking towards a remedy. Moreover, tenement-house labor introduces unskilled and unsupervised work, including that of very young children, into competition with skilled labor in the shops, thus tending to reduce the proper wages of labor, and enabling unscrupulous employers to avoid the expense of shops and the necessity of submitting to supervision by encouraging piece-work in the tenement-houses. Organized labor has a legitimate interest in this matter, aside from the general interest. The first step should be legislative inquiry into this whole subject, such an inquiry as State Senator Wainwright's committee made concerning workmen's compensation.

The reasons for suggesting the appointment of a commission rather than the presentation of a bill are: First, the information at present at hand, while amply sufficient to show the absolute need of immediate relief, is not as complete as is desirable for the purpose of laying a basis for the formulation of public opinion or of securing the enactment of the wisest provisions. Second, only through the operation of such an official commission would it be possible to present to the courts, which later will be called upon to construe the provisions of any enactments, a collective body of evidence showing the reasons which moved the Legislature to the adoption of the specific enactment, whatever form it may finally take. In this manner only, therefore, a wise and enforceable provision of law with regard to the evils dealt with can be assured. Third, the Court of Appeals of this State held in the case *re* Jacobs that a statute forbidding the manufacture of tobacco in tenement homes is contrary to the Constitution, because not shown clearly to be a health measure. If we cannot secure, as we ought to, a flat reversal of this mischievous decision, then it would be well to obtain through a commission such convincing and comprehensive data as would exclude doubt of the immediate connection between work in tenements and (*a*) injury to the health of the workers, especially children, (*b*) spread among ultimate consumers of whatever communicable disease can be carried in articles worked upon. Such a commission could give authoritative data showing why the reasoning in the Jacobs case is wholly inapplicable to modern conditions.

One of the crying abuses connected with child labor in this State is the employment of hundreds of children, five years of age and upwards, in connection with the fruit and vegetable canning factories in the State. Their work has been held to be agricultural. But it is in no sense agricultural. It is carried on usually in sheds structurally a part of, or adjacent to, the factory proper. A child labor colony is established around each industrial plant. According to the latest official statistics (August, 1908) of the Labor Department, hundreds of children under fourteen years of age work in these canneries. Very many of them are under ten years of age. There is thus practical exemption from the law enjoyed by proprietors of canning factories. In spite of the law which prohibits other manufacturers from employing children under fourteen years of age, or before 8 A.M. or after 5 P.M., and not more than eight hours in any one day, canners have, season after season, been using little children, permitting them to work from 7 A.M. to 8 or 10 P.M. Private investigations during the last two seasons furnish abundant testimony that child labor still continues, and that very young children work excessive hours and into the night. During 1909 legislation was introduced seeking to eliminate child labor under fourteen by an amendment to the definition of the term "factory" in the Labor Law. Although actively supported by a number of organizations interested in working children, the canners were able to defeat the bill. In January next this bill will be reintroduced and an active campaign inaugurated to secure its passage.

During the last session of the New York Legislature the Assembly passed a Fifty-four Hours Bill intended to restrict the working hours of women and young girls to fifty-four hours a week, and cutting the day down to nine, or a possible ten, hours. The new bill was defeated in the Senate by the action of the canners, who desire a total exemption for their industry during four summer months. They were aided by some other manufacturers. They sometimes require women to work for seventy or eighty hours a week. In the interest of all workingwomen this law should be uniform. An exception for any one industry necessarily opens the way for special exceptions for all seasonal industries at the cost of the women workers.

New York State is behind many other States in protecting women factory workers. The following figures speak for themselves:

58-hour week, Connecticut, Maine, Minnesota, New Hampshire.

56-hour week, Rhode Island.

55-hour week, Wisconsin.

54-hour week, Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, Utah.

48-hour week, Arizona, California, Washington.

Every attempt to shorten the hours of work of women in this State has been violently fought by the various employing interests, especially that of canners. In 1910, not satisfied with working their employees unlimited hours in the sheds, the canners sought to secure exemption in the factory proper from the sixty-hour law through an amendment providing that during the period June 15 to October 15 such workers might be employed overtime in the factory without restriction as to hours, so long as the work did not exceed an average of ten hours a day for the season. Owing to the attitude of the Labor Commissioner, who stated that the proposed amendment was unenforceable and, in his opinion, equivalent to a complete lifting of the law during the busy season, and owing to the spirited opposition of the friends of workingwomen, this bill was finally withdrawn. Both official and private investigations agree that canners employ young girls and women shockingly long hours—sometimes up to one hundred and ten hours a week. I ask you to picture for yourselves the wearing exhaustion, the hopeless drain of vitality, which such figures mean. In justice to other manufacturers, and in order to protect workingwomen, the fifty-four hour week principle should be universal in its application, so far as factories are concerned. If canneries were to be exempted, other seasonal trades—Christmas candies, toys and boxes, Easter bonnets, flowers—which prepare for a holiday demand goods the whole value of which depends upon their timeliness, would seek similar exemptions from the Legislature. The State Federation of Labor will reintroduce next January their Fifty-four Hour Week Bill, and a vigorous attempt will, I trust, be made by all organizations interested in workingwomen to secure the enactment of this principle into law.

But it is mighty little use to have labor laws if we let them be enforced primarily to give jobs to politicians. Last July the New York State Civil Service Commission had an unannounced hearing and exempted from examination the eight new positions of supervising inspectors of the Bureau of Factory Inspection, carrying a salary of $2,500. These offices were created to strengthen the enforcement of the labor law under the recommendations of the Wainwright Commission. Only experienced and well-qualified persons should be appointed to positions of such responsibility. These places have now been thrown open to political patronage, and miscellaneous and unsuitable candidates are besieging the Labor Commissioner for appointments. The action of the New York Civil Service Commission is a most serious assault upon efficient factory inspection; it cannot fail to demoralize the force, and thus help to nullify the law. Yet hardly a protest has been made in the public press against this action.

New York State is behindhand in its child labor laws; but some other States are even further behind. For seven years the National Child Labor Committee and other agencies have attempted to raise the age limit to fourteen years throughout the Union. They have succeeded in a majority of States, but none of the great cotton-mill States of the South has reached this standard. The employment of children of twelve or ten years in the cotton-mill industry is not only a disgrace to the employers and the community permitting it, but a reproach to the American people. Nor are cotton-mills the only offenders. Children under fourteen, many as young as five and six years, work all winter in oyster and shrimp canneries on the Gulf Coast. These children are chiefly Poles and Bohemians from Baltimore and other Northern cities. Thousands of them work all summer in Maryland and Delaware vegetable gardens and canneries, and all winter in Southern packing-houses. No law protects them; yet the work in which they are engaged is often ruinous to their health.

I lack the power to paint for you the hideous misery and hopelessness of some of these children's lives. Let me give you one instance—an instance typical rather than exceptional.

Last summer Alma Whaley, a textile-mill girl in Knoxville, Tennessee, drank carbolic acid to commit suicide. When examined, she revealed the existence of a suicide pact among the textile-mill girls, whose life was such that they felt that death was preferable to the slavery in which they lived and toiled. A very good citizen of Knoxville who interested herself in the case writes about it as follows:

"In regard to Alma Whaley, a cotton-mill girl, she is fourteen years old, pale, thin, and has worked for four years ten hours per day. She asked her mother to let her rest, and her mother said *no*, so she tried to end her life. Drank carbolic acid. The mother is a widow with six children, ignorant and dirty, and almost impossible to do a thing for. She will not allow the girl to go to the country (at my expense). I have done what I could, but the future looks hopeless for the girl unless she can be taken from her mother. There are many cases as bad as this right here." Surely there should be laws which will enable society to interfere in such cases, to protect the poor child from the employer who exploits her young life and from the unnatural parent who sells the life for exploitation.

I am now speaking primarily of childhood and motherhood. But I must say a word of fatherhood also. All three must be considered together; for the fundamental question is that of the family, which includes all three. Normally, the man must be the breadwinner; and the woman and children will necessarily suffer if the man is killed or crippled, or labors under conditions which inevitably tend to brutalize and degrade him.

The development of modern large-scale production has brought about a very rapid increase in the number of workmen employed in industries which are operated without stopping twenty-four hours every day for seven days a week. These continuous industries are new phenomena, just as factories with dangerous machinery were once new phenomena. There must be new legislation, and new and enlightened methods of judicial interpretation of law, to meet the new conditions. To quote the counsel of the Factory Commission: "It has become increasingly clear that it is the duty of the State to safeguard the worker, not only against the occasional accidents, but the daily incidents of industry; not only against the accidents which are extraordinary, but against the incidents which are the ordinary occurrences of industrial life." In just the same way it has become the duty of the State to safeguard the worker against those "daily incidents" of trade which take the shape of inhuman toil.

With respect to this necessarily continuous seven-day work, our old Sunday laws, dating back to an earlier generation, have broken down. Relief to the workers can be afforded only by increasing the labor force one-seventh, if necessary—to let part of the force off each day in the week, and in that way give every man one day of rest in seven. Legislation is needed to bring this about in this country, just as it has been brought about in France. And such legislation would be sustained by the courts unless they scuttled the logic on which the Sunday laws now on the statute-books have been sustained; that is, as an exercise of the police power in protecting men from continuous toil. The Supreme Courts of practically every State in the Union have gone on record as upholding Sunday laws, and in 1884 the United States Supreme Court expressed its approval of them, "not from any right of the Government to legislate for the promotion of religious observances, but from its right to protect all persons from the physical and moral debasement which come from uninterrupted labor." The priests and ministers and physicians of every mill town in America where the seven-day week governs can testify how it undermines the comfort of their people, their happiness, and their health. At the present time the progressive men in one big industry, where it has been at its worst—steel—are tackling this seven-day schedule, and it looks as if they were going to be able to down it. The American Iron and Steel Institute has passed resolutions to that effect. So has the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, representing churches with a membership of thirty millions. It is high time we had six-day statutes and that they were enforced.

In a continuous industry—whether it is a cement works or a trolley car or a power plant or a blast furnace makes no difference—there are only two ways in which you can split up the twenty-four hours. There must be either two shifts of men each working twelve hours or three shifts each working eight. You can't compromise on nine or ten. You much choose between twelve or eight; and with those two choices, surely the decision must be for the eight-hour day.

The workmen who put in the longest hours are classified by the New York State Bureau of Factory Inspection in a group labeled "sixty-three hours and over." That group includes roughly everybody above the ten-hour men—men who work anywhere from 63 to 119 hours per week. The report of this bureau for 1909 showed that out of 5,059 workmen employed in the most important steel center in New York State, 4,584 fell in this class. The majority of these men worked regularly twelve hours a day either six or seven days a week. The same report shows that out of 12,991 workmen in paper and pulp mills in this State, 5,650 worked over sixty-three hours a week. Out of 9,543 employed in water, light, and power plants, 2,652 worked more than sixty-three hours per week. In all, over 36,000 employees in the entire State worked a daily schedule of from ten to thirteen hours and over.

The effect of a twelve-hour day is paralyzing from the standpoint of the man's personal welfare, of his usefulness to his family, and of his usefulness as a citizen.

I recently received a pamphlet which seems to me a tract that should be in the hands of every man and woman seriously interested in the effort to secure fair play and justice for the men, women, and children of our country. It happens that it deals primarily with men, and with women and children only as affected by the deaths of their husbands and fathers; but the fundamental principles of justice and fair play are the same everywhere, and every one interested in the betterment of conditions of work and life among women and children must of necessity be interested in the betterment of the relations between labor and capital, the betterment of conditions of the breadwinner of the family, upon whose welfare the welfare of the women and the children of the family largely depends. It was Dr. Rainsford, whose management of St. George's Church made that church a factor of high importance in the social work of this city, who sent me this pamphlet. It was prepared by Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliot, and issued through the University Press of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee—a university which has always been honorably prominent in practically working for justice and honor and decency and the betterment of mankind. The pamphlet is called "An Epoch-Making Settlement between Labor and Capital," and it gives the result of the settlement made through the action of a self-appointed mediator, a Mr. Williams, a good citizen who worked on his own initiative in getting together representatives of the United Mine Workers and President Earling, of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad, to arrange for compensating the sufferers from the Cherry disaster, the awful mine horror which resulted in the killing of 270 miners, who left 160 widows and 470 children, 407 being too young to work. An eminently fair solution was reached in a spirit of generosity and justice to both sides; and it was reached by voluntary agreement. Thi case illustrates what I have already said when I insist that, as in each phase of the social problem we strive to bring about social improvement, more is needed than any change of law, and yet that there must be change of the law. There must be good instruments, but good instruments are not enough. Good laws are indispensable, but habits count for even more than laws; the decent citizen must have the habit of trying to show an active and efficient purpose to behave with decency and to see that justice and mercy obtain as among his fellows. In this case there were no adequate laws; and no law, however adequate, could have accomplished for the good of a terribly stricken community what was accomplished by two good citizens, Messrs. Earling and Williams, both of whom acknowledged in plain, common-sense fashion, and yet in a very lofty spirit, their moral obligations in the face of disaster to their fellows. The work they did was in itself a mighty good; and it was also a great good because it was an inspiration to other private citizens; and, finally, it should be an example and inspiration to public servants.

From what I have said already you will see that I do not believe that legislation by itself is sufficient or anything like sufficient. Nevertheless, it remains true that we can do no permanent good without the right kind of laws, National and especially State. In order to get these laws we must, first of all, get an aroused and intelligent public conscience. The people must be made to understand the need and the duty of acting. Then the law-making and the law-administering branches of the Government must be made responsive to this popular demand, so that the legislators shall enact the proper laws, and the governors, mayors, and other executive officers carry them out.

THE SPECTATOR

IT was a Saturday afternoon of an August day that the Spectator found himself marooned for over Sunday in a back-hill little town of the coast foothills of southern California. First of all, he must remove, if he can, the fixed impression of the Eastern folk generally that the summers of southern California are tropical, for he has learned from delightful experience that the summers of the coast foothills in any of the valleys between the ocean and the mountains and the desert beyond are far more delightful than the winters even, for the heat of the hottest days is only from perhaps nine in the morning until about five in the afternoon; the nights are always cool and refreshing. Now that a vigorous campaign against the ubiquitous flea seems likely to open in all California, surely the question as to where one can be the most comfortable the year round, from a climatic point of view at least, promises to be finally settled.

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It was verily the land of little rain; there had been hardly a drop, save heavy fogs, since early spring. "Our fogs are a subterfuge for rain," said a ranchman to the Spectator, "and only for steady and lots of irrigating this wouldn't be the greatest place on earth for citrus and grapes, for vegetables and alfalfa—yes, and poultry." Much that the Spectator heard that Saturday when trying to make the most of his time until there should be another train out from the prosaic, dusty, and flea-infested little town was prefaced with "When the Canal is opened and the Exposition is on"—visions of unparalleled prosperity.

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Could it be that less than twenty years ago that growing town of some fifteen hundred inhabitants (inclusive of residents for miles around) was nothing more than a blacksmith's shop and a watering-trough on the old San Diego trail? Already the one-story "square-front shacks" lining its Grand Avenue were giving place to creditable business blocks; three banks, three hotels, large groceries, and several dry-goods stores were noteworthy features of a half-mile of "throbbing heart of metropolis;" it had saving picturesqueness in an occasional bareheaded girl riding horseback at a dashing pace, astride, with a colt, perhaps, in close following, and in groups of languorous Mexicans and Indians (the Spectator could not tell one from the other), both impressing him as possessed with an abiding consciousness of former supremacy in the region—imaginary ownership. The Indians, he was told, might be from the near-by reservations; many of the Mexicans claimed descent from dispossessed grandees. There were six or more reservations within a radius of about one hundred miles.

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The main street of the little town was called Grand Avenue. At a point not far from the business center, and where it became a country road in appearance, the Spectator's flagging spirits were greatly refreshed, for there stood a one-story structure of wood, perhaps 20 × 20, with "Free Public Library" across its front. A woman, her arms over-full of books, had just alighted from a ramshackle wagon, dropping one as she passed the Spectator—Laurence Hutton's "Talks in a Library." Picking up the book, the Spectator ventured to ask if she had enjoyed reading it, adding that he thought it most entertaining, exceptionally so. "Enjoyed it?" a smile breaking through the dust that veiled the intelligent, cheery face; "it's the best book I ever found in this library. Poor thing, it must be lonesome out here! Nobody ever took it out before I did, and I hadn't the least idea what it was about. Somebody staying at the hotel over a Sunday left it for the library." She laid down her burden on the librarian's desk—a half-dozen novels or more—over-well worn, obsolete, third-class fiction mainly. Evidently the number of books that one person might draw was limited to what he could carry away. "You see," this chance acquaintance chippered as she looked in vain for something as good as "Talks in a Library," "when you live eight or ten miles off and must keep a big family in reading, two or three books are just nothing at all. Finding what they haven't read twice already is pretty hard." No, she had not read Locke's stories—never heard of Locke, nor of Ibsen; nor had the librarian—he would put Locke and Ibsen on the list of books "called for;" the new books were always in great demand; the committee was buying a good many "sets" of historical publications. There they stood, those "sets," in long rows, spick and span—cheap, ready-made samples, mainly of "sawdust porridge," cheap library books that are becoming more and more a feature of public libraries—cumbering shelves that are deplorably lacking in indispensable reference authorities and standard authors.

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For a library browser like the Spectator free access to the shelves compensates for many shortcomings in a library, but he questioned the wisdom of free access when he saw chattering boys and girls rummaging for "something good." Their comments upon what they liked or did not, and their questions called out by titles, convinced the Spectator that a library without a wise adviser is sadly deficient. "Is 'Pride and Prejudice' worth reading?" "No; too flat for anything. Here's a corker," handing down a sensational, inane novel that the Spectator was sorry to see in the library at all. He was surprised to find a fine edition of Sterne's works, with a slightly expurgated "Tristram Shandy," accessible to others than students of English classics; that its leaves were uncut did not surprise him.

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The Spectator asked to see the catalogue of the library. It was larger than he expected. "A Finding List" reminded him, as he studied its contents, of the jest about house servants—"Who calls them 'the help'?" As a demonstration of what untrained endeavor can produce in a library catalogue that "Finding List" was unsurpassed; as an irritant for finders, an amusement for graduates in the art of catalogue-making, a success. In exploring its maze—its classifications particularly—the Spectator forgot all else. Under Philosophy was "A Manual of Chess;" under Religion, "In the Days of Giants;" under Sociology, Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress;" under Useful Arts, Warner's "Summer in a Garden" and Roosevelt's "Ranch Life;" under American Essays, "W. Irving's" Works and "Innocents Abroad"—yes, and "A House-Boat on the Styx;" under English Essays, Homer's Iliad (Pope's translation) and Goethe's Works; under History, Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories," "Penelope's Experiences in Ireland," and "The Ladies of the White House," while a "Life of Swedenborg" prepared the Spectator for finding the biographies of Alice and Phœbe Carey and of Helen Keller listed as History. Under Fiction—the bulk of the catalogue—"M. Ward," "G. Parker," and "R. Kipling" had a fair showing, but evidently their books had nothing like the circulation of trashy fiction, the popularity of which was advertised by the state of the covers. Mr. Dooley looked very serious as a novelist; and how the author of "In His Steps" would like the classification of his best-known book as fiction the Spectator can only surmise. Under Miscellaneous the compiler of the catalogue had plainly thrown off a great burden of perplexity, dumping together everything he could not sort—"Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc," Amiel's "Journal," "The Simple Life," Geikie's "Life of Christ," and much more that seemingly might have been correctly classified—into a general heap. Nor was there anything like alphabetical sequence in the names of writers or the titles of books; finding a book or an author in that catalogue would be beset with difficulties. "I'd like something by Thackins," said a young girl at the desk. The librarian turned over the Finding List. "Nothing by Thackins in the library."

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The Spectator sat upon the piazza of his hotel musing upon free libraries generally, when a leading citizen of the little town dropped down beside him—one of the founders and zealous promoters of its public library—whose lack of reading matter as a book-hungry boy "up in Aroostook" had inspired his efforts, when he had become a successful promoter of large real estate projects in southern California, to provide a liberal supply of reading matter for the community in which he lived. "Startin' a lib'ry here, the first thing to be taken into account was to give out the kind of book that the most of folks 'round here would read at all. They'd got to get the readin' habit, you see, most of 'em, and they wouldn't read nothin' but stories." The difficulty in getting a purchasing committee that would agree upon selections was amusingly told. "Now we are buying a higher class of books than at first; we put 'em in a few at a time; but it's the old trashy novels that are called for." Yes, it was a trained librarian that they needed most—they had been thankful for the services of volunteer librarians, poorly paid, if at all; one of them had compiled a catalogue—a free gift. He had an "idee," the founder of the library, that he had been "chewing upon" for some time; perhaps the Spectator would tell him if it was worth anything. Had he ever heard of a library where the best monthly, yes, and weekly, periodicals largely filled the place of books? Why not have copies enough of leading periodicals for giving out as well as books? What better reading for the young folks? And then the field covered the acquaintance with public questions and living subjects that would be acquired. He didn't read much but magazines himself, and newspapers. When the library, the year before, subscribed for a single copy of "Harper's" and of the "Century," it had been proved to him that a good magazine library would be an improvement on the old plan. What did the Spectator think about it?

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The Spectator thought well of the suggestion. He was familiar, of course, with library reading-rooms where magazines could be read but not taken away. He had seen such reading-rooms crowded with readers—those provided for children packed full after school hours and on Saturdays—with some one amply qualified always in attendance to advise the readers if necessary. But a library for the distribution of periodicals to be taken home was unknown in his experience. He could see no end of obstacles to its successful working; but for any little out-of-the-world town, why would it not be an improving annex to the average public library, where those who are qualified to pass upon the books to be placed upon the shelves are hard to find? Wise adepts in book-buying are demanded in these days when libraries must be on guard against imposition in the way of cheap "sets" for reference departments and in being utilized by publishers as storage houses for dead books, as picture collectors have to be against speculators in fake originals.

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"When next you come this-a-way," said the founder of the library aforesaid, "you will see an up-to-date library, for the money for one is pledged and the plans of the architect stand approved. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know." The Spectator can see in the Historical Museum of the metropolis of a grape district of southern California one hundred years from now, in a glass case, a booklet—"The First Finding List of our Library"—the impulse that started the evolution of its fine modern institution.

THE NEW BOOKS

Five Great Philosophies of Life (The). By William De Witt Hyde. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Under a new title, "The Five Great Philosophies of Life," President William De Witt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, presents a new edition of his book "From Epicurus to Christ," published seven years ago. This change has, as he intended, the advantage of relieving a work alive with modern interest from "an antiquarian flavor" in its former title that some may have sniffed and drawn back from. It is not Epicurus, Epictetus, Plato, and Aristotle, but their modern representatives, whose missing of the ideal of personality it exposes, and the modern evils resulting which it exhibits, while a more effective solution of the perennial problem of life is facilitated by this historical approach to it. The concluding chapter of the present edition has been rewritten, and shows more impressively that "while the faith of the world has found in Jesus much more than a philosophy of life, in its quest for greater things it has almost overlooked that. Yet Jesus' Spirit of Love is the final philosophy of life."

Memories and Studies. By William James. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.75.

Originality of thought and expression, a firm grasp of fundamental principles, a lofty idealism coupled with passionate devotion to the concrete and the practical—these, the salient characteristics of the late Professor James's work, are amply manifest in the collection of miscellaneous essays which his son has recently published under the title of "Memories and Studies." In subject-matter the essays cover a wide range, from brief but illuminating biographical studies of Emerson, Agassiz, Frederic Myers, Robert Gould Shaw, and Thomas Davidson to thoughtful discussions of such varied topics as the peace movement, the value of a college training, the work of the Society for Psychical Research, and the possibility of developing for practical, every-day use the "latent powers" of man. By many this last essay was severely criticised as preaching a gospel of overstrain, but Professor James himself always insisted that his aim in it was simply to arouse people to a realization that they have within them energies and faculties of which they commonly make little use, but which, by systematic effort and training, they might use habitually to their great advantage. To the essay on psychical research a distinctly personal interest attaches, inasmuch as Professor James reviews his own share in the psychical research movement, and states the conclusions to which it brought him. The essay dealing with the movement for universal peace is chiefly noteworthy for its clear-cut recognition that in order to do away with war some adequate substitute must be found for the "working off" of the instincts that now gain vent in military ardor, as also for the development, without the cost of bloodshed, of the sturdy virtues inherent in the "fighting spirit." As always, Professor James gives his views in clear, candid, forthright fashion, and often with an epigrammatic terseness. This is especially evident, perhaps, in the biographical studies. Emerson, to him, was essentially an "artist," whose life was given over to "spiritual seeing and reporting." Louis Agassiz he describes, in a single happy phrase, as "one of those folio copies of mankind." But, among all the essays dealing with the men he had known, none is quite so felicitous as that which recounts the life story of the eccentric but highly gifted Thomas Davidson.

Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories. By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $5.

The leisurely reader—may he increase in the land!—will find much to attract him in Mrs. Chadwick's book, "Mrs. Gaskell: Haunts, Homes, and Stories." Mrs. Gaskell, like Thackeray, made a request that her life should not be written and that her letters should never be published. Her daughters have respected her desire. However, the present biography is fairly full, and is largely built upon what the author regards as essentially autobiographical details found in Mrs. Gaskell's stories. Perhaps this method could be applied more perfectly to Mrs. Gaskell than to most novelists. She had the art and the wisdom to confine herself to what she really and intimately knew. Her books are true to life. She heeded the warning she gave to a young author and escaped a danger. She told him: "You do not make the reader see the things with your eyes, but you present the scene itself to him." Living in Manchester, as the wife of a Unitarian minister she went through the rigors of the financial crisis of the early forties, and again in 1862. She knew the cotton-workers and wrote of their lives. More than one pretty story is told of her tact and sympathy. A sewing class of rough Irish girls was in danger of serious disorder, and a retired soldier gave up the attempt to make them disperse quietly after their sewing lesson. Mrs. Gaskell volunteered to undertake it, and stood at the door offering her hand cordially to each departing woman. They were flattered by her attention, and the situation was changed. When she wrote stories for Charles Dickens's "Household Words," she objected to "the purple patches with which he was anxious to embroider her work," and insisted upon her copy being followed without change. Writing fascinated her, but in her busy life she never had time for a long story until toward the close of her life. She loved her "Cranford" best of all, and its sunny, quaint humor has never been equaled. Knutsford is the original of "Cranford," and abounds in Gaskell memorials now. Her "Life of Charlotte Brontë" extended her fame widely for various reasons, and stands high in biographical achievement. It has sold better than even Boswell's "Johnson" or Lockhart's "Scott." Mrs. Gaskell was a happy, sunny, helpful spirit, broad-minded, and of wide outlook for her day. The pleasant biography has but one fault; it is too long and suffers from unnecessary detail and repetition.

Concordance to the Poems of William Wordsworth (A). Edited by Lane Cooper. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $12.50.

If this ponderous volume of nearly twelve hundred pages, printed in double column, from small type, is an evidence of the interest in Wordsworth's poems, it ought to be welcomed by all lovers of English verse; for it is a key which unlocks a body of the most thoughtful, and occasionally of the most beautiful, modern English poetry. The editor expresses his conviction that, after Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, Wordsworth holds the fifth place among leading English poets, and there are many who will accept that judgment. The main function of the Concordance, he says, "is to aid the attentive reader . . . in discovering the vital relation beween the longer poems and the minor pieces."

Jane Dawson. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.30.

This is a story in a field which Mr. Harben has made familiar to his readers—the rural country of Georgia—and it is a story of primitive types of people passing through elementary experiences. Mr. Harben's novels have always had the prime quality of truthfulness; that kind of veracity which shrinks from no detail of truth and is not afraid of any aspect of life. This story is not only frank, but blunt. The experience through which a woman passes who has made the great mistake, and has summoned all her resolution, developed an iron will, and faced a hostile community for years, is necessarily not only poignant, but tragic. Jane Dawson is a rugged figure, standing out in clear light, unrelieved by shading of any kind. She is the incarnation of the wronged woman whose powerful nature has turned against society and whose misfortune has made her bitter. Her antagonism to the emotional religion around her widens the gulf between her and the community in which she lives. It is a strong picture, painted with uncompromising fidelity.

Sunset of the Heroes (The). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

This tells of the last adventures of the Takers of Troy, beginning where the Iliad leaves off (the events of the Iliad being summarized in a prologue), completing the story of the fall of Troy, recounting the reunion of Helen and Menelaus in Egypt, and ending with the return of King Agamemnon to a dishonored home and a treacherous death. The story is told with considerable power and poetic charm.

Find the Woman. By Gelett Burgess. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.25.

A fantastic hurly-burly of crime, coincidence, intrigue, mystery, and not very high comedy, by the author of "The Purple Cow."

Works of Tolstoi. Edited by Nathan Dole. Pocket Edition. 14 vols. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. Per set, $14.

Whatever one may think of him as a philosopher or as a literary artist, Tolstoy is one of the very few writers in modern times whose fame is as great in other countries as in his own, and whose writings cannot intelligently be ignored. The thin paper of this edition is not quite opaque, but renders the volumes light in weight and—to coin a word—pocketable.

Star Lore of All Ages. By William Tyler Olcott. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.

Here all the myths, legends, and facts relating to all our northern constellations are set forth fully as well as with scientific exactness, are illustrated with clear maps and diagrams, and are brought close into association with their classic origins by beautifully reproduced photographs of works of art and architecture.

Ecclesiastes. Riverside Press Edition. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Edition limited to 335 copies. $7.50.

This slim little volume of perhaps forty pages in its binding of scarlet paper daintily stamped in gold is an admirable specimen of fine bookmaking. The page is set in the beautiful Caslon type, surrounded by reproductions of the delicate and graceful borders designed by Geofroy Tory for the Book of Hours which he issued from his press in 1524. The book is printed in red and black on an English handmade paper. Such a volume is not only a channel for the author's thoughts, but a work of art in itself. With each new addition to this series of Riverside Press Editions the publishers are to be congratulated anew on their success in keeping alive, in a time when commercialism is not unknown even in book-publishing, the finest traditions of the printer's art.

True Annals of Fairyland (The): The Reign of King Cole, Edited by J. M. Gibbon; **The Reign of King Herla,** Edited by William Canton; **The Reign of King Oberon,** Edited by Walter Herrold. 3 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50 per vol.

Three volumes of fairy tales, old and new, familiar and unfamiliar, German, French, English, Greek, Irish, and what-not, strung together on a novel plan. The volumes are well printed, delightfully illustrated, and gayly bound.

The Story of France Told to Boys and Girls. By Mary MacGregor. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

The history of France from the earliest times to the beginning of the Third Republic, told for children (or, indeed, for grown-ups who may want to get a bird's-eye view of the subject). The story is told in a simple, straightforward, and lucid style, with no attempt at fine writing. Twenty unusually good colored plates add to the attractiveness of the volume.

Life of a Tiger (The). By S. Eardley-Wilmot, C.I.E. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.10.

The biography of a tiger in the Indian jungle, telling how he was born and reared, how he was educated in the harsh school of jungle life, how he hunted, killed, and fought, how he raised his own family, how he came in contact with man, was captured and confined, how he escaped and finally met his death by the hunter's bullet. The author gives the impression of intimate knowledge and careful study of the animal life of which he writes. He has been careful not to make his tiger act as though he had the thoughts and feelings and motives of a man.

Rose and the Ring (The). By W. M. Thackeray. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.50.

A new edition, with many deliciously comical illustrations, of Thackeray's "fireside pantomime for great and small children." For those who have not read it we may say that it is a riotous and phantasmagoric, but entirely good-natured, burlesque of the fairy tale of the Cinderella type (to say nothing of other types generously thrown in).

Naval Strategy. By Captain A. T. Mahan. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

One is pleased to see the familiar "Captain" on the title-page of this work, although the author has long been a Rear-Admiral. Whatever he writes on the subject of naval strategy has the close attention of naval authorities and statesmen the world over. Some of the chapters of these books were originally lectures before the Naval College, others have been printed as articles; yet the book has an organic unity. We cannot at the moment discuss in detail the theories set forth and theorems demonstrated, but we may point out as of very special interest the elaborate treatment of historical illustrations and the discussion of the Russo-Japanese War.

Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel. By Francis G. Peabody. (The College Chapel Series.) Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

To Professor Francis G. Peabody's Harvard Chapel series of sermons to young men has been added a concluding volume, "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel," containing a selection of his university sermons during the twenty years of his administration. They read like the conversation of a wise and cultured friend of wide and deep experience. Simple but philosophic, genial but searching, thoroughly spiritual and equally practical, touching modern life at many points in its problems and its noble and ignoble traits, they are in the truest sense evangelical and full of a social gospel. Primarily addressed to young men, they speak to all of "the life that is life indeed."

Illuminated Manuscripts. By J. A. Herbert and Evelyn Underhill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $7.50.

The latest addition to the Connoisseur's Library is a substantial octavo which in substance, in printing, and in illustration emphatically belongs in this group of books; for it is a volume addressed to the taste, the eye, and the imagination of the connoisseur. It presents, in outline, the history of illumination of vellum manuscripts from the earliest times down to the disuse of the art, a result which unhappily but inevitably attended the introduction of the art of printing. The author explains that the materials for the work do not exist in the same profusion in different periods. In some periods they were extremely scanty; in others they abound to excess; and he has for this reason given more space to a few classical and early Christian manuscripts than to the vast bulk of French fifteenth-century work. He does this in part, however, because the student of this subject is more familiar with the French work than with the work to which he gives much larger space.

Bird Studies for Home and School. By Herman C. De Groat. Published by the Author, 218 Carolina Street, Buffalo, N. Y. $2.

Not merely a handsome picture gallery of our common birds, this book sets forth in an admirable way their habits, their distinguishing characteristics, and their usefulness. The sixty birds here pictured in large color plates and described in untechnical language are the ones every boy and girl ought to know intimately. The author has had four years of practical experience in teaching bird study in school, and knows how to make it a pleasure rather than a task. Some study of bird life should be required in every school, and we can heartily recommend this work as a text-book for such a course.

Annual of the Society of Illustrators. With an Introduction by Royal Cortissoz. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

The Society of Illustrators, whose membership includes a majority of the men who stand highest in our school of black and white, has marked the tenth year of its existence most appropriately by issuing an annual which shows in an impressive way the remarkable progress that has been made in a comparatively few years by the illustrators of America. In the preparation of this book each member has been given the privilege of contributing one drawing of his own choice. These pictures, eighty-five in number, are beautifully printed on a buff tint background, each occupying a separate leaf of large size. There is an introduction by Mr. Royal Cortissoz outlining the aim and scope of the Society and tracing the development of American illustration from 1863, when the "Artists' Edition" of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" was brought out. Not only art lovers, but all those who follow the work of our illustrators in periodicals and books, will find this handsome and instructive volume a welcome addition to their libraries and a valuable aid to the study of the characteristics of each artist.

The Presidential Campaign of 1860. By Emerson D. Fite. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This is by no means so substantial an addition to Civil War literature as was Professor Fite's recent volume on the economic conditions that prevailed throughout the Union during the war. Instead of a compact presentation of facts and a thoughtful analysis of conditions, we are here given little more than a loose stringing together of data from various sources, interspersed with quotations frequently so long and uninteresting as to strain the reader's attention. In fact, about a third of the volume is devoted to a reprinting of campaign speeches. The book, to put it briefly, is a typical example of the output of the modern "scientific" school of historical writing, in which the great effort would seem to be not keen and informing interpretation so much as a reportorial massing of incident and episode. The result, to the student who has to read such works for class-room purposes, is not simply to increase his scholastic burdens; it is to inspire him, not infrequently, with an unconquerable distaste for all historical reading. Decidedly there is needed an "insurgent" movement among our historians, a movement to place emphasis on qualities of artistic workmanship no less than on qualities of exactitude and soundness of information.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

"THE THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S"

Among prominent matters of public concern is one which seems to show a lamentable weakness of the public conscience. I refer to the general unwillingness to pay taxes. Men pay taxes on real estate grudgingly, though submissively, but evade a part or the whole of their legal tax on intangible personal property. Very few among tourists returning from Europe willingly and cheerfully pay the customs duty levied for the support of this Government. The reasons assigned for this attitude are as follows:

1. That the laws for taxation (especially of personal property) are unfair, and I should not observe them.
2. That others are not divulging the whole amount of their property, and that I would be paying an undue proportion should I make a full return.
3. That I do not wish to expose my private affairs by making a detailed return; or, I do not wish my neighbors to know that I am quite so well off as I am.
4. Some, without assigning reasons, regard every form of tax as an imposition and would escape paying anything if possible.

In regard to the first reason, the laws of taxation seem far from perfect. For instance, in Massachusetts, mortgages on real estate within the State were made exempt from taxation many years ago, while mortgage bonds of Massachusetts corporations are still taxable. It is readily seen that the holder of a four per cent bond purchased at par would in many localities legally have to surrender half the income in payment of the tax. In such a case the tax would amount to an income tax of fifty per cent, which seems rather severe. The stock of Massachusetts corporations is non-taxable, while that of corporations chartered in other States is taxable. Whether this distinction is just and equitable is a question. I am aware that some objection can be brought against taxation of every kind of intangible personal property. Should these objections all prevail, men of wealth would be untaxed unless they held real estate. Such a condition would be manifestly unfair to the small holder of real estate without other capital.

Several ways out of the difficulty have been suggested:

1. To levy a low tax (three mills or so) on intangible personal property.

2. To exempt all intangibles, recognizing that the attempt to tax them is now a failure.

There seems to be great reason for the careful thrashing out of this matter. No tax should be levied without a good and sufficient reason, and the whole matter should be made as equitable as possible.

As to the third reason, that it is an injury to divulge one's financial condition, I can see that there might be good ground for it in the case of some business firms, but when so important a matter as the support of the Government is concerned such reasons do not seem valid.

To consider the other side for a moment, it should be the patriotic duty of every property-owner in the community cheerfully to support the institutions of the Government.

In my own case, I have three children in the public schools. I use the roads in my business to a great extent. I receive benefit from street lighting, fire protection, and the police. These benefits I receive, to say nothing of a voice in local affairs, which is a privilege of no small value.

Extended to State and National affairs, everything belonging to free institutions is at my service and is supported by some kind of a tax in which I share directly or indirectly. Although my tax bill seems large, it is really small compared with what I would have to pay for the education of my three children if I had to send them to private schools. Personally, I feel that I receive abundant measure for all that I pay in taxes, and, considering these things as purchases, I buy from the State more cheaply than from any one else.

The attitude displayed by successful business men of otherwise benevolent instincts is that they are "looking out for themselves," that in their judgment they are "paying their share compared with what their friends pay," and that "no one makes a sworn return or pays on the full amount of his intangible property except widows, orphans, and fools!" Such a statement harks back to Machiavelli and his Prince, and is unworthy of this twentieth century of enlightenment. It is certainly a different spirit from that shown by our forefathers, who shouldered their muskets and marched to Concord to fight for their convictions, or who cheerfully endured the privations and discouragements of Valley Forge.

Many matters of unrest and difficulty are due to the ignorance and misunderstandings of the lower classes, but it is most deplorable that this selfish conception of taxation is held by the most enlightened men in the community—those who give liberally to benevolent objects and who are otherwise exemplary.

We long for the day when all will feel it a matter of pride to do their full share in maintaining free institutions; when patriotism will enter into every civic relation. Mean and selfish as is the present attitude when considered by itself, it constitutes a real cause of alarm when considered as an indication of the quality of the public conscience. Motives so unworthy as these cannot fail to permeate the whole character and to debase the quality of the National life.

CIVIS.

PHILOSOPHY AND PERSONALITY

Your defense of the philosophy of William James suggests a word of comment. In estimating any philosopher we have to consider, not alone his sentiments and practical aims, but also his theoretical constructions. We may admire the personality and precepts of Marcus Aurelius without regarding his materialistic pantheism as theoretically correct or as the best road for most people to the attainment of a character like his. We may think well of the piety of Joseph Priestley without taking stock in his materialism. You can call Spinoza "God-intoxicated" (if you are so impressed) without sending in your adherence to his world view. In like manner, one may be able "to appreciate at their full worth the noble spirituality and devotion to truth that always distinguished its author's [William James's] writings" without regarding his theoretic position either as good science or as tending to promote a wholesome view of life. I suppose that no one who was at all acquainted with Professor James doubts that he was a high-minded and kindly gentleman, or that he was earnest in the quest for truth. His was a mind doubtless of immense susceptibility to impressions and great hospitality to ideas, but it is also true that all his multifarious apprehensions took color from the subjective medium. A certain presupposition was in complete control, I will not say of his mind, but of his theoretic faculty, and every new acquisition was shaped to conform therewith. Professor James's method of viewing the world was that of a sensuistic idealism. Thought, feeling, and will are macerated into one element, and there is no being of things—at least none that we can know—outside of that element. There is a stream of consciousness merely, without any self other than the stream, and without any object which is not a content of the stream; an experience which acquires nothing and is experienced by nobody. The Outlook commends Dr. James's "appeal to experience." This is a phrase to conjure by, but is it quite fair to include under this category without discriminating note the noble Baconian method which sought to ascertain causes by acquiring and comparing objective facts, and the Jamesian method which construes all experience as mere "stream," and rules all organic structure out of the domain of mind? The Associationists at least kept up the form of science by trying to make out a *rationale* of the thought process through association, but Dr. James takes even this away and has nothing to offer in its place.

As to the social and moral effects of Dr. James's philosophy, I do not imagine that they will be anything very bad. Few people will take his doctrine seriously enough to be hurt by it. Still, I do not call sensationalism a very suitable medium for the expression of a "noble spirituality." Phidias must do his thoughts in marble; *papier-maché* will not answer. If a student who, on the authority of college or university, accepts Dr. James's version of Hume as the ripest product of mental science, is predisposed to a belief in moral responsibility and a life to come, he will probably find a way of reconciling those views with the Jamesian doctrine of the self; but if he is otherwise predisposed, he will find nothing positive in that doctrine to alter his direction. A teaching which constantly needs to be explained in order that room may be found in it for our deepest moral and spiritual convictions labors under a disadvantage as an instrument for teaching morals and religion. However, it is not worth while to get too much excited over theories, and I dare say that the net impression which William James has made, considering the state of thought in his day, will prove to have been salutary.

EDWARD S. STEELE.

Washington, D. C.

LAWS OF ALASKA

[In the Ordinance of 1787 there is a paragraph which reads as follows:

> The governor and the judges, or a majority of them, shall adopt and publish in the district, such laws of the original States, criminal and civil, as may be necessary, and best suited to the circumstances of the district, and report them to Congress from time to time; which laws shall be in force in the district until the organization of the general assembly therein, unless disapproved of by Congress; but afterward, the legislature shall have authority to alter them as they shall think fit.

Referring to this paragraph, a correspondent writes as follows.—THE EDITORS.]

As a temporary measure it would be wise to apply it to Alaska to-day to tide over a few years until the surveys are extended and railway transportation is provided. The trouble is that the Governor and most of the judges are carpetbaggers, and the people desire to elect their own lawmakers. The Governor and the four judges could surely select an excellent body of laws from the forty-six States—laws which have been tested in the Supreme Courts thereof, and which could apply to almost every particular need of Alaska. The present provision of allowing any community of three hundred inhabitants or more to be incorporated into a municipality by the courts fairly meets the needs for local self-government, and the plan works well. The public schools in all these towns so organized are well looked after and are a credit to the people. It would be a great saving of expense if the Governor and the judges could act instead of electing a local legislature or instead of such a commission as President Taft wished to appoint. It is exceedingly distasteful to those people up there to be governed by men who have been appointed at Washington and imported for that purpose. The history of Federal appointments for Alaska is not to our credit. I am of the opinion that, if the country were surveyed for the homesteader, and main lines of transportation opened, enough of the right kind of our Western people would settle there and could organize as a State. This would be the wisest move, just as California was made a State, and not a Territory, in 1850. A Territorial form of government is a husk to be thrown off as soon as possible.

New York City. JOHN G. BRADY.

LEND-A-HAND BOOK MISSION

At a school in a Tennessee town fifty books were given by Miss Sarah P. Brigham two and one-half years ago, and these fifty books have been taken out sixteen hundred times, and are all now in good condition but five, which are to be replaced by the Book Mission.

This illustrates the keen enjoyment which the children derive from reading. Only a few schools have a dictionary, an encyclopædia, or reference books of any kind. Many of the children have never seen a picture book or read a story. Some homes have only the Bible and an almanac.

The Book Mission, a far-reaching educational enterprise in the South, has met with a serious loss in the death of Miss Brigham, the founder; but its work will be continued by her niece, Miss Wood.

The Mission hopes to have an increase of funds with which to buy books the coming year. Should the readers of The Outlook have unabridged dictionaries, encyclopædias, and books of reference which they are willing to give to mountain and country schools, or books suitable for prisoners, miners, trainmen, mill operatives, etc., the Book Mission will gladly give addresses to which this reading matter may be sent. Books should be forwarded by freight and the charges prepaid. For information please write to Miss Anna E. Wood, Lend-a-Hand Book Mission, 1 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

A CORRECTION

The next meeting of the Social Center Association of America is not to be at Topeka, Kansas, as erroneously stated in our columns, but at Lawrence, Kansas, under the auspices of the Extension Division of the University of Kansas.—THE EDITORS.

BY THE WAY

English inventors are, according to despatches, working out what is called a "television" instrument. This is expected to do for the eye what the telephone does for the ear—namely, to furnish long-distance seeing, as the telephone provides long-distance hearing. The method—outlined recently by Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton before the Röntgen Society of England—promises, if successfully developed, to present images of races, contests, and games to spectators assembled in distant cities synchronously with the actual performance.

Miss Elizabeth Apthorp, of Radcliffe College, has won the Craig prize of $250 for the best play written by a Harvard or Radcliffe student. Her play is entitled "The Product of the Mill." The Craig prize was also won last year by a Radcliffe girl.

Far-seeing bicycle manufacturers a dozen years ago began to turn their attention to making automobiles, and now some French automobile manufacturers are beginning to make aeroplanes. A recent number of "The Automobile" describes a French motor car factory as also possessing "the finest aerodrome in the world," where its aeroplanes and air-ships are assembled and tried out.

A proposed rule in the chess match between Messrs. Lasker and Capablanca provides that illness shall not interfere with the playing of any game, on the ground that "it is the business of the players to so train themselves that their bodies shall be in perfect condition; and it is their duty, which by this rule is enforced, to study their health and live accordingly."

At the recent Good Roads Congress held at Rochester, New York, Mr. Samuel Hill, President of the Washington State Good Roads Association, in speaking of the fine roads that are being made in his State by convicts, said that their work was on one occasion being inspected by a private contractor, who expressed surprise at the economical use of powder in blasting. "How do you get such results?" he asked Mr. Hill. "Why," was the answer, "I employ a specialist. That man is a safe-blower, and knows how to handle explosives. He uses only a small amount, but makes it do the work. He makes no false moves." The problem is how to make such transformation of ill into good permanent.

A student who has made good as a scholar as well as an athlete is Mr. P. J. Baker, of King's College, Cambridge, England, who recently won the Whewell scholarship for international law. It was his victory in the mile race last summer that helped Oxford and Cambridge to triumph over Harvard and Yale in the intercollegiate contest.

The Modern Historic Records Society is the name of an organization recently formed in New York City to devise means of preserving historical records and documents. In an address before the Society Dr. George F. Kunz exhibited clay cylinders used five thousand years ago by the Babylonians for preserving records. We have nothing approaching these in permanence, he said, because our books and newspapers will within a few centuries fade and disintegrate. Phonographic records, however, if incased in cement, will endure, and may be the most permanent memorials that we can bequeath to distant ages.

Calbraith P. Rodgers, the aviator, finally completed his coast-to-coast aeroplane flight on December 10, dipping the skids of his machine in the Pacific Ocean at Long Beach, California, on that date. He started from Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, on September 17.

Electric devices for cooking tempt the weary boarder to try "light housekeeping." Here, for instance, is a frying-pan just put on the market which works at three different temperatures for different kinds of cooking, and has an aluminum stand "so designed that the frying-pan can be run at full heat without injuring the surface of the table on which it is supported." By inverting it you have a fine "toaster." Then there is the "blazer," to be used for a chafing-dish instead of the dangerous alcohol lamp. These utensils are said to be economical if the electric current is available.

A periodical devoted to the drama pleads for plays based on some emotion other than love. The difficulty in producing such plays is that every play must have a hero, and in making a hero the playwright, as well as his audience, almost inevitably adopts the view expressed two thousand years ago by a scribbler on one of the dead-walls of Pompeii: "He who has never loved a woman is not a gentleman." The dramas given by the Irish Players, however, seem to answer the requirements of that journal.

Amid the distrust which many Americans have felt as to the outcome of the democratic experiment, it is encouraging to read these words of Ambassador Bryce, spoken in a recent address: "You have done more than any other people have ever done to give to the ordinary voter education, comfort, and the fullest sense of rising in the world and making the most of his life."

President Lincoln is sometimes said to have held advanced views on the labor question; the actual words which he used, on which this assertion is usually based, are to be found in his first annual Message to Congress, written fifty years ago this month (as reprinted in the New York "Evening Post"): "Labor is prior to and independent of capital Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration." This was said in a discussion of the slavery question.

Some one has remarked that at the height of Napoleon's fame there were men in the back alleys of Paris who had never heard his name. This illustration of popular ignorance was recalled by a judge who was examining candidates for citizenship in New York City recently. He asked one of these prospective citizens, "Who is the head of your native country?" "The King." "Who becomes the head when he dies?" "His son." "And who is the head of this country?" "The President." "And who would become head if he died?" "His son." And yet, as the judge remarked, all these men know enough to earn their daily bread—the rest is a matter of schooling.

Tsi An, the late Empress of China, has not always been regarded as a model of the gentler virtues, and yet here is a story to the effect that each year on her birthday she was in the habit of buying, from her own private purse, ten thousand captive birds and setting them free, praying to the gods as she opened each cage that they might not be caught again. Even if superstition entered into the motives for this act, it was nevertheless a kindly deed done in a royal way. Perhaps the Manchu dynasty would have lasted longer if the Empress had shown the same consideration for people that she had for birds.

The search for buried treasure is usually profitless, but in the case of the British frigate Lutine, lost at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee in 1799, nearly half a million dollars has been recovered. The ship lies submerged on shifting sands, and knowledge of her position has occasionally been lost, but she has from time to time been relocated and new attempts made to recover the great treasure, estimated at several million dollars, which she carried. The work of salvage has been resumed during the present year.

The "Progressive Farmer," of North Carolina, quoting Sam Jones's saying that "A Georgia farmer would rather raise ten-cent cotton than go to heaven," says that the time has gone by when farmers could get rich by raising ten-cent cotton, and that the small farmer should take the first bale of cotton he raises and trade it for a cow and a sow, and, following this programme, diversify his industry and decrease the acreage devoted solely to cotton. The acreage this year, it says, is the largest on record, but there will be a comparatively small yield per acre.

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—*William Allen White in the Emporia (Kansas) "Daily Gazette," December 1, 1911.*

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"As time goes on it becomes evident that ex-President Roosevelt has chosen to devote his very remarkable energies and the knowledge which comes from a very unusual experience in dealing with matters of National importance, social, industrial and political, to editorial work in The Outlook.

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"Further evidence could be adduced by reference to the contents of his contributions to The Outlook, of which he is the 'Contributing Editor.' It must surprise many people who have thoughts of him as a man of action, impetuous and aggressive, and lacking somewhat in reason and judgment and scholarly caution, to find disclosed in his writings some rather rare ability not only in clear thinking but in literary composition.

"Mr. Roosevelt evidently selected The Outlook as affording him the best medium for the particular work to which he has set himself, a selection in itself very flattering to the publishers and makers of The Outlook, but in our opinion one that is entirely deserved.

"The Outlook is furnishing a fine example of journalism that is setting itself constantly and consistently to the task of illuminating the religious, social, and political questions of the day, so that a nation of readers may most intelligently and surely form right opinions on these problems, and be better men and better American citizens." —*From "The Apothecary," Boston.*

"Our Opinion of The Outlook"

"Now that The Outlook is coming to our desk again we will not feel the need of something good to read during the coming winter months. In retiring from the Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt desired to continue in a field of usefulness and influence among his fellow-men. Far more attractive to him than any political office that might have been tendered him by his countrymen was an opportunity to enter the editorial staff of a great magazine. To be a writer on such a periodical as The Outlook meant that he might each week give voice to his opinions in its columns and have the assurance that what he wrote was being read by the people who think—the people who appreciate something better than trashy and sensational reading matter. It might indeed seem a compliment to the Outlook publishers that he should choose to enter their employ, after relinquishing his hold on the National Presidency, but we do not think that Theodore Roosevelt 'stepped down' very far when he left the White House and went to New York to accept a position on a magazine of such merit."

—*From the Upland (Pa.) "Eagle," September 15, 1911.*

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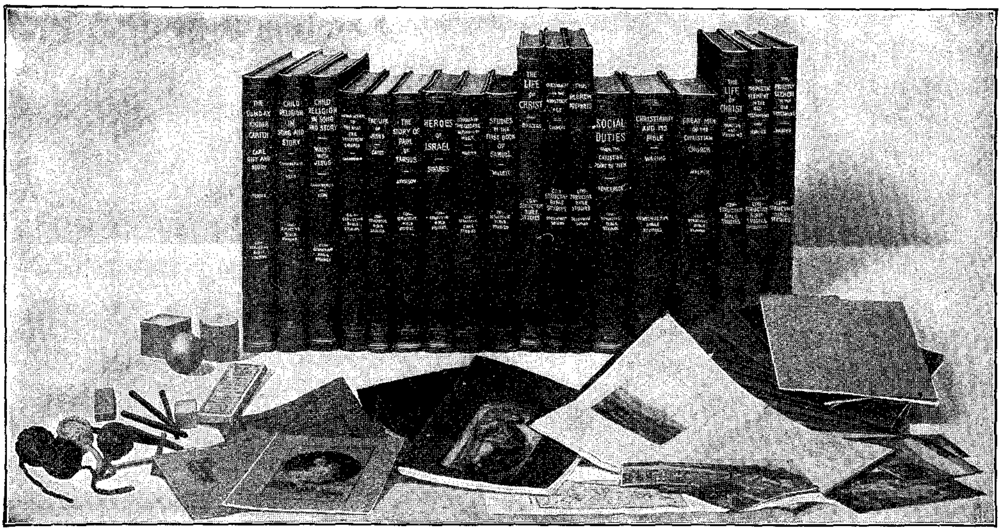

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